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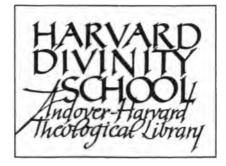
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PSALMS AND HYMNS.



LONDON PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODS AND CO.

Symnologia Christiana;

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PSALMS AND HYMNS SELECTED AND ARRANGED IN THE ORDER OF THE CHRISTIAN SEASONS.

BT

BENJAMIN HALL KENNEDY, D.D.

HEAD MASTER OF SHERWSBUTY SCHOOL, AND
PRESENDANT OF LICEPIELD.

LONDON:
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TO THE

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PREFACE.

'Scorn not the Sonnet,' says Wordsworth: and with equal justice it may be said, 'Scorn not the Hymn:' for the hymn has its scorners. They are chiefly those who, misapplying the old adage about mediocre poetry, refuse to acknowledge any poetic merit falling short of the highest standard. Yet what is this but to give judgement against the primrose for wanting the fragrance and splendour of the rose? Though dealing with subjects the highest and the deepest, the Christian hymn is obliged to move within the limits of scriptural truth, and to adapt itself to the comprehension of mankind at large, as well as to the requirements of sacred music. By these rules the flight of imagination is curbed, and the play of fancy controlled. The hymn, in short, poetically considered, is a minor poem, having laws of its own, and not entering into competition with the larger and freer works of inventive genius. But to the meek and loving Christian it must always be peculiarly dear; for it finds its type in the inspired Book of Psalms and other canticles of the Sacred Volume, and it has the highest precept and example to recommend its use. After singing a hymn our Saviour went forth to His Agony and Passion. The Ephesians are advised by St. Paul to utter their common emotions 'in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs.' And they of whom the world was not worthy, the persecuted children of the primitive Church, lifted their hearts to the Lord in hymnal melody from the moor, the mountain, or the catacomb. And if, laying authority aside for the moment, we look only to the influence of hymns in promoting religious feeling, we shall find it, in permanent vitality at least, to surpass the power of sermons. An able sermon, when preached, may powerfully awaken or instruct, convince or edify: when published, it may affect its readers in like manner: but all experience shows, that even the best sermons, be they ever so popular for a while, gradually lose their readers, and sink to slumber on the shell, to be disturbed only by a few students of rare diligence. A good hymn, on the other hand, lives in the household books and memories of the people: it passes from mouth to mouth, it echoes from soul to soul, it leaves its sting, as was said of the ancient orator, in the public heart and conscience. Take, for example, three illustrious men of different times and countries: Ambrose of Milan, Martin Luther, and Reginald Heber. All three were eloquent preachers and powerful writers: yet we venture to say that, for one student of their sermons in the present time, there are thousands who know their hymns by heart: and, whilst the Church of the Future can afford to dispense with all their homiletic works, it will never cease to store in its treasury of sacred song such gems as 'Te Deum laudamus,' 'Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott,' and 'O Saviour, is Thy promise fled?' And while we are speaking of the future Church militant, may we not ask whether any religious work of these later times bids so fair to live in the warm affections and daily exercises of its members as 'The Christian Year?'*

If hymns have this power and influence, it surely follows that their use cannot be too zealously promoted, nor too much care taken to guard against their abuse. A good hymn should be cordially recognised, approved, and received; a bad one faithfully censured, reproved, and rejected.

This, it may be said, is a barren truism. For who shall say in every case what is a good hymn, and what a bad one? A hymn may be good in doctrine and bad in poetry, or good in poetry and bad in doctrine. And doctrinal opinion and poetic feeling differ in different minds. To what tribunal does the appeal lie to decide between conflicting judgements?

It would seem that the matter can only be trusted to time and 'the common sense of most.' An authorised Hymn-book would be accepted by Churchmen only, and by them not universally; and it would be open to grave objection, if no provision were made for its improvement from time to time, as new hymns of higher excellence appear.†

It is clear that, on doctrinal grounds, a hymn may be very differently estimated by persons of equal poetic taste. And every collection runs

[&]quot;The Christian Year' is not, strictly speaking, itself a Hymn-book, but its materials have enriched many Hymn-books, and this among the rest. I believe, however, that, with one exception, every hymn belonging to it in this volume was extracted from other books, and not from 'The Christian Year' itself.

[†] There can hardly be a graver warning against the abuse of authority in such matters than the retention in our services of Tate and Brady's Version of the Psalms. We must, indeed, always look for champions of the Quieta against the Meliora. But in this case it might seem that one question answered sincerely by any person of ordinary taste and judgement should settle the controversy. What would be said to this Version if it had been written last year, and were proposed now for use in our churches?

the risk of being disapproved by some on account of certain hymns which may not exactly square with their views of doctrine. The present volume cannot expect to be free from this danger. But, though it has doctrinal limits, it is conceived and executed in no narrow spirit; and it appeals to large-minded Christians, who can cheerfully accept a great and general consent without exacting literal agreement with themselves in every minor particular. The poetic element, though not to be placed on the same level of importance with the doctrinal, is yet of great moment, and it has certainly not been disregarded in this volume. But we must allow that here, too, no standard of opinion exists: and an Editor will always find it hard to satisfy the fastidious, and at the same time to obtain just appreciation from readers naturally indifferent to the beauties of poetry.

I have, for many reasons, been more free to exclude hymns than to include them. There was no obligation binding me to receive any hymn which, for whatever reason, I might not approve; yet I must own that some few have been inserted more in deference to the opinion of friends and to popular feeling than from my own individual liking. In no instance, however, have I gone so far as to accept a hymn on account of its supposed popularity, when I deemed it either gravely wrong in doctrine, or seriously faulty in style. Thus, on the former ground, I have, with some hesitation, omitted Watts's lines, 'When I can read my title clear,' &c., and, on the latter, I have excluded his well-known hymn, 'There is a land of pure delight,' &c.: for, in this hymn, although the two first stanzas are good, and the two next not bad, the fifth and sixth, in which lie the pith of the subject, are so poorly and so incorrectly worded, that they effectually spoil the entire hymn.*

* The two stanzas in question are these:

O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor Death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

Here, besides the ungainliness of the words, 'Make our doubts remove,' 'view the landscape o'er,' besides the poorness of the second line, too evidently framed for rhyme alone, the idea of climbing, metaphorically, where Moses stood, is strange and even absurd. But the worst confusion of thought is in the two last lines. For, although, in the second stanza of the hymn, it was said—'Death, like a narrow sea, divides that heavenly land from ours,' yet the poet should have remembered that, when Canaan was introduced as the representative of heaven, the Jordan necessarily became the representative of death, and thus the words 'not Jordan's stream, nor Death's cold flood,' are reduced to the glaring tautology—'not death now

PREFACE.

As I have necessarily been restrained by various causes from inserting many good hymns, which came into my hands either printed or in manuscript, so I doubt not there are many others existing unknown to me: and some have met my eyes for the first time since these pages were in type.* I would therefore willingly hope that this may become the basis of a future collection, at once fuller and more select.

The Psalms are chiefly extracted from the Oxford (Parker), Cambridge (Deighton and Bell), and Cleveland Psalters. But they include also many of the best passages found in the two authorised Versions, and a few by other translators.

Of the Hymns, about a hundred, more or less, are translated from Latin originals of the Early and Medieval Church: nearly the same number from the Christian poets of Germany: the remainder are by various authors, of the English Church and other religious societies.

The Psalms and Hymns are arranged, according to their subjects, under the several seasons of the Christian year, regard being had not only to general topics, but also to the Epistles, Gospels, Collects, and sometimes to the Lessons of the Church. But, as most hymns are applicable to more than one season, and many to all seasons, I have subjoined to the Preface an Index of subjects, by reference to which the reader will discover at a glance all those which are suitable to each occasion. It were to be wished that a greater number of good hymns existed in the Church relating to the characters and events of Scripture, and also to the parables of the New Testament.

I have, here and there, but as sparingly as possible, used the license assumed by most hymnological editors, of adapting the original composition to the purpose of the work. I am not unaware that this license is condemned by some writers of authority; but it seems to me that a distinction may fairly be drawn in this matter. If the book in which the piece is incorporated have for its professed design to exhibit the thoughts and utterances of certain authors, then assuredly no liberties ought to be taken with the text: even blunders or vulgarisms must be retained. But if the end and object of the book be the edification and advantage of those who use it, as in the present case, the Editor must look at every composition in this point of view; and he will often have no choice before him but that of either altering or rejecting altogether. For instance, in the hymn beginning with the words, 'Lord, when we

* Among these I would especially name Canon Wordsworth's 'Holy Year.'

death.' The admission of so faulty a poem into Hymn-books innumerable, shows how little critical acumen has been often applied to the selection of words proper to be used on the most solemn of all occasions. My opinion of this particular hymn does not impaif the great respect I entertain for Watta, as a writer whose true poetic feeling can no more be questioned than his true Christian piety.

kneel before Thy throne, And our confessions pour,' there is something so very displeasing to my taste in the idea of 'pouring confessions,' that, if I were not free to change the expression, I must omit the hymn. In Campbell's beautiful lines on the Nativity (98), the angel choirs are called 'the glorious hosts of Zion,' a term which cannot be theologically justified: and a song is put into their mouths very different from the words of Holy Writ. Here, again, alteration or omission was the question at issue: and, even at the risk of deteriorating the poetry, I have endeavoured to improve the scriptural character of the piece. In translating Krummacher's striking lines (42), 'Allgemach aus Dämmerung und Nacht,' I have substituted for his two last lines (wie die sanften Lispel den Propheten einst auf Horeb's Felsenspitz umwehten) a totally different thought, thereby, I think, maintaining, what he had strangely violated, the parallelism of all the parts of his little poem. In Toplady's wellknown hymn, 'Rock of ages,' who would wish to keep such rhymes as cure - power, dress - grace? In another composition of the same author (614), what reader of taste has not always been displeased with the opening line, 'Object of my first desire?' Reasons of equal weight may be assigned for every other departure from the original words. Abbreviation has also been necessary in some instances: for it must be carefully borne in mind that every psalm and hymn in the volume has been chosen as proper to be sung, if not in the congregation, then in the family; if not in the family, then by the individual Christian.

Partly on account of these alterations, and partly because I have been unable to ascertain the authorship of many compositions, which have come to me either in manuscript or through other collections, I have thought it right to publish the volume without appending the names of writers to their works. This, however, I confess to be a defect, which ought hereafter, as far as possible, to be supplied.

It is my pleasing duty to acknowledge, with deep gratitude, the liberal spirit in which numerous living authors have allowed me to use their compositions. It is almost invidious to select a few names: yet I cannot refrain from particularly thanking Miss Winkworth, the Authoresses of 'Hymns from the Land of Luther,' the Ven. Archdeacons Churton and Mant, Mr. Keble, Mr. Isaac Williams, the Earl Nelson, Dr. Bonar, and the Rev. A. T. Russell. My thanks are also due to the great Publishing Houses, which have kindly waived their claims in my favour. I owe much to the kind assistance of the Rev. E. J. Edwards, Vicar of Trentham, and of my old pupil and friend, the Rev. W. Walsham How, Rector of Whittington. Many other names are preserved by me in grateful recollection.

I cannot but recognise the probability, that, in so large a collection, some hymns may have been included without due license. In regard to

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any such cases, I confidently appeal to the generous feeling of those whose rights I may have transgressed. My hope is, that, in composing and editing Christian Hymns, we have one common object, and that we can, therefore, cheerfully afford to lend each other a helping-hand: 'hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.' At the same time I must distinctly add, that it would not be consonant with my feelings to derive any pecuniary advantage from a work of this kind, undertaken purely for the good of the Church. I have therefore made over any profits which may accrue to the Editor, to be equally divided between the two Societies for relieving the families of deceased clergymen; namely, 'The Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy,' and 'The Friend of the Clergy Corporation:' my Trustees for this purpose being the Rev. W. W. How, Rector of Whittington, and the Rev. T. B. Lloyd, Incumbent of St. Mary's, Shrewsbury.

If this book shall, in any measure, by God's blessing, help to promote Christian faith and love in the land, its end will have been fully answered. 'Ita Deus faxit!'

SHREWSBURY: December 31, 1862.

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Hymn	Stanza	Line	Correction
234	6	2	read " That for which our hearts have pleaded "
277	5	5	read " And the soul which was dead in sin, by Thee"
473	2	7	the word " They " has fallen cut.
504	3	2	for "didst" read "did"
1184	2	2	add "in" at the end.
1498	1	3	for " overthrown " read " broken down."
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PSALMS AND HYMNS

FOR THE CHRISTIAN SEASONS.

- Psalm x. 13. Arise, O Lord, &c.
- 1 Artse, O Lord, with healing rod, Lift up Thine hand and save, O God; Arise to help the meek: for why Should impious tongues Thy Name defy?
- 2 Aloud they boast, 'Our acts are free; God hides His face: God will not see:' But Thou hast seen: Thy piercing ray Through sin's dark windings flashes day.
- 3 Recorded by Thy righteous hand The sinner's deeds for judgment stand: To Thee the poor commits his cause, His help from Thee the friendless draws:
- 4 Quell Thou the scornful arm, and beat The proud oppressor from his seat: Proclaim — The reign of sin is o'er, The place that knew it knows no more.
- 5 O Lord the King of boundless might, The wicked perish from Thy aight: Tis Thine the drooping heart to cheer, The cries of praying saints to hear,
- 6 The orphan's injured cause to try, And, in Thy people's peril nigh, To anatch them from the spoiler's rage, And guard their rightful heritage.
- 7 Praise God from whom all blessings flow, &c.
- Psalm xii. Help, Lord, &c.
- 1 Help us, O Lord; the good decay; The faithful from the world depart; The liar rules with subtle sway, The false amooth lip, the double heart.

- 2 The flatterers guile the Lord shall quell, The mouth that speaks with boastful glee: —
 - 'Our tongues in matchless power excel, Our lips are strong; what lord have we?
- 3 He hears the poor man's deep-drawn sighs He sees the hearts that inly mourn, And 'Lo, I come,' He saith, 'I rise To save thee from the tyrant's scorn.'
- 4 Thy Word is pure and perfect, Lord, As silver in the furnace tried: Seven times assayed, that holy Word Seven times hath come forth purified.
- 5 The souls, O Lord, that with Thee walk Thy love will shield in evil hour, On every side though sinners stalk, And baseness climbs to lofty power.
- 6 One God unseen, the Father, Son, &c.
- 3 Psalm xiii. How long will Thou forget me O Lord, 4c.
- 1 How long forgotten, Lord, by Thee, Forbidden still Thy face to see, Shall I, by daily grief distrest, Take counsel with my doubtful breast?
- 2 How long amidst triumphant foes, Who mock my agonising woes, To heaven's high throne must I complain And seek the Lord my God in vain?
- 3 Consider, Lord, and hear my cries, Pour light upon my troubled eyes, Lest, yielding up my weary breath, I sleep the dreamless sleep of death;

4 Lest o'er my fall the foe rejoice, And cry with loud exulting voice: 'Lo where he lies, a trampled clod, Who vainly trusted in his God.'

5 But I will ever trust Thee, Lord; My joy is in Thy saving Word: Thy tender mercies I will bless, And sing of all Thy righteousness.

- 4 Psalm xiv. The fool hath said in his heart, 'There is no God,' &c.
- THERE is no God,' so saith the fool
 In his vain heart alone.
 Ah reckless seed and spurning rule!
 None doeth good, not one.
- 2 The Lord looked down from heaven, and

How men on earth abode:
And none were there who loved His law.

- None sought the living God.

 3 With thoughts corrupt, and conscience
- seared,
 In hateful ways they ran;
 In all the world no good appeared,
 Nor any righteous man.
- 4 'How blinded are their hearts,' He said, 'Who live in sin and sharne! My people they devour as bread; They call not on My Name.'
- 5 In vain ye strive, O race abhorred, In vain ye fret and rage; For God is with His saints, the Lord Amidst His heritage.
- 6 O when will our redemption spring From Zion's holy height? O when to Salem will her King Return with healing light?
- 7 When God shall hear His people's voice, And break their galling chain, The face of Jacob will rejoice, And Israel smile again.
- 5 Pealm xxxvii. Fret not thyself, &c:
- 1 Nor in envy, not in anger, On the wicked bend thine eye: Like the grass, they wait the mower, Like the leaves, they fade and die.
- 2 Seek the Lord, and do thy duty: Fearless in the land abide, Glad in Him, whose faithful mercies All thou needest will provide.

- 3 To the Lord commit thy burden: Trust Him; He will act for thee; He will clear thy truth, as daylight, And, as noon, thine equity.
- 4 Not in wrath and guilty malice With the pampered sinner strive: He shall perish, but the faithful, Waiting for the Lord, shall live.
- 5 Pause awhile:—where now the scorner Seek him, he is found no more: But the meek the land inherit, Peace is theirs in plenteous store.
- 6 Glory be to God the Father, &c.

PART II.

- 7 Better is the good man's little Than the sinner's large increase: For the Lord beats down the wicked, While the upright dwell in peace.
- 8 He will note the daily perils, Guard the fortunes of the good: Evil times shall never shame them,
- Dearth shall never stint their food;

 But the godless race shall vanish,
 All whose sins the Lord provoke,
 Failing as the lamb-cropt herbage,
- As in air the gliding smoke.

 10 Sinners borrow, and repay not,
 Saints will lend with generous hand:
 Whom He curseth fade and parish,
 Whom He blesseth hold the land.
- 11 Glory be to God the Father, &c.
- 6 Psalm xxxvii. 23. The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, &c.
- 1 LORD, Thou wilt guard with faithful love The just man, whom Thine eyes approve; Thy hand his footsteps will sustain, And, if he fall, uplift again.
- 2 I have been young, and now am old, Yet ne'er did I the meek behold Of beaven abandoned, or his seed Imploring at my gate for bread.
- 3 The good man's heart with pity glows:
 The bounty that his hand bestows
 Descends upon his distant race
 In fruitful showers of beavenly grace.
- 4 Depart from ill, to good incline Thy soul, and endless life be thine: The Lord, to whom the truth is dear, Forsakes no pious worshipper.

- 5 Soon shall His everlasting doom The sinner and his race consume, While happier saints from age to age Possess His promised heritage.
- 6 The Father, Son, and Spirit bless, &c.

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- 7 Blest is the mouth by wisdom taught, The good man's tongue, with justice fraught: The law of God, his inward guide, Forbids his stedfast feet to slide.
- 8 I saw the sinner: bold was he, Strong as a green deep-rooted tree: I came again, his pride was o'er; I sought him; he was found no more.
- 9 Great peace and comfort to the end The perfect and the just attend: The godless perial from the way: The wicked have no future day.
- 10 The Lord defends the righteous seed, He keeps them safe in time of need: Safe from the cruel and unjust He keeps them, for in Him they trust.
- 11 Praise we the Lord with choral hymn,
- Psalm xlii. As the hart panteth, &c:
- As pants the hind for cooling streams, So longs my soul for Thee,
 O God; my heart is all athirst
 The living God to see.
- 2 When shall I stand before His face? On tears I feed by day, By night on tears: 'Where now thy God?'

The busy mockers say.

- 3 Where now thy God? the scorner cries:
 O keen and cruel word!
 - Through all my bones with murderous

It stabbeth like a sword.

- 4 Why art thou heavy, O my soul?
 Why troubled in my breast?
 O put thy trust in God: on Him
- O put thy trust in God: on Him Repose, and be at rest: 5 Yea, know that I shall thank Him yet
- Within His calm abode,
 Who shines on me with saving light,
 My own, my faithful God.

8 Paafin xivi. God is our refuge and strength, &c.

- 1 God, our Hope and Strength abiding, Soothes our dread, exceeding nigh:
 - Fear we not the world subsiding,
 Roots of mountains heaving high,
 Darkly heaving
- Where in Ocean's heart they lie.

 2 Let them roar, his awful surges;
 Let them boil—each dark-browed
 - hill
 Tremble, where the proud wave urges:
 Here is yet one quiet rill;
- Her calm waters,
 Zion's joy, flow clear and still:
 3 Joy of God's abode, the station
- Where the Eternal fixed His tent:—
 God is there a strong salvation;
 On her place she towers unbent.

God will aid her Ere the stars of morn be spent.

- 4 Heathens rage, dominions tremble,
 God spake out, earth melts away:
 - God is where our hosts assemble, Jacob's God, our rock and stay. Come, behold Him
- O'er the wide earth wars allay.

 5 Come, behold God's work of wonder,
 - Scaring, wasting earth below;
 How He knapped the spear in sunder,
 How He brake the warrior's bow.
 Wild war-chariots

Burn before Him, quenched as tow.

6 'Silence—for the Almighty know Me;
O'er the heathen throned am I,
Throned where earth must crouch below

"Me:' — Lord of Hosts, we know thee nigh: God of Jacob, Thou art still our Rock on high.

- 9 Psalm xc. Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations, &c.
- 1 Lord, Thou hast been Thy people's rest Through every generation: Their refuge sure when peril pressed, Their hope in tribulation:

Thou, ere the mountains sprang to birth, Or ever thou hadst formed the earth, Art God from everlasting.

2 The sons of men return to clay When Thou the word hast spoken, As with a torreat swept away, Gone like a vision broken.

B 8

A thousand years are in Thy sight But as the passing hours of night, Or yesterday departed.

3 Fair laugh the flowers, whose beauty new
The dews of morning cherish:
Pale evening comes; with fading hue
They hang their heads and perish.
So fade we in Thy righteous wrath:
Thine eyes behold our secret path,

Our deeds and thoughts of evil.

4 To God the Father let us sing, &c.

PART II.

- 5 Soon, as a breath, the times are past
 Of those who seem the strongest:
 And if to seventy years they last,
 Or fourscore, at the longest,
 Life's proudest length is sorrow still.
 Lord, who reveres Thy mighty will?
 Who rightly dreads Thine anger?
- 6 O teach us so to count our days
 That we may prize them duly;
 So guide our feet in wisdom's way:
 That we may love Thee truly:
 Return, O Lord, our griefs behold,
 And with Thy goodness, as of old,
- O sajisfy us early.

 For long have been our days of pain,
 And long our years of sadness:
 To us display Thy grace again,
 And to our sons Thy gladness
 O Lord our God, with favouring love
 Shine forth; our handiwork approve,
 And bless our daily labour.
- 10 Psalm CXXI. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, &c.
- 1 I LIFT mine eyes unto the hills: Whence comes my promised aid?— Even from the Lord, whose glory fills The heaven and earth He made.—
- 2 He shall sustain thy foot, and keep Around thee watch and ward: He slumbereth not, He doth not sleep, Our Keeper, Israel's Guard.
- 3 The Lord Himself defends thy way, The Lord upon thy right: He shades thee from the sun by day, And from the moon by night.
- 4 The Lord will guard thee from all ill; To Him thy soul commend; The Lord will keep thy goings still Through ages without end.
- 5 Give glory to the Three in One, &c.

- 11 As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall be made alive. 1 Cor. xv.
- 1 When the harping Seraphim Sang creation's matin hymn, Ere this world grew cold and dim, All was holy, good, and fair; Angel wings were in the air, And the voice of God was there.
- 2 Oftentimes a dream will rise, In the light of summer skies, Of man's forfeit Paradise: Fondly, vainly, we retrace All the glory and the grace Of that long-lost dwelling-place.
- 3 Bitter, bitter, was the shoot, Deadly, deadly, was the fruit Of the fatal knowledge-root: When the serpent, preaching sin, Dared his subtle way to win The frail heart of Eve within.
- 4 Then our Eden was o'erthrown; Man was driven forth alone In the world to toil and groan. Weary heart and aching brow, Stubborn earth to dig and plough, This must be his portion now.
- 5 But the heaven-born light of faith Shines upon the couch of death, Soothes and cheers the failing breath: One there is who opens wide Eden's portal long denied; Christ, our Saviour and our Guide.
- 6 Life has sorrow, death has fear; But the Son of God is near, Pointing to a happier sphere; Where, their toils and trials o'er, Souls by Him redeemed adore God their Saviour evermore.
- 12 She took of the fruit thereof, and did as Gan. ili.
- 1 SHE saw, she took, she ate; Death entered by the eye: And, dallying with the tempter's bait, We lust, consent, and die.
- 2 But all mankind, restored, Their Eden may retrieve; And, lo, by faith we see our Lord, We touch, and taste, and live.
- 3 Jesus, Thou art a tree That makes the foolish wise; New light is theirs who feed on Thee, New powers within them rise.

FOR ADVENT.

4 Wisdom divine Thou art,
Received through faith alone;
And when Thou dost Thyself impart,
We know as we are known.

5 We with the angel host, &c.

13 The power of His Christ. Rev. xil.

1 The world in condemnation lay, And death, from Adam reigning, O'er men's frail bodies held his away, While sin, their souls enchaining, Foredoomed the second death to all Who shared the ruin of the fall: But Christ's triumphant mission Redeemed us from perdition.

2 Then round His manger let us throng,
Attend Him in temptation,
Carry our cross with joy along
His path of tribulation;
With Him to Olivet retire,
On Calvary at His feet expire,
Till, on Mount Zion seated,
Our bliss shall be completed.

14 What is your life? James iv.

'Tis not for man to trifle: life is brief,
 And sin is here:
 Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
 A dropping tear.
 We have no time to sport the hours away;
 We must be working while 'tis called today.
 Our being is no shadow of thin air.

No vacant dream,
No fable of the things that never were

But only seem:
Tis full of meaning as of mystery,

Though strange and solemn may that meaning be.

3 Our sorrows are no phantoms of the night,

No idle tale;
No cloud that floats along a sky of light
On summer gale:
They are the true realities of earth

They are the true realities of earth, Friends and companions even from our birth.

4 O life below—how brief and poor, and sad, One heavy sigh! O life above — how long, how fair, and glad,

An endless joy!

O to have done with daily dying here!

O to begin the living in you sphere!

5 O day of time, how dark! O aky and ea How dull your hue! O day of Christ, how bright! O aky earth Made fair and new! Come, better Eden, with thy fresher gre Come, brighter Salem, gladden all

15 Until the day break and the shadows fee away. Cant, ii.

scene.

On the world's heaving breast,
With clouds of care and sorrow
And weight of sins opprest.
Out of the night she crieth,
Out of the narrow room:
O Saviour, gentle Saviour,
When wilt Thou pierce the gloom?

2 Rise, rise above the mountains,
With healing on Thy wings;
Break, break into the chambers,
Where pain in secret stings.
Come while the morning tarries,
Our waiting eyes to bless:
Look through the lowly lattice,
Bright Sun of Righteousness.
3 Set for the hearts that love Thee

Thy mighty sign above,
The white rays of redemption,
And the red fire of love.
Out of our gloom we call Thee,

Out of our gloom we call Thee Out of our helpless night; Sun of the world, blest Saviour, Show us Thy perfect light.

16 Lord, to whom should we go? John vi.

1 Lord, teach us how to pray aright With holy love and fear; Though dust and ashes in Thy sight, We may, we must draw near. We perish if we cease from prayer: O grant us power to pray; And when to meet Thee we prepare,

Lord, meet us by the way.

Weighed downwith guilt, convinced of a In weakness, want, and woe,
Without us wars, and fears within,

O whither shall we go?
We come, O God of grace, to Thee
With sad and contrite hearts:

Give what Thine eye delights to see, Truth in the inward parts. 3 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give,
A strong, desiring confidence
To hear Thy voice, and live:
Give faith in Him whose sacrifice
Did once for ain atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, and Christ alone:

4 Give patience still to watch and bear,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage the Saviour's cross to share,
And trust Thee, though Thou slay.
Enabled thus our race to run,
Lord of all power and might,
We, by Thy Spirit, through Thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

Thanksgiving to God. 2 Cor. ix.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, let our ways With Thee acceptance find; Thy loving-kindness we confess To us and all mankind.
- 2 Thanks for creation are Thy due, For life preserved by Thee, And all the blessings life affords, So great, and yet so free.
- 3 Thanks for redemption, above all, To us in Jesus given; Thanks for the means of grace on earth, And for the hope of heaven.
- 4 O let a sense of these Thy gifts
 Our best affections move,
 That, while our lips Thy praise proclaim,
 Our hearts may feel Thy love.
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, &c.
- 18 The defence of the Most High. Ps. xci.
- Call Jehovah thy salvation;
 Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
 In His sacred habitation
 Dwell, nor ever be afraid.
 There no tumult can alarm thee,
 Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
 Guile nor violence can harm thee,
 In eternal safeguard there.

 From the sword at noonday wasting,
- From the sword at noonday wasting,
 From the noisome pestilence
 In the depth of midnight blasting,
 God will be thy sure defence:
 Fear not then the deadly quiver,
 Though a thousand feel the blow;
 Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
 Though ten thousand be laid low.

- 3 If with pure and firm affection
 On God's laws be set thy love,
 With the wings of His protection
 He will shield thee from above:
 Thou shalt call when griefs oppress thee:
 He will hearken, He will save;
 Here with special favour bless thee,
 Give thee life beyond the grave.
- 19 The world passeth away. 1 John il.
- 1 AWAKE, again the Gospel-trump is blown;
 From year to year it swells with louder tone;
 From year to year the signs of wrath Are gathering round the Judge's path:
 Strange words fulfilled, and mighty works achieved,
 And truth in all the world both hated and believed.
- and believed.

 2 Behold, the world is thronging round to gaze

 On the dread vision of the latter days,

 Constrained to own Thee, but in heart

 Prepared to take Barabbas' part;

 'Hosanna' now, to-morrow 'Crucify,'

 The changeful burden still of their rude
 lawless cry.
- 3 The bad and good their several warnings give
 Of His approach, whom none may see and live:
 Faith's ear, with awful still delight,
 Counts them like minute-bells at night,
 Keeping the heart awake till dawn of moru,
 While to the funeral pile this aged world is borne.
- 4 But what are heaven's alarms to hearts
 that cower
 In wilful alumber, deepening every hour,
 That draw their curtains closer round
 The nearer swells the trumpet's sound?
 Lord, ere our trembling larges sink down
 - Lord, ere our trembling lamps sink down and die, Touch us with chastening hand, and make us feel Thee nigh.
- 20 How long shall thy journey be?
- 1 FAR down the ages now, Her journey well-nigh past, The pilgrim Church fares on, in hope To reach the crown at last.

FOR ADVENT.

No wider is the gate, No broader is the way, No smoother is the ancient path That leads to light and day.

2 No slacker grows the fight, No feebler is the foe, No less the need of armour tried, Of shield and spear and bow. Nor less we feel the blank Of earth's still absent King, Whose presence is of all our bliss The everlasting spring.

3 Thus onward still we press,
Through evil and through good,
Through pain, and poverty, and want,
Through peril and through blood.
Still faithful to our God,
And to our Captain true,
We follow where He leads the way,
The kingdom in our view.

21 The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.

1 The Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still, in weeds of widowhood,
She weeps a mourner yet.

2 We long to hear Thy voice,
The set They fore,

To see Thee face to face,
To share Thy crown and glory then,
As now we share Thy grace.
Should not the loving Bride
The absent Bridegroom mourn?
Should she not wear the weeds of grief
Until her Lord return?

3 The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear Thy voice,
That shall restore her comeliness,
And make her wastes rejoice.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain:
Come, make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.

22 The whole creation grounds and travaileth in pain together until now. Rom. viii.

l COME, Lord; Thy saints for Thee Look out with many a sigh: The Spirit and the Bride say, 'Come;' O hear'st Thou not their cry? Come, for Thy foes are strong;
With tauating lips they say,
'Where is the promised Advent m
And where the dreaded day?'

2 Come, Lord; the good are few, They lift the voice in vain: Faith waxes fainter in the world, And love is on the wane. Come, for the corn is ripe; Put now Thy sickle in: Reap the great harvest of the year Burn up the tares of sin.

S Come, Lord; ordain at length
A new creation's birth;
Restore our forfeit Paradise,
Build up the ruined earth.
Come, let Thy reign begin,
Begin, nor ever cease,
The reign of holiness and truth,
The reign of love and peace.

23 Cast off the works of darkness and j the armour of light, Rom. xli

1 Thou plenteous Source of light an
From whom all grace proceeds,
Chase from our souls the gloom of
And make us hate its deeds:
In armour clad of heavenly proof
We will not fear or fly,
But bravely through opposing host
Press onward to the sky.
2 If long and doubtful seem the strif

Our pains and trials sore,
Such are the ills of mortal life,
And such our Saviour bore:
Once, humbled from His lofty thro
He dwelt in weakness here,
And His has been the struggling s
And His the falling tear.

3 When time has run its destined cor And all our years are fled, He comes, with monarch's pomp and To wake and judge the dead: Then help us, Lord, while sinners' Shall sicken with dismay, To lift our heads, and joyful hail Redemption's perfect day.

24 Walk as children of light. Eph.

1 Walk in the light, and thou shalt That fellowship of love His Spirit only can bestow, Who reigns in light above. Walk in the light, and sin abhorred Shall ne'er defile again; The blood of Jesus Christ the Lord Shall cleanse from every stain.

- 2 Walk in the light, and thou shalt find Thy heart made truly His Who dwells in cloudless light enahrined, With whom no darkness is. Walk in the light, and thou shalt own Thy mists have passed away, Because in thee that light hath shone Which grows to perfect day.
- 3 Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb No fearful shade shall wear; Glory shall chase away its gloom, For Christ hath conquered there. Walk in the light, and thine shall be A path, if thorny, bright; For God by grace shall dwell in thee, And God Himself is light.

25 I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts. 1 Sam. zvii.

- 1 A Tower of strength our God doth stand, A buckler to defend us; In all the woes of life His hand True help is nigh to lend us. Our foe prepares him for the fight, With cunning armed and hellish might; On earth is not his fellow.
- 2 With force of arms we nothing can,
 Full soon were we o'erridden;
 But for us fights the goodly MAN
 Whom God Himself hath bidden.
 Ask ye His name? 'Tis Christ our Lord,
 The God of Hosts alone adored,
 Our Champion; none may brave Him.
- 3 Should hell's battalions round us press All banded to devour us, Yet this should work us good success, Nor fear e'en then o'erpower us: Though this world's prince look fierce and bold, It matters not, his doom is told, A single breath can foil him.
- 4 Our foes must let the Word stand sure;
 No thanks for this are owing:
 God's Spirit makes our way secure,
 His light and strength bestowing.
 Those foes may ravish earthly bliss;
 Let be, no gain they reap from this:
 God's kingdom still is left us.

- 26 Behold, I come quickly. Rev. xxil.
- 1 SAVIOUR of the nations, come; Leave for us Thy glorious home; Glad hosannas we will sing, Greeting Thee, our heavenly King.
- 2 With a loyal kiss of love We receive Thee from above, With a solemn vow to pay True allegiance to Thy sway.
- 3 Come, Lord Jesu, take Thy rest In the convert sinner's breast; Make the quickened heart Thy thro Son of God, the Virgin's Son.
- 4 Welcome to this vale of tears, Ripeness of the perfect years, Born as man with men to dwell, Come, our true Immanuel.
- 5 God in man, incarnate God, Sinless Child of flesh and blood, Man in God, Thy brethren we, Raise us up to God in Thee.

PART II.

- 6 Zion, at thy shining gates, Lo, the King of Glory waits: Haste thy Monarch's pomp to greet, Strew thy palms before His feet.
- 7 Christ, for Thee their triple light Faith and hope and love unite: This the beacon we display To proclaim Thine Advent-day.
- 8 Come, and give us peace within: Loose us from the bands of sin: Take away the galling weight Laid on us by Satan's hate.
- 9 Give us grace Thy yoke to wear, Give us strength Thy cross to bear; Make us Thine in deed and word, Thine in heart and life, O Lord.
- 10 Kill in us the carnal root, That the Spirit may bear fruit; Plant in us Thy lowly mind, Keep us faithful, loving, kind.
- 11 So, when Thou shalt come again, Judge of angels and of men, We with all Thy saints shall sing Hallelujahs to our King.

27 Messias cometh. John iv.

1 THE mighty gates of earth unbar. For lo, One cometh from afar:

FOR ADVENT.

The King of kings is drawing near, The Saviour of the world is here: Life, health, salvation, He doth bring; Lift up your voice, exult and sing: Praise, O my God, all praise to Thee; My Maker, wise is Thy decree.

- 2 The Lord is just, a helper tried,
 On wings of mercy fain to ride;
 His kingly crown is holiness,
 His sceptre pity, swift to bless;
 The end of all our woes He brings,
 And ransomed earth with triumph sings:
 Praise, O my God, all praise to Thee;
 My Saviour, great Thy victory.
- 3 O blest the city, blest the land, That yield them to this King's command! O blest the hearts, set free from sin, To whom this Monarch enters in! The Sun of Joy is He, who brings The light of healing on His wings. Praise, O my God, all praise to Thee, My Comforter eternally!
- 4 Unbar the gates, make plain His way; In godliness your souls array; A temple in your hearts prepare, Adorned with love, and joy, and prayer; That, entering in, your holy King The blessings of His grace may bring. Praise, O my God, all praise to Thee, Great undivided Trinity!

28 Behold, He shall come, saith the Lord of Hosts. Mal. iii.

- 1 O How shall I receive Thee,
 How meet Thee on Thy way,
 Blest hope of every nation,
 My soul's delight and stay?
 O Jesu, Jesu, give me
 Now by Thy own pure light
 To know whate'er is pleasing
 And welcome in Thy sight.
- 2 Thy Zion palms is strewing,
 And branches fresh and fair;
 My soul, to praise awaking,
 Her anthem shall prepare.
 Perpetual thanks and praises
 Forth from my heart shall spring;
 And to Thy Name the service
 Of all my powers I bring.
- 3 O ye who sorrow, sinking Beneath your grief and pain, Rejoice in His appearing Who shall your souls sustain:

- He comes, He comes with gladness; How great is His good-will! He comes; all grief and anguish
- Shall at His word be still.

 Ye who with guilty terror
 Are trembling, fear no more;
 With love and grace the Saviour
 Shall you to hope restore.
 He comes, who contrite sinners
 Will with the children place,
 The children of His Father,
- The heirs of life and grace.

 5 He comes, the Lord to judgment:
 Woe, woe to them who hate!
 To those who love and seek Him
 He opes the heavenly gate.
 Come quickly, gracious Saviour,
 And gather us to Thee,
 That in the light eternal
 Our joyous home may be.
- 29 When Christ, who is our life, shall as them shall we also appear with H glory. Col. ili.
- 1 Love divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come dow
 Jesu, fix in us Thy dwelling,
 And Thy faithful mercies crown.
 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all Thy grace receive;
 Shine into our hearts, and never,
 Never more Thy temple leave.
- 2 Work in us Thy new creation, Pure and spotless let us be; Let us know Thy great salvation, Perfectly renewed in Thee: Changed from glory into glory, Till we rest in heaven abova, Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in wonder, joy, and love.
- 30 Behold, thy King cometh to thee. Zec
- 1 Unfold your gates, and open
 The door of every heart;
 Their tokens of rejoicing
 Let field and wood impart;
 The path with branches strewing,
 Adorn the sacred way;
 Throw wide the gates of glory;
 The King must pass to-day.
- 2 O mighty King, O Jesu, My heart shall welcome Thee, My heart, too little worthy The Saviour's home to be.

Yet will I not distrustful Refuse the royal Guest: The publican and sinner Received Him, and were blest-

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3 O Lord, in faith and meekness My heart would Thee retain, And yield Thee love unfeigned, Whom none have loved in vain. For all who bid Thee welcome While passing on Thy way, A home Thou hast prepared In everlasting day.

- 31 Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low. Isa. xl.
- 1 GIRD on Thy conquering sword,
 Ascend Thy shining car,
 And march, almighty Lord,
 To wage Thy holy war:
 Before Thy wheels
 In glad surprise
 The valleys rise,
 And sink the hills.
- 2 Beneath Thine arrowy shower Thy startled foes shall fall; And captive to Thy power, That power which conquers all, The world shall know, Great King of kings, What wondrous things Thine arm can show.
- 3 Lord, to the waiting soul
 Bend Thy triumphant way,
 There every foe control,
 There all Thy might display:
 Erect Thy throne
 In every breast,
 That we may rest
 In Thee alone.
- 32 The night it far spent, the day is at hand.
- 1 THE night of darkness fast declineth: Hear the glad truth, ye nations round; On earth the light of mercy shineth; With light the ocean waves are crowned; Bright dawn of that celestial day When all shall own their Saviour's sway.
- 2 Again the Spirit's might decending Makes glad the barren wilderness: The voice of God the mountains rending, The prostrate hills their Lord confess.

Ye utmost realms, your tribute bring,
Prepare a pathway for your King.
3 All tongues shall join their high thanks
giving
To Him who hath redeemed us all:
Lo, at His voice the dead are living,
The idol hosts before Him fall:
Raised from his long and deathlike sleep,
Before the cross see larael weep.
4 Now hear, O Lord, our supplication;
Arise, the fallen world to bless:
0 speed Thy promised visitation,
Thy reign of truth and righteousness,
When all the earth shall worship Thee,
All eyes, O Lord, Thy glory see.

- And I saw another angel fly in the mids of heaven, having the everlasting Gospec Rev. xiv.
- 1 Lo, in mid heaven the angel flies, Who bids the world from sleep arise; Afar his trump is sounding: The Gospel in his hand he brings, Glad message from the King of kings, With grace to all abounding. O come, the offered gift receive: In Jesus, all ye lands, believe.
- In Jesus, all ye isnds, believe.

 2 No more for help to idols fly;
 No more to creatures vainly cry;
 To Jesus come adoring;
 On Him your only Saviour call,
 And Jew and Greek together fall
 Before His throne imploring:
 One Advocate, one Lord confess,
 The Lord of truth and righteousness.
- 3 Speed forth Thy glory, Prince of peace,
 Till all the world from idols cease,
 And heed Thine invitation:
 O take the kingdoms for Thine own;
 Thou that art King of kings alone,
 Be Thine the adoration.
 From vanity the creature free,
 Till every heart be blest in Thee.
- 34 Psalm exix. 106. Thy Word is a lanters to my paths, &c.
- 1 THY Word is to my feet a lamp, The way of truth to show; A cheering light to mark the path Wherein I ought to go.
- 2 When I with griefs am so oppress That I can bear no more, According to Thy Word, do Thou My fainting soul restore.

O let my sacrifice of praise
With Thee acceptance find;
And in Thy righteous judgments, Lord,
Instruct my willing mind.

4 Thy testimonies I have made
My heritage and choice;
For they, when other comforts fail,
My drooping heart rejoice.

5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, &c.

35 Thy Word was the joy of my heart. Jer. xv.

- 1 Holy Bible, book divine, Precious treasure, thou art mine: Mine, to tell me whence I came; Mine, to teach me what I am;
- 2 Mine to chide me when I rove; Mine, to show a Saviour's love; Mine art thou to guide my feet: Mine to judge, condemn, acquit;
- 3 Mine, to comfort in distress, If the Holy Spirit bless; Mine, to show by living faith Man can triumph over death;
- 4 Mine, to tell of joys to come, Light and life beyond the tomb; O thou precious book divine, Holy treasure, thou art mine.

36 Thy Law is within my heart. Ps. 11.

- l LORD, Thy Word abideth,
 And our footsteps guideth;
 Who its truth believeth
 Light and joy receiveth.
 When our foes are near us,
 Then Thy Word doth cheer us,
 Voice of consolation,
 Message of salvation.
- 2 When the storms are o'er us, And dark clouds before us, Then its light directeth And our way protecteth. Who can tell the pleasure Who recount the treasure, By Thy Word imparted To the simple-hearted?
- 3 Word of mercy, giving Succour to the living; Word of life, supplying Comfort to the dying!

O that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee! Amen.

37 Bicssed is he that readeth. Rev. i.

- 1 Message of heaven, I gladly receive thee; Word of the Lord, I will ever believe thee; Star of salvation, I follow thy ray; Gospel of mercy, thy call I obey.
- 2 Sweet are thy tidings of peace from above, Wonderful record of infinite love; May thy great lessons, thy story, thy song Prompt me to goodness, and turn me from wrong.
- 3 Guide and companion, instructor and friend,
 Lighten my pathway till error shall end;
 Till thy light fade in eternity's blaze,
 Till thy song blend with the Seraphim's praise.
- 4 Spirit of truth, everlasting, divine, Thanks be to Thee that the Bible is mine, Thanks be to Thee that instruction is given Here to be holy, and happy in heaven.

38 Thou shalt keep them, O Lord. Ps. xli.

- 1 How blest are they to whom the Lord His gracious Name makes known, And by His Spirit and His Word Adopts them for His own. He calls them to His mercy-seat, And hears their humble prayer; And when within His house they meet, They find His presence there.
- 2 Though men despise them or reprove,
 They count the trial small;
 Whoever hate, if Jesus love,
 It makes amends for all.
 Though meanly clad, and coarsely fed,
 And, like their Saviour, poor,
 They would not change their Father's
 bread
 For all the worldling's store.
- 3 When cheered by faith's sublimer joys They mount on eagles' wings, They can disdain, as children's toys, The pride and pomp of kings.

Dear Lord, assist our souls to pay The debt of praise we owe, That life to us may be a day Of heaven begun below.

39 Let the Word of Christ duell in you richly in all wisdom. Col. iii.

- 1 Ever would I fain be reading, In the ancient holy Book, Of my Saviour's gentle pleading, Truth in every word and look;
- 2 How when children came He bleased them, Suffered no man to reprove, Took them in His arms, and pressed them To His heart with words of love;
- 3 How to all the sick and tearful Help was ever gladly shown; How he sought the poor and fearful, Called them brothers and His own:
- 4 How no contrite soul e'er sought Him
 And was bidden to depart,
 How with gentle words He taught him,
 Took the death from out his heart.
- Still I read the ancient story, And my joy is ever new, How for us He left His glory, How He still is kind and true:
- 6 How the flock He gently leadeth,
 Which His Father gave Him here;
 How His arms He widely spreadeth,
 To His heart to draw us near.
- 7 Let me kneel, O Lord, before Thee, Let my heart in tears o'erflow, Melted by Thy love adore Thee, Blest in Thee through joy and woe.
- 40 Recrive with mechness the engrafted Word, which is able to save your souls. Jam, i.
- POUR down Thy Spirit, gracious Lord, On all assembled here;
 Let us receive the engrafted Word With meekness and with fear.
- 2 By faith in Thee the soul acquires New life, though dead before; And he, who to Thy light aspires, Shall live to die no more.
- 3 Preserve the power of faith alive In those that love Thy Name; For sin and Satan daily strive To quench the sacred flame.

- 4 Thy grace and mercy first prevailed From death to set us free; And often since our life had failed, Unless renewed by Thee.
- 5 To Thee we look, to Thee we bow, To Thee for help we call; Our life and resurrection Thou, Our hope, our joy, our all.

41 Abide with us, for it is towards evening. Luke xxiv.

- 1 AH Jesu Christ, with us abide,
 For now, behold, 'tis eventide:
 And bring, to cheer us through the night,
 Thy Word, our true and only light.
 In times of trial and distress
 Preserve our truth and stedfastness,
 And pure unto the end, O Lord,
 Vouchsafe Thy Sacraments and Word.
- 2 O Jesu Christ, Thy Church sustain; Our hearts are wavering, cold, and vain: Then let Thy Word be strong and clear To silence doubt and banish fear. O guard us all from Satan's wiles, From worldly threats and worldly smiles, And let Thy saints in unity Know Thee in God and God in Thee.
- 3 The days are evil: all around Strife, errors, blasphemies abound, And secret slander's withering eye, And soft-tongued, sleek hypocrisy. From these and all of God abhorred, O Christ, protect us by Thy Word; Increase our faith and hope and love, And bring us to Thy fold above.

42 He workelk signs in heaven and in earth. Dan vi.

- 1 SLOWLY, slowly from the caves of night Steps the sun upon his path of light, Paling stars, and red clouds upward flying, The great day-king's advent prophesying.
- 2 Slowly, slowly to the waiting field Comes the spring in wavy mist concealed, Merry lark and merle and plover's crying The sweet season's advent prophesying.
- 3 Slowly, slowly nature's care again Robes the naked forest, hill and plain, Bursting buds and odorous breezes sighing The rich summer's advent prophesying.

- 4 Slowly, alowly from unconscious rest
 Love and joy wake in the suckling's
 breast,
 Laughing eyes to mother-eyes replying
 The glad child-love's advent prophesying.
- 5 Slowly, slowly nears its promised birth Heaven's mercy to the groaning earth, Whispers in the wide world born and dying The Redeemer's Advent prophesying.

43 The Lord cometh. Jude.

- 1 In patient faith, till Christ shall come To call His duteous servants home, Our hearts and minds we keep, Still looking for that glorious day When heaven and earth shall melt away, And saints awake from sleep.
- 2 And signs there be, in this late time, Once more of hope's reviving prime, As in redemption's morn; The feverous earth doth shake again, Groaning and travailing in pain, Till some new change be born.
- 3 With no unheedful hearts we hear The mutterings of convulsion near, And terror soon to be; Hosts gathering for the final strife Of light and darkness, death and life, With breathless awe we see.
- 4 We know that fearful darkness soon Shall veil the face of sun and mood, The stars forsake their spheres, The powers of heaven, with fear aghast, Tremble and quake, until at last Christ's sign in heaven appears.
- 5 Then earth's rebellious tribes shall wail, And sinful hearts with terror fail, While saints, despised so long, From east and west, and south and north, By angel trumpets summoned forth, Peal one great triumph-eong.

Looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God. 2 Peter iii.

I In the sun and moon and stars
Signs and wonders there shall be;
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.
Soon shall ocean's hoary deep
Tossed with stronger tempests rise;
Darker storms the mountains sweep,
Redder lightning rend the skies.

2 Evil thoughts shall shake the proud, Racking doubt and restless fear; Then amid the thunder-cloud Shall the Judge of men appear. But though from that awful face Heaven must fade and earth shall fly, Fear ye not, His chosen race; Your redemption draweth nigh.

45 Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. 1 Cor. xl.

- 1 O SAVIOUR, is Thy promise fled, Nor longer might Thy grace endure To heal the sick and raise the dead, And preach Thy Gospel to the poor? Come, Jesu, come, return again; With brighter beam Thy servants bless, Who long to see Thy perfect reign, And share Thy kingdom's happiness.
- 2 A feeble race, by passion driven, In darkness and in doubt we roam, And lift our anxious eyes to heaven, Our hope, our harbour, and our home. Yet, mid the wild and wintry gale, When death rides darkly o'er the sea, And strength and earthly daring fail, Our hopes, Redeemer, rest on Thee.
- 3 Come, Jesu, come, and as of yore
 The prophet went to clear Thy way,
 A harbinger Thy feet before,
 A dawning to Thy brighter day,
 So now may grace with heavenly shower
 Our stony hearts for truth prepare,
 Sow in our souls the seed of power;
 Then come and reap Thy harvest there.

46 John did baptize in the wilderness.

- 1 On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry Tells that the Lamb of God is nigh: Come near and hearken, for he brings Glad tidings from the King of kings.
- 2 Be cleansed every Christian breast, And furnished for so great a Guest: Yea, let us each our heart prepare That Christ may come and enter there.
- 3 For Thou art our salvation, Lord, Our refuge, and our great reward; Without Thy grace our souls must fade, And periah like a flower decayed.
- 4 Stretch forth Thine hand to heal our sore, And bid us rise to fall no more;

Upon Thy pardoned people shine, And fill the world with love divine.

5 Praise we the Lord with choral h

5 Praise we the Lord with choral bymn, &c.

The voice of him that crieth in the widerness. Isa. xl.

1 Voice of mercy! voice of terror!

'Christ is near,' it seems to say:
'Burst the clouds of sin and error,

O ye children of the day.'

2 Startled by the solemn warning Let the earth-bound soul arise: Christ our Sun awakes the morning, Radiant in the eastern skies.

3 Lo, the long-expected morrow
Brings the Lamb of God from heaven:
Let us haste with tears of sorrow,
One and all, to be forgiven.

4 So, when next He comes in splendour, Thrilling all the earth with fear, May we hail Him our Defender, And His joyful sentence hear:

5 'Come ye, of My Father blessèd, Come, and reap your rich reward: Ye, whose faith My Name confessèd, Reign for ever with your Lord.'

In those days came John the Baptist. Matt, ili.

1 Lo. from the desert homes, Where he hath sojourned long, The new Elias comee, In sternest wisdom strong; The voice that cries Of Christ from high, And judgment nigh From opening akies.

2 Your God e'en now doth stand At heaven's unfolding door; His fan is in His hand, And He will purge His floor; The wheat He claims, And with Him stows; The chaff He throws To deathless flames.

Ye haughty mountains, bow Your sky-aspiring heads; Ye valleys, hiding low, Lift up your gentle meads; The way make plain Your King before; For evermore Hie comes to raign. 49 Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare my way before Me. Mal. Hi.

1 WHEN Christ the Lord would come on earth,

His messenger before Him went, The greatest born of mortal birth, And charged with words of deep intent.

2 The least of all that here attend
Hath honour greater far than he:
He was the Bridegroom's joyful friend,
His body and His spouse are we;

3 A higher race, the sons of light, Of water and the Spirit born; He the last star of parting night, And we the children of the morn.

4 And as he boldly spake Thy Word, And joyed to hear the Bridegroom's voice,

Thus may Thy pastors teach, O Lord, And thus Thy listening Church rejoice.

5 One God unseen, the Father, Son, &c.

50 Ministers of the New Testament.

1 LORD, pour Thy Spirit from on high, And Thine ordained servants bless; Graces and gifts to each supply, And clothe Thy priests with righteons-

2 Within Thy temple when they stand To teach the truth as taught by Thee, Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand Let all Thy Church's pastors be.

3 Wisdom and zeal and love impart,
Firmness and meckness, from above,
To bear Thy people on their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love,

4 To watch and pray, and never faint,
By day and night their guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
To feed Thy lambs, and tend Thy

5 So, when their work is finished here, May they in hope their charge resign: So, when their Master shall appear, May they with crowns of glory shine.

51 Who bring glad tidings. Rom. 1.

sheep.

How beauteous are their feet
 Who stand on Zion hill,
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace instil

FOR ADVENT.

- 2 How happy are our ears That hear the joyful sound, Which kings and prophets waited for, And sought, but never found!
- 3 How blessed are our eyes That see this heavenly light! Prophets and kings desired it long, But died without the sight.
- 4 O Lord, send forth Thy truth, Make known Thy Name abroad, Till all the nations shall behold Their Saviour and their God.
- 5 Be God the Father, Son, &c.

Return ye, and get ye unto your tents. Josh. xxil.

- O ISRAEL, to thy tents repair, Nor sleep on hostile ground;
 Thy Lord commands thee to beware,
 For foes thy camp surround.
- 2 Hark, 'tis the trumpet's martial strain: Now gird thee for the fight; Arise, the combat to maintain, And guard thy perilled right.
- 3 Awake, arise, and grasp the spear Be vigilant, be brave: The coward and the sluggard wear The fetters of the slave.
- 4 A crown of glory waits for thee, A rest within the skies; From such a hope shall Israel flee, And yield the lofty prize?
- 5 No; let the careless world repose Throughout life's fleeting day, While Israel to the battle goes, And bears the palm away.
- 6 Give glory to the Three in One, &c.

3 Watch ye therefore. Matt. xxv.

- 1 Whilst the careless world is sleeping, Blest the servants who are keeping Watch, according to His Word, For the coming of their Lord.
- 2 At His table He will place them, With His royal banquet grace them, Banquet that shall never cloy, Bread of life and wine of joy.
- 3 Heard ye not your Master? warning? He will come before the morning, Unexpected, undescried; Watch ye for Him open-eyed.

- 4 Teach us so to watch, Lord Jesus; From the sleep of sin release us: Swift to hear Thee let us be, Meet to enter in with Thee.
- 5 God who with all good provides us God who made, who saved, who gu Praise we with the heavenly ho Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

54 Psalm lxxv. Unto Thee, O God, give thanks, &c.

- 1 We praise Thee, yea, O God, we p Thy Name is ever near: Thy miracles of ancient days We tell, that men may fear.
- 2 'A day of righteous doom is nigh, Saith God, 'when earth shall fs With all that dwell therein; yet I Its pillars I have weighed.
- 3 Oft to the scornful have I cried, Refrain your bitter scorn: Oft to the sons of impious pride, Uplift ye not your horn.'
- 4 God judgeth by His soverain Word And one He setteth up, And one He casteth down: the Le Hath in His hand a cup:
- 5 With wine and mingled drink it fo He pours it out on high: The wicked of the earth He dooms To drain it utterly.
- 6 Give glory to the Three in One, &

55 Psalm IxxxII. God standeth in the gregation of the mighty, &c.

- 1 YE judges of the earth, be still, While God declares His righteous 'How long in your unequal scale Shall justice lose, and wrong prev
- 2 'Let law the orphan's claim secur List to the friendless and the poor. Protect the weak, assert their righ And save them from the oppressor's
- 3 Alas, ye neither know nor mark; Reckless ye wander in the dark, While earth the dire confusion feel And on its deep foundation reels.
- 4 Rise, high-throned God, to vengean Redeem the wronged, the proud ch Rule every realm by right divine: For all the realms of earth are Th
- 5 Praise we the Lord with choral by

56 Psalm xcri. O sing unto the Lord a new song, &c.

1 Sing a new song unto the Lord Sing to the Lord, O earth; His Name, alone to be adored, Exalt with holy mirth. His wooders publish day by day, Of His salvation boast;

Of His salvation boast;
To heathen lands His fame display,
His might from coast to coast.

2 High is the Lord, all gods above
A glorious God declared:
Their idols vain let heathens love;
Our Lord the heavens prepared.
Bright majesty before His face
And stately beauty shine,
And power and splendour bold their place

And power and spiendour noid their pi Amidst His sacred shrine.

3 Great glory to the Lord ascribe,

His mighty Name revere,

And in His courts, each earthly tribe,
With sacrifice appear.

Give glory to the Three in One, &c.

PART II.

- 4 Adore the Lord with humble dread
 Within His holy place:
 Draw near, and bow the trembling head
 Before His awful face.
 Say to the realms, 'Be not aghast;
 The Lord is throned above:'
 Say, 'He hath set the earth so fast
 That it shall never move.'
- 5 He comes, our righteous Judge and King:
 Let heaven and earth rejoice;
 Let all the wealth of ocean sing
 With full resounding voice:
 Let every verdant meadow shout,
 And all its flowery pride;
 The giant forest-trees tell out
 Their gladness far and wide.
- 6 For lo, He comes, the faithful Lord, Earth's sorrows to redress, And judge the nations with His Word Of truth and righteousness. Give glory to the Three in One, &c.

57 Psalm zevili. O sing unto the Lord a new song, &c.

1 Sing to the Lord a new-made song: Great miracles to Him belong: His right hand and His holy arm are strong. The Lord reveals His saving might Before the startled heathen's sight: His faithfulness shines forth in cloudless light.

2 To Israel's house His truth is shown; His love remembered to His own; Our God's salvation utmost lands have known. Shout to the Lord, and utter forth A glorious voice, ye realms of earth; Break out in song, rejoice with holy mirth.

3 Come with the merry harp, and sing;
Bring forth the trump, the clarion bring.

And make glad music to the Lord the King. Roar, many-voiced mighty sea, This world, with all its tenautry:

Let streams clap hands, and mountains blend their glee.

The earth, its sorrows to redress,
And judge its realms with truth and rightconsness.

Praise we the Father, praise the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,

4 For lo, the Lord! He comes to bless

Through everlasting ages God alone. The night cometh. John ix.

l Time's sun is fast setting,
Its twilight is nigh,
Its evening is falling
In cloud o'er the sky;
Its shadows are stretching
In ominous gloom;
Its midnight approaches,
The midnight of doom.

Then haste, sinner, haste, there is mercy for thee,

And wrath is preparing: flee, lingerer, flee.

2 The vision is nearing.

The Judge and the throne;
The voice of the angel
Prociains 'It is done.'
On the whirl of the tempest
Its Ruler shall come,
And the blaze of His glory
Flash out from its gloom.
Then haste, sinner, haste, there is mercy for
thee,
And wrath is preparing: flee, lingerer, flee.

3 With clouds He is coming; His people shall sing; With gladness they hail Him Redeemer and King.

FOR ADVENT.

The iron rod wielding,
The rod of His ire,
He council to kindle
Earth's last fatal fire;
Then haste, ainner, haste, there is mercy for
thee,
And wrath is preparing:—fice, lingerer, flee.

59 God shall bring every work into judgment. Eccl. xii.

- Thot Judge of quick and dead, Before whose bar severe, With holy joy, or guilty dread, We all must soon appear;
- 2 Our ransomed souls prepare For that most awful day, Incline our hearts to watchful care, And teach us how to pray;
- 3 To pray, and wait the hour, That dreadful hour unknown, When, robed in majesty and power, Thou shalt from heaven come down.
- 4 O may we all be found
 Obedient to Thy word,
 Still watching for the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for our Lord.
- 5 Be God, the Father, Son, &c.

We must all appear before the judgmentseat of Christ. 2 Cor. v.

- 1 Hz came in weakness, comes in power, His glory yet hath its full hour, When in the blue meridian The sun shall fade, grow cold and wan; When brighter, keener lightnings play, And blaze into the Judgment-day, O King of Glory, thus again Art Thou to come, the Judge of men.
- 2 Work in us now to seek thy grace,
 That then we shrink not from Thy face;
 Look on us now, that then we bless
 Thy voice of truth and holiness.
 From earthly passion, earthly aim,
 From every secret thing of shame,
 Cleanse us, till on this darksome road
 Our hearts give back the light of God.
- 3 Be ours on earth, that we may know Our refuge in that hour of woe, And cling to Thee, whose mercies quell The banded powers of death and hell. So may we stand upon Thy right Among the ransomed sons of light, And with the angel host adore Our God and Saviour evermore.

61 And five of them were wise, and five wei

- 1 Ene that solemn hour of doom, When the Son of Man shall come, Bidding quick and bidding dead Rise to meet their risen Head, Church of Jesus, hear the word Of thine own eternal Lord.
- 2 Virgins ten, with joyous feet, Forth the Bridegroom went to meet: Wise with heavenly wisdom, five Kept with oil their lamps alive; Five, with earth-born folly dim, Scorned with oil their lamps to trim.
- 3 While the Bridegroom yet delayed, Slumber bowed each virgin head; Sudden rose the midnight cry, 'Lo, the Bridegroom draweth nigh.' Rose the startled virgin train, Trimmed their dying lamps again.
- Vainly now for oil ye cry,
 Foolish virgins, hence, and buy.
 Haste the five, but now the door
 Closes on them evermore,
 And a voice, that stuns each heart,
 Cries, 'I know you not, depart.'
- 5 Church of Jesus, rise and pray; Dark that hour, and nigh that day. Woe, ye hypocrites, to you! Trim, ye saints, your lamps anew; For the Bridegroom watch and wait: Jesus Christ is at the gate.

62 The Son of Man shall come in the glory His Father, with His angels. Matt. Et

- 1 Praise the Lord; praise our King, Christ, who doth salvation bring. All on earth and all in heaven Shall His gracious Name confess: All into His hands are given; And our prayer and praise He waits bless.
 - Praise the Lord; praise our King.
- 2 Praise the Lord; praise our King; Zion, thy Redeemer sing. He the Word who formed creation, Took our flesh for us to die; Him let every tribe and nation With united praises glorify.
- Praise the Lord; praise our King.

 Praise the Lord; praise our King:
 To His sure protection cling.

Soon again our King descending Men shall range before His throne, Doom his foes to death unending, And to endless glory call His own. Praise the Lord; praise our King.

- 63 The glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ. Tit. ii.
- 1 THE Lord shall come; the earth shall quake, The hills their ancient seat forsake, And, withering from the vault of night, The stars withdraw their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord shall come, but not the same As once in lowly shape He came, A silent lamb before his foes, A weary man, and full of woes
- 3 The Lord shall come, a dreadful form, With wreath of flame and robe of storm, On cherub plumes and wings of wind, Appointed Judge of all mankind.
- 4 Can this be He, who wont to stray A pilgrim on the world's highway, By power opprest, and mocked by pride, The Nazarene, -the Crucified?
- 5 While sinners in despair shall call, 'Rocks, hide us; mountains, on us fall,' The righteous, rising from the tomb, Shall sing with joy, 'The Lord is come.'
- God hath given Him authority to execute judgment also, because He is the Son of man. John v.
- 1 FROM heaven when Christ came down of old.

He took our nature poor and low; He wore no form of angel mould, But shared our weakness and our woe.

- 2 But when He cometh back once more, Then shall be set the great white throne;
 - And earth and heaven shall flee before The face of Him who sits thereon.
- 3 O Son of God, in glory crowned, The Judge ordained of quick and dead:
 - O Son of Man, so pitying found For all the tears Thy people shed:
- 4 Be with us in that awful hour, And by Thy crown, and by Thy grave, By all Thy love, and all Thy powe In that great day of Judgment save.

- 65 Behold, He cometh with elouds. Bov. i.
- 1 Lo, He comes in clouds descending, Once for ransomed sinners alain: All the angel hosts attending Swell the triumph of His train. Hallelujah!

Jesus comes on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him In His dreadful majesty: Those who set at nought and sold Him, Pierced and nailed Him to the tree Deeply wailing, Shall the true Messiah see.

- 3 Lo, the Saviour long expected, Robed in splendour, takes His seat: All His saints, by man rejected, Rise their risen Lord to meet, And His Advent With their loud hosannas greet.
- 4 Yea, amen! let all adore Thee On Thine everlasting throne: Saviour, take Thy power and glory Make Thy righteous judgments known Hallelujah! Claim the kingdoms for thine own.
- 66 He shall sit upon the throne of His glory.

 Matt. xxv.
- 1 ONCE He came, how meek and lowly. Kind, and full of love for men; Soon, our Judge, unerring, holy, Will He come to earth again. Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia! Christ, our eyes shall see Thee then.
- 2 Be the terrors and the blessing Of that day before us now, Every thankful heart impressing. Moulding every thoughtful brow. Alleluis, Alleluis, Alleluis! Christ, our hope in death art Thou.
- 3 Thankful that, in form and feeling One of us, to earth He came; Thoughtful, for He died revealing All our danger, all our shame. Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia! Christ, our trust is in Thy Name.
- 4 If the Saviour here have known us Faithful to His Word and Way, He, the Almighty Judge, will own us In the last and dreadful day. Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Christ, our hope, our trust, our stay!

1 THE day must come, the Judgment-day, To each fond idle dreamer, To every wanderer from the way. To every bold blasphemer: The Christ will come in dread array, Each eye must see, each heart obey,

The Judge or the Redeemer. 2 We may grow hard, and not revere Each old prophetic token, Too wilful and too proud to hear What God Himself hath spoken; Yet shall the Son of Man appear, And strongest hearts shall fail for fear, And wrath and pride be broken.

3 He comes in clouds, each dazzled eye And conscious heart confounding, Myriads of Seraphim on high His glorious sign surrounding: Sun, moon, and stars sink in the sky; The shout dies down ; - the Archangel's cry,

The trump of God, is sounding. 4 To God the Father let us sing, &c.

68 The day of the Lord is great and terrible.

Joel il.

1 DAY of Judgment, day of wonders! Hark, the trumpet's awful sound, Louder than ten thousand thunders, Shakes the vast creation round; And the summons

Doth the sinner's heart confound. 2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,

Robed in majesty divine: They who long for his appearing Then shall in His glory shine. Gracious Saviour,

Own us in that day for Thine. 3 Then to all who have confessed

Faithfully the Lord below, He will say, 'Come near, ye blessed, Take the kingdom I bestow;

Ye for ever Shall My love and glory know.'

4 We confess Thee, we adore Thee, God the Father, with the Son And the Spirit joined in glory On the same eternal throne; Thee we worship,

O mysterious Three in One.

Amen.

At the time appointed the end shall b Dan, xix. 69

1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear! The end of things created: The Judge of men doth now appear On clouds of glory seated. The trumpet sounds; the graves rest The dead which they contained before Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise At the last trumpet's sounding; Caught up to meet Him in the skies, With joy their Lord surrounding: No gloomy fears their souls dismay; His presence sheds eternal day On those prepared to meet Him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears, Behold His wrath prevailing; For they shall rise and find their tear And sighs are unavailing: The day of grace is past and gone, Trembling they stand before the thro All unprepared to meet Him.

4 O Christ, who diedst and dost live, To me impart Thy merit: My pardon seal, my sins forgive, And cleanse me by Thy Spirit. The trumpet sounds, the Judge is near With holy love and holy fear Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

70 That-day is a day of wrath and troub Zeph. i.

1 DAY of anger, day of mourning! See once more the Cross returning, Heaven and earth to ashes burning! Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth All before the throne it bringeth.

2 Death is struck, and nature quaking All creation is awaking, To its Judge an answer making. Lo the book, exactly worded, Wherein all hath been recorded: Thence shall judgment be awarded.

3 What shall I, frail man, be pleading! Who for me be interceding, When the just are mercy needing? King of majesty tremendous, Who dost free salvation send us, Fount of pity, then befriend us. 0 2

- 4 Blessed Jesu, my salvation
 Caused Thy wondrous incarnation;
 Leave me not to reprobation.
 Low I kneel, with heart-submission:
 See, like ashes, my contrition:
 Help me in my last condition.
- 5 Ah that day of tears and mourning!
 From the dust of earth returning,
 Man for judgment must prepare him;
 Spare, O God, in mercy spare him.
 Lord, who didst our soul redeem,
 Grant a blessed requiem.
 Amen.
- 71 Abide in Him, that when He shall appear, we may have considence. I John ii.
- 1 When, rising from the bed of death, O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear, I see my Maker face to face, O how shall I appear?
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be won, And mercy may be sought, My heart with inward horror shrinks, And trembles at the thought;
- 3 When Thou, O God, shalt stand disclosed In majesty severe To sit in judgment on my soul, O how shall I appear?
- 4 But Thou hast told the troubled mind,
 That doth its sin deplore,
 The Saviour suffered unto death
 That sin might reign no more.
- 5 Then never shall my soul despair Thy pardon to procure, Since Christ, Thine only Son, hath died To make that pardon sure.
- 6 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, &c.
- 72 It is high time to wake out of sleep, for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. Rom. xiii.
- 1 O Gon, Thy saving grace impart, And deeply on each careless heart Eternal things impress: Give us to feel their solemn weight, To tremble at a sleeping state, And wake to righteousness.
- 2 Before us place, in dread array. The pomp of that tremendous day, When Thou with clouds shalt come: That we may now ourselves prepare To stand before Thine awful bar And hear our final doom.

- 3 Be this our one great purpose here, With ceaseless care and holy fear To make our calling sure: Thine utmost counsel to fulfil, To suffer all Thy righteous will, And to the end endure.
- 4 Then, gracious Lord, our souls receive, Transported from this world, to live With Thee in realms above, Where faith is lost in endless sight, And hope in full supreme delight, And all of life is love.
- 73 There shall be no night there. Rev. x3
- 1 COME, let us to the Lord our God
 With contrite hearts return;
 Our God is gracious, nor will leave
 The desolate to mourn.
 Long hath the night of sorrow reigned
 The dawn shall bring us light:
 God shall appear, and we shall rise
 With gladness in His sight.
- 2 Our hearts, if God we seek to know, Shall know Him, and rejoice; His coming like the morn shall be, Like morning songs His voice. As dew upon the tender herb Diffusing fragrance round, As showers that usher in the spring, And cheer the thirsty ground,
- 3 So shall His presence bless our souls,
 And shed a joyful light;
 That hallowed morn shall chase away
 The sorrows of the night.
 To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the holy Ghost,
 Sing praise with all the saints on eartl
 And all the heavenly host.
- 74 Wisdom crieth. Prov. i.
- 1 'ERE God had built the mountains,
 Or raised the fruitful hills;
 Before He filled the fountains
 That feed the running rills;
 In me from everlasting
 The wonderful I Ax
 Found pleasures never wasting,
 And Wisdom is my name.
- 2 'When, like a tent to dwell in, The skies abroad He spread, And swathed about the swelling Of ocean's mighty bed,

FOR ADVENT.

He wrought by weight and measure; And I was with Him then, Myself the Father's pleasure, And mine, the sons of men.'

3 Thus Wisdom's words discover
Thy glory and Thy grace,
Thou everlasting Lover
Of our unworthy race:
Thy gracious eye surveyed us
Ere stars were seen above;
In wisdom Thou hast made us,
And died for us in love.

4 And couldst Thou be delighted
With creatures such as we,
Who, when we saw Thee, slighted,
And nailed Thee to a tree?
Unfathomable wonder,
And mystery divine!
The voice that speaks in thunder
Says, 'Sinner, be thou Mine!'

75 In Him was life, and the Life was the Light of men. 1 John i.

1 O JESU, Light of heavenly day, The shades of darkness chase away; Lead back the feet, that wildered roam, To Thy true fold, their happy home.

2 O let the deaf Thy trumpet hear, The dumb proclaim Thy coming near; To icy breasts Thy warmth impart, And melt the flinty sinner's heart.

3 O Lord, give sight unto the blind; Inform the rude and thoughtless mind; The scattered tribes recall to Thee; The wavering souls from doubt set free.

4 To all the hope of glory seal,
That all, as one, Thy truths may feel,
All keep one heaven-directed road,
One faith, one Saviour, and one God.

5 So they who sing Thy praise above Shall knit with us the bands of love, And Thee for all Thy grace adore In heaven and earth for evermore.

76 The Shepherd and Bishop of our souls. 1 Peter 11.

1 Lord, who once, from heaven descending, Lost mankind didst seek and save, Us in our distress befriending, Grant the succour which we crave; From a sinful world we flee, Shepherd of our souls, to Thee. 2 From the arts that would allure us
From the toils that would enana
Thou, who slumberest not, secure t
By Thy ever-watchful care;
And, if e'er from Thee we roam,
Fetch, O fetch the wanderers home
3 And at last, our perils ended,
Take us to that blessed fold,
Where the flock Thou here hast te
Shall in heaven Thy face behold

Christ, their Shepherd, evermore. 77 Truth in the inward parts. Ps.

And with songs of praise adore

1 O God of truth, whose living word Upholds whate'er has breath, Look down on Thy created sons Enslaved by sin and death. Set up Thy standard, Lord, that w Who claim a heavenly birth, May march with Thee to smite the That vex Thy groaning earth.

2 And would we join that blest array
And follow in the might
Of Him, the faithful and the true,
In raiment clean and white?
How can we fight for truth and Go
Enthralled to lies and sin?
He who would wage such war on e
Must first be true within.

3 O God of truth, for whom we long O Thou that hearest prayer, Do Thine own battle in our hearts, And slay the falsehood there; So, tried in Thy refining fire, From every lie set free, In us Thy perfect truth shall dwel And we may fight for Thee.

78 Deliver us from evil. Luke xi

1 FROM all evil, all temptation
That besets our earthly path,
From Thy final condemnation,
From the scourging of Thy wra
God of goodness, us deliver,
And Thy Name be praised for ever
2 From a heart of hate and blindnes
From all envy, treachery, pride,
From all harshness, all unkindness
All to sin or shame allied,
God of goodness, us deliver,
And Thy Name be praised for ever

22 17	MA SMLAS
3 From the world's deceitful pleast From its soul-invading snares, From the plotter's crafty measur From vain thoughts and triffit God of goodness, us deliver, And Thy Name be praised for ev	es,
4 From the tempest fiercely smitin Lightning's fire and battle's by Pestilence, plague, famine, blight Sudden and untimely death, God of goodness, us deliver, And Thy Name be praised for ev	eath, ing,
5 In the time of tribulation, In the bright and prosperous v In the hour of life's prostration, In the final Judgment-day, God of goodness, us deliver, And Thy Name be praised for ev	
79 The mountain of the Lord's hou established in the top of the m	ountains.
1 BRHOLD, the mountain of the L In latter days shall rise On mountain tops above the hills The gaze of mortal eyes.	
2 To this the joyful nations round, All tribes, all tongues, shall fi Up to the hill of God, they say, And to His house we go.	
3 The beam that shines from Zion Shall lighten every land; The King who reigns in Salem's Shall all the world command. 4 Among the nations He shall judg His judgments truth shall gui	towers 3
His sceptre shall protect the just And quell the sinner's pride. 5 No strife shall rage, no hostile fe Disturb those peaceful years; To ploughshares men shall be swords,	nd 4
To pruning hooks their spears. 6 No longer hosts, assailing hosts, Their heaps of slain deplore: They hang the trumpet in the ha And study war no more.	18
7 Come then, O house of Jacob, ha To worship at His shrine; And, walking in the light of God, With holy beauty shine.	1 1

Hears the cry of tribulation, To the friendless brings salvation, Spares the needy, guards the meek.

- 2 Praise to Him the world shall render Long as suns shall rise in splendour; Evermore endures His Name. Glad shall be His saints, possessing In His rule their choicest blessing: Heathen lands shall tell His fame.
- 3 Be the Lord our God confessed
 Three in One, for ever blessed:
 Praise the Father's boundless love,
 Praise the Son's atoming merit,
 Praise the sanctifying Spirit,
 Saints beneath and saints above.
- And the Redeemer shall come to Zion, and to them that turn from transgression in Jacob, saith the Lord. 1s. lix.
- HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promised long;
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes the prisoners to release, In Satan's bondage held; The gates of brass before Him break, The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes from darkest films of vice To clear the inward sight, And on the eyelids of the blind To pour celestial light.
- 4 He comes the broken heart to bind, The bleeding soul to cure, And with the riches of His grace To bless the suffering poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace, Thine Advent shall proclaim, And heaven's eternal arches ring With Thy beloved Name.
- His Name is called the Word of God.

 Rev. xix.
- 1 O HEAVENLY Word, eternal Light, Begotten of the Father's might, Who, in these latter days, art born For succour to a world forlorn, Our hearts enlighten from above, And kindle with Thine own true love; That we, who hear Thy call to-day, May cast earth's vanities away.
- 2 And when as Judge Thou drawest nigh, The secrets of all hearts to try; When sinners meet their awful doom, And saints attain their heavenly home;

O let us not, for evil past, Be driven from Thy face at last But with the blessed evermore Behold and love Thee and adors.

85 Thy light is come. Is. Ix.

- 1 How brightly dawns the Morning Star,
 With mercy coming from afar!
 The host of heaven rejoices;
 O righteous Branch, O Jesse's Rod,
 Thou Son of man, and Son of God,
 We too will lift our voices.
 Jesu! Jesu!
 Holy, holy, yet most lowly,
 - Draw Thou near us: Great Emmanuel, stoop and hear us.
- 2 Though circled by the hosts on high, He deigned to cast a pitying eye Upon his helpless creature; The whole creation's Head and Lord, By highest Seraphim adored,

Assumed our very nature:

Jesu, grant us,

- Through Thy merit, to inherit Thy salvation; Hear, O hear our supplication.
- 3 Then will we to the world make known
 The love Thou hast to outcasts shown
 In calling them before Thee,
 And seek each day to be more meet
 To join the throng who at Thy feet
 Uuceasingly adore Thee.
 Living, dying,

From thy praises, mighty Jesus Shrink we never. Sing we forth Thy love for ever.

4 Rejoice, ye heavens; and earth reply:
With praise, ye sinners, fill the sky
For love so condescending.
Incarnate God, put forth Thy power,
Ride on, ride on, great Conqueror,
Thy glory wide extending.

Amen, amen!
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
Praise be given
To Thy Name in earth and heaven.

86 The Redeemer shall come to Zion. Is, liz.

1 O COME, O come, Emmanuel, And ransom captive lareal,

That mourns in lonely exile here Until the Son of God appear. Rejoice, rejoice: Emmanuel Shall come to thee, O Israel.

The state of the s

- 2 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free Thine own from Satan's tyranny; From depths of hell Thy people save, And give them victory o'er the grave. Rejoice, rejoice: Emmanuel Shall come to thee, O Israel.
- 3 O come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer
 Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
 Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
 And death's dark shadows put to flight.
 Rejoice, rejoice: Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel.
- 4 O come, Thou Key of David, come And open wide our heavenly home: Make safe the way that leads on high, And close the path to misery. Rejoice, rejoice: Emmanuel Shall come to thee, O Israel.
- 5 O come, O come, Thou Lord of might, Who to Thy tribes on Sinai's height In ancient times didst give the law, In cloud, and majesty, and awe. Rejoice, rejoice: Emmanuel Shall come to thee, O Israel. Amen.

87 Is not the Lord in Zion? Is not her King in her? Jor. viil.

- Joy to the world, the Christ is come: Let earth receive her King; Let every heart prepare Him room, And all creation sing.
- 2 Ye saints, rejoice, your Saviour reigns; In praise your tongues employ: Floods, clap your hands; exult, ye plains; And shout, ye hills, for joy.
- 3 Behold, He comes, He comes to bless The nations as their God, To show the world His righteousness And send His truth abroad.
- 4 He comes to vanquish sin and woe, To clear the thorny ground, To bid the streams of blessing flow Where'er the curse is found.
- 5 Sing praise, in joyful unison With all the heavenly host, To God the Father, God the Son, And God the Holy Ghost.

0 that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion. Ps. IIII.

- 1 EMMANUEL, Thy Name we sing,
 The Prince of life, of grace the spring,
 The flower of heaven, the star of morn,
 Lord of all lords, the Virgin-born. Alleluia.
 To Thee with angel hosts we raise
 The grateful anthem of our praise,
 That Thou art come to save and bless
 A world that lies in wickedness. Alleluia.
- 2 For Thee, since first the earth was made, How many a heart has watched and prayed; How oft for Thee, with anxious pain, Have seers and fathers sighed in van; All. 'Ah that from Zion hill the Lord Would come to break our bonds abhorred! Ah might we hear the Saviour's voice, Our Israel should indeed rejoice.' All.
- 3 Now Thou art here; Thou slumberest, In lowly manger lulled to rest: Maker of worlds, an Infant small, And naked, Thou that clothest all. All. Thou com'st a stranger in the land, Yet are the heavens in Thy command; Thou drinkest at a woman's breast, By angel hosts true God confessed. All.
- 4 Then fearless I will cling to Thee,
 For Thou from sorrow makest free;
 Thou bindest death, our woes dost bear,
 To gladness turning pain and care. All.
 These lips my lifetime long would raise
 Glad alleluias to Thy praise,
 And in Thy glorious hall again,
 Where time is not, renew the strain. All.

When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son. Gal, iv.

- 1 COME, thou Saviour long expected, Born to set Thy people free; By Thy watchful love protected, May we find our rest in Thee. Israel's strength and consolation, Hope of all the earth, Thou art; Blest desire of every nation, Joy of every longing heart.
- 2 Born Thy people to deliver; Born a child, and yet a king; Born to reign in us for ever, Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

By Thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

90 I am the Light of the world. John vill.

1 THE race that long in darkness pined Has seen a glorious light; The people dwell in day who dwelt In death's surrounding night. To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun, The gathering nations come, Joyous as when the respers bear The harvest treasures home.

2 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the lost of heaven.
His Name shall be the Prince of peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,

The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power increasing still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below.
Let angel choirs and saints on earth

With songs of praise adore
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore.

91 Behold, a King shall reign in righteousness. Is. xxxii.

1 Hall to the Lord's Anointed, Great David's greater Son! Hail, in the time appointed, His reign on earth begun! He comes to break oppression, To set the captive free, To take away transgression, And rule in equity.

2 Kings shall fall down before Him, And gold and incense bring; All nations shall adore Him, His praise all people sing; For He shall have dominion O'er river, sea, and shore, Far as the dove's light pinion Or eagle's wing can soar.

3 To Him shall prayer unceasing And daily vows ascend; His kingdom still increasing, A kingdom without end: The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

4 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever,
His great, best name of Love.

92 Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Matt. v.

1 BLEST are the pure in heart, For they shall see their God: The secret of the Lord is theirs; Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 The Lord who left the sky Our life and peace to bring, And dwelt in lowliness with men, Their pattern, and their King;

3 Still to the lowly soul Himself He doth impart, And for His dwelling and His throne Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we Thy presence seek; Ours may this blessing be! Give us the pure and lowly heart, A temple meet for Thee.

5 We with the angel host, &c

93 Psalm lxxxv. Lord. Thou hast been favourable to Thy land, he.

1 Nor vain, O Lord, Thy loving word
Of old to Jacob spoken:
Thy land hath seen its sons restored,
Their captive fetters broken.
Thy grace hath pardoned all their sin,
And covered their transgression;
No more in wrath Thy hand will smite,
Nor yield them to oppression.

2 For ever shall Thine anger burn, And whelm our hearts with sadness? Turn back, O God our Saviour; turn To bring us hope and gladness. Show us Thy pardoning mercy, Lord, And grant us Thy salvation: Speak peace unto Thy waiting saints, And bless Thy chosen mation.

- 3 Mine ear shall hearken to the voice
 Of God the Lord most holy;
 For He will bid His seed rejoice,
 When they depart from folly.
 The Lord's salvation is not far
 From such as truly fear Him:
 His glory in our coasts shall dwell,
 And all the world revere Him.
- 4 Mercy and truth are one again;
 Peace, righteousness, in union:
 Truth rises from the fertile plain,
 Heaven holds with earth communion.
 All good to us the Lord shall give;
 Our land its fruits shall render,
 And holiness His way prepare
 Who comes our strong Defender.
- 94 Psalm IXXXIX. I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever, &c.
- 1 The mercies of the Lord my God
 I sing for evermore,
 From age to age I tell abroad
 His truth, whom I adore.
 For I have said, 'For ever sure
 The throne of mercy stands:
 The heavens, they see Thy truth endure,
 Thou bind'at the eternal bands.'—
- 2 'A promise to Mine own I sealed With offerings and with blood; An oath to David I revealed, My vassal true and good. A seed and endless heritage I give thee for thine own, And I have built from age to age Thine high imperial throne.'—
- 3 For this, O Lord, the heavess resound
 Thy wonder ever nigh,
 Thy truth amid the chosen round
 Of Holy Ones on high.
 Before the everlasting throne,
 Ye saints and heavenly host,
 Praise God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Holy Ghost.

95 Psalm ex. The Lord said unto my Lord, &c.

1 SPAKE the glorious Lord in heaven, 'Lord, be Thine this royal seat, Till their armies thunder-riven Bow the neck beneath Thy feet.' Lo, Thy standards proudly flowing, Forth they fare the world to win, Reign and prosper, overthrowing All the lords of death and ain.

- 2 God with man, an Infant tender
 Of a stainless maiden born,
 Elder than the day-star's splendour
 Purer than the pearls of morn,
 By the eternal oath appointed
 Of the mystic order blest,
 Thou art vested, throned, anointed,
 Evermore a Kingly Priest.
- 3 When the doom of sin is sealed
 And the trump of judgment rings
 Darkly at Thy side revealed
 God shall bruise the godless kinga
 Thou shalt judge amongst the heath
 Thou shalt fill the world with des
 Never shall Thy sword be sheathen
 Till it smite the apostate's head.
- 4 But Thy spell of endless glory
 Is to suffer and to die;
 Kedron with its bitter story,
 And the vale of agony.
 Honour, blessing, virtue, merit
 To the Father and the Son,
 And the good and gracious Spirit,
 While eternal ages run.
- 96 And there were in the same country s herds abiding in the field, hosping u over their flocks by night. Luke it.
- WHILE shepherds watched their fi by night,
 All seated on the ground,
 The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.
 Fear not, he said; for mighty dread Had seized their troubled mind:
 Glad tidings of great joy I bring To you and all mankind.
- 2 'To you in David's town this day
 Is born of David's line
 A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
 And this shall be the sign:
 The heavenly babe ye there shall find
 To human view displayed,
 All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
 And in a manger laid.'
- 3 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith Appeared a shining throng Of angels praising God, who thus Addrest their joyful song:
 All glory be to God on high, And to the earth be peace; Goodwill henceforth to men from heav Begin, and never cease.

FOR CHRISTMAS.

97 I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. Luke ii.

- 1 HARK, the herald angels sing Glory to the new-born King, Peace on earth, and mercy mild. Hark, &c. God and sinners reconciled.
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise, Join the triumph of the skies, With the angelic host proclaim, 'Christ is born in Bethlehem.' Hark, &c.
- 3 Christ, by highest Heaven adored, Christ, the everlasting Lord: Late in time behold Him come, Offspring of a virgin's womb. Hark, &c.
- 4 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see; Hail the incarnate Deity; Man He deigns with man to dwell, Jesus, our Emmanuel. Hark, &c.
- 5 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace: Hail the Sun of Righteousness; Light and life to all He brings, Risen with healing in His wings. Hark, &c.
- 6 Mild He lays His glory by. Born that man no more may die; Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them second birth. Hark, &c.
- And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God. Luke ii.
- 1 WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still, [night And silence slept on Zion hill, When Bethlehem's shepherds through the Watched o'er their flocks by starry light, Lo, swift to every startled eye New streams of glory fire the sky; Heaven's azure gates are oped to pour Its armies on the midnight hour.
- 2 On wheels of light, on wings of flame, The gratulating myriads came; High heaven with songs of triumph rung, While loud they struck their harps and
 - 'To God, the Lord of power and might, Be glory in the highest height, For peace on earth proclaimed again, And tidings of goodwill to men.
- 9 Let us go now even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass.
 Luke ii.
- 1 DRAW nigh, all ye faithful, joyous and triumphant, And greet ye at Bethlehem the Babe, the Word:

- In lowly manger lies the King of a O come let us adore Him, O come let us adore Him, O come let us adore Him, Chi Lord.
- 2 God of God eternal, Light from proceeding, E'en He a mortal Virgin's wom

not abhorred:

- Very God of very God, begott created:
 - O come let us adore Him, O come let us adore Him,
 - O come let us adore Him, Chi Lord.
- 3 Shout Alleluia, all ye choir angelic Sing, beavenly citizens, with glad: Glory to God, to God in the highest,
 - O come let us adore Him, O come let us adore Him,
 - O come let us adore Him, Chr Lord.
- 100 Every spirit that confesseth the Christ is come in the flesh is 1 John iv.
- 1 ALL my heart with joy is springir While in air Everywhere Angel choirs are singing. Hark, I hear the joyful ditty:

'Christ,' they say, 'Came to-day,

Born in David's city.' 2 To this lower world descendeth

From above He whose love All our sorrows endeth. He who breath and being gave us, Quits the skies.

Lives and dies In our flesh to save us.

3 Christ our Lamb so meek and lovi Dries our tears. Calms our fears, All our sins removing; Christ our Lamb, who suffers for u

Death and hell, And to peace restore us.

He can quell

4 Hark, from yon dark manger lowly Breezes soft Scem to waft

Gentle words and holy:

' Sigh no more, away with sadness, Brethren dear; I am here, Bringing hope and gladness.

PART II.

- 5 Come ye now, and kneel before Him; Mortals all Great and small Worship and adore Him: Love your King, whose love invites you: Lo, His star From afar To His dwelling lights you.
- 6 Ye, whom galling want oppresses, Here ye find Comfort kind, Balm for your distresses: Nobler treasures here are given: Riches true Wait for you, Poor of Christ, in heaven.
- 7 Ye who strive with fierce temptation, Sorrow-stung, Conscience-wrung, Here is consolation: For the woes which men inherit

Christ can feel. Christ will heal

Quelling sin

Every wounded spirit. 8 Kind Redeemer, knit Thee to us;

Reign within. With Thy grace renew us: Make us Thine by true repentance; Let us hear,

Free from fear,

Lord, Thy final sentence.

9 Ours be Thy pure love, O Saviour, Ours Thy faith Strong in death, Ours Thy meek behaviour: Here let us, on Thee depending, In Thee die, With Thee fly To the bliss unending.

The Word was made firsh and dwelt among us. John L

1 HARK, the angel choirs proclaim Joyfully the Saviour's name:

- At His birth their armies cry 'Glory be to God on high!' God the Son, made flesh to-day, Takes the guilt of man away: Pardoned sinners, shout for joy.
- 2 As the glory shines around, Fears the shepherd throng confound, Till the angel's cheering voice Bids their timid hearts rejoice. God the Son, &c.
- 3 Hasting with obedient mind, Him in swathing bands they find; Him, by whom the worlds were made In a lowly manger laid. God the Son, &c.
- 4 Glory be to God above, Fountain of eternal love, To the Father and the Son, And the Spirit, Three in One. God the Son, &c.
- 102 Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. Lathe ii.
- 1 Angels, from the realms of glory Wing your flight o'er all the earth, Ye who sang creation's story, Now proclaim Messiah's birth: Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding, Watching o'er your flocks by night, God with man is now residing, Yonder shines the Infant-light Come and worship,
- Worship Christ, the new-born King. 3 Sages, leave your contemplations; Brighter visions beam afar; Seek the great Desire of nations: Ye have seen His natal star;
- Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King. 4 Saints before the altar bending,

Watching long in hope and fear, Suddenly the Lord descending In His temple shall appear; Come and worship,

Worship Christ, the new-born King. 5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance, Doomed for guilt to endless pain,

Justice now revokes the sentence Mercy calls you, break your chain; Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.

FOR CHRISTMAS.

103 Is not this the Christ? John iv.

- 1 MERCY triumphs, Christ is born, Seraphs hail this happy morn; Echo loud their solemn cry, Glory be to God on high! Praise to God, and peace on earth, Such the tidings of His birth: Him we worship, Him we bless, Prince of peace and righteousness.
- 2 Promised branch of Jesse's stem, Christ is born at Bethlehem. We have pardon, we have peace; Darkness, guilt, and terror cease. Light and mercy cheer the tomb; Hallelujah! Christ is come: Let all earth's redeemed cry, Glory be to God on high!
- 3 Son of man, He murmured not, Bore with us, and shared our lot. Son of God, we know Him well By each sign the prophets tell. His the love to feel our woe, His the might to quell our foe: Unto Him in earth and heaven Be all praise and honour given.

104 And she brought forth her first-born Son, and wrapped Him in swaddling-clothes, and laid Him in a manger. Luke ii.

- 1 O MIRACLE of love and might!
 The Lord of all, the heavenly Light,
 Low in a stable lieth:
 For us He bears
 The toils and tears
 Of earth: for us He dieth.
- 2 O Christ, Thy glorious poverty Makes all Thy people rich in Thee: To wealth untold it leads them. With heavenly wine And bread divine

Thy thirst and hunger feeds them.

3 Ye saints on earth, no more be sad:
This holy Babe will make you glad
With joy that knows no measure:
His life above

Is peace and love,
And pure unfading pleasure.

4 Then let your hearts be bold and strong
To echo forth the angel song: —
Glory to God be given;
On earth be peace,
Nor ever cease
Goodwill to men from heaven.

105 Unto us a Child is born, unto u.

- 1 BRIGHT and joyful is the morn, For to us a Child is born; From the highest realms of heave Unto us a Son is given.
- 2 On His shoulder He shall bear Power and majesty, and wear On His vesture and His thigh Name most awful, Name most hig
- 3 Wonderful in counsel He,
 The incarnate Deity;
 Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
 King of kings and Prince of peac
- 4 Earth, thine infant Saviour greet; Shepherds, worship at His feet; Angels, hovering o'er His stall, Hymn the Christ, the Lord of all

106 Surely He hath borne our gries carried our sorrows. 1s. li

- 1 O Saviour, whom this holy mor. Gave to our world below, To mortal want and labour born, And more than mortal wee;
- 2 Incarnate Word, by every grief, By each temptation tried, Who lived to yield our ills relief, And to redeem us died:
- 3 If, gaily clothed and proudly fed, In dangerous wealth we dwell, Remind us of Thy manger bed, And lowly cottage cell.
- 4 If, pressed by poverty severe, In envious want we pine, O may the Spirit whisper near How poor a lot was Thine!
- 5 Through fickle fortune's various a From sin preserve us free: Like us Thou hast a mourner been May we rejoice with Thee!
- 6 Give glory to the Three in One, &

107 The Son of Man is come to see save that which was lost. Lu

- LORD of mercy and of might,
 Of mankind the life and light,
 Maker, Teacher infinite,
 Holy Jesu, hear and save.
- 2 Who, when sin's primæval doom Gave creation to the tomb, Didst not scorn a Virgin's womb – Holy Jesu, hear and save.

- 3 Strong Creator, Saviour mild, Humbled to a mortal Child, Captive, beaten, bound, reviled, Holy Jesu, hear and save.
- 4 Throned above celestial things,
 Borne aloft on angels' wings,
 Lord of lords, and King of kings,
 Holy Jesu, hear and save.
- 5 Soon to come to earth again, Judge of angels and of men, Hear us now, and save us then; Holy Jesu, hear and save.
- 108 This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it. Ps. exviii.
- 1 The sinful earth was sunk in woe:
 No arm was found of power to save;
 The Son of God appeared below,
 To conquer death and spoil the grave.
 His mother was a lowly maid
 Of David's lineage, undefiled;
 Her infant on her breast she laid,
 To sight a meek and helpless child.
- 2 An angel bade the shepherds bless
 That holy Child to mortals given;
 And o'er Him lingered motionless
 A star that lit the nightly heaven.
 Lo, with that angel heaven's high host
 Sang choral chant in bright array;
 Lo. by that star the Holy Ghost
 Brought eastern sages where He lay.
- 3 The words of truth His goodness tell;
 For us He lived, He died, he broke
 The chains of sin, the gates of hell,
 And bade us wear His easy yoke.
 Then make we not of none effect
 His love in heaven, His woes on earth,
 But hail to-day with His elect
 The joyful tidings of His birth.
- 109 That was the' true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

 John i.
- 1 The promised Star appeareth,
 The Day-spring from above;
 Our souls with light it cheereth,
 The light of peace and love.
 Christ, of a Virgin born,
 With His celestial brightness
 Hath turned our night to morn.
- 2 O Lord, how condescending, How mild Thy coming now! But soon, the mountains rending, Thy rules the beavens shall bow.

Thou wilt appear again
Upon a throne of glory,
With endless power to reign.

3 Lord, let us now receive Thee
Within the willing heart,
And never may we grieve Thee
Nor tempt Thee to depart.
Thy child-like spirit give
To us, beloved Redeemer,
And still within us live.

110 He is our peace. Eph. 1

CHURCH of Christ, proclaim the God hath from His holy place Poured upon our guilty race.

Now hath the Virgin's Son to us been Now hath God fulfilled the words briel:

Praise Him, praise Him; God the Father, in His love, Sends a Saviour from above, His only Son:

Lo, on earth He comes to dwell; Behold Thy King, O Israel; Wonderful; the mighty God; the F

Wonderful; the mighty God; the P Peace; Never shall His kingdom cos

Emmanuel,
We with heavenly hosts will of Ti
tell.

- 111 The government shall be upo shoulders. Is. ix.
- 1 To us this day is born a Child, God with us; Of a Virgin mother mild; God with us, God with us; Against us who shall be?
- 2 To us this day a Son is given, God with us, Our Redeemer, sent from heaven God with us, &c.
- 3 The government of all things ma God with us-
 - On His shoulder shall be laid; God with us, &c.
- 4 He shall be called the Wonderful God with us, Lord of boundless, endless rule; God with us, &c.

FOR CHRISTMAS.

5 The name of Counsellor he bears, God with us, Who the Father's counsel shares;

God with us, &c.

6 He is the mighty God indeed, God with us, Strong to help in all our need;

God with us, &c.

7 An everlasting Father He,
God with us,
Lovea us truly, tenderly;
God with us, &c.

8 The Prince of peace, by whom is given —
God with us —

Peace of mind, and peace with heaven; God with us, &c.

9 Then praise we, with the heavenly host, God with us, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Three in One, Three in One,

The everlasting God.

112 Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath visited and redeemed His people. Luke 1.

1 LET all creation praise our God Upon His lofty throne: He opes the door of heaven to-day, And gives to us His Son. The Son His Father's glory leaves, A mortal Infant made, An Infant in a stable born, And in a manger laid.

2 He throws His majesty aside,
And seems as nothing worth,
And takes on Him a servant's form,
Though Lord of heaven and earth.
And lo, a wonderful exchange
With man He deigns to make:

He shares with us our flesh and blood, His glory we partake.

3 The shining gate of Paradise

The cherub gnards no more:
O may we enter in, and there
Our pardoning God adore:
Sing praise, with all the saints on earth
And all the heavenly host,
To God the Father, God the Son,

113 By His knowledge shall My righteous servant justify many. 1s. xlii.

And God the Holy Ghost.

 Lo, from highest heaven God's own Son is given, By His great compassion Born in human fashion, He, our Lord and Maker, Of our woss partaker.

2 He this day is standing In the midst, commanding All to make confession Of their deep transgression, Sin and folly leaving, And His truth receiving.

3 Now in time of trial, Time of self-denial, Whilst thy foes assail thee, Let thy faith ne'er fail thee, Faith in Him who gave us His own blood to save us.

4 Soon again descending, All thy sorrows ending, Christ shall thee for ever From these ills deliver, And of bliss immortal Ope the shining portal.

114 Highly favoured. Luke 1.

1 VIRGIN-BORN, we bow before Thee Blessèd was the womb that bore The Mary, mother meek and mild, Blessèd was ahe in her child.

2 Blessèd was the breast that fed The Blessèd was the hand that led Thea Blessèd was the parent's eye Watched Thy slumbering infancy

3 Blessèd she by all creation,
Who brought forth the world's salva
Blessèd they, for ever blest,
Most who love, and serve Thee be

4 Virgin-born, we bow before Thee; Blessèd was the womb that bore Th Mary, mother meek and mild, Blessèd was she in her child.

5 Praise with songs of exultation, Laud with endless adoration, All ye saints and heavenly host, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

115 The glad tidings of the kingdon Luke viii,

1 ZION, the marvellous story be tellin The Son of the Highest, how low! birth:

The brightest archangel in glory exce He stoops, as thy Saviour, to reign earth. Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,

Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

2 Tell how He cometh, from nation to nation

The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;

How free to the faithful He offers salvation, How His people with joy everlasting are crowned.

Shout the glad tidings, &c.

 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,

> And sweet let your gladsome hosannas arise;

Angels, the full hallelujah be singing, One chorus resound through the earth and the skies: Shout the glad tidings, &c.

116 No man hath seen God at any time; the only-begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, He hath doclared Him. John 1.

- 1 O JESU CHRIST, all praise to Thee Who art pleased a man to be: The Virgin's womb Thou dost not seorn, And angels shout to see Thee born: Have mercy, Lord.
- 2 The eternal Father's only Son Takes a manger for His throne: The everlasting soverain Good Assumes our mortal flesh and blood: Have mercy, Lord.
- 3 The eternal Light to us descends, And to earth its brightness lends: Purely it shines upon our night To make us children of the light: Have mercy, Lord.
- 4 The only Son, true God confessed,
 Comes to His own world a guest;
 And through this vale of tears our guide
 Doth in His heaven our home provide:
 Have mercy, Lord.
- 5 His love to show surpassing thought, He this wondrous work has wrought: Then let us all unite to raise Our song of glad unceasing praise: Have mercy, Lord.
- 117 Receive the kingdom of God as a little child. Mark x.
- 1 O HIGHEST Love, in lowliest guise To this our fallen world displayed, May I discern with cleansed eyes The Godhead in our flesh arrayed!

- 2 O Love, the very Word of God, Content an infant shape to wear, And in a stable's mean abode To shield Thee from December's air,
- 3 O Babe divine, before Thy face
 Be mine to bow the thankful knee,
 And by Thy soul-converting grace
 Become a child myself in Thee!
- 4 One only God, the Father, Son, And Holy Spirit, we revere, The everlasting Three in One, Creator, Saviour, Comforter.
- 118 He is faithful that promised. Heb.
- 1 Lift up your heads in joyful hope; Salute this happy morn; 'Tis a heavenly voice That bids us rejoice, For Jesus the Saviour is born. Then let us join the heavens above, Where hymning seraphs sing; Join in glad accord, For ours is their Lord, Our Prophet, our Priest, and our Ki
- 2 All glory be to God on high,
 And thanks and honour due;
 The promise is sealed,
 The Saviour revealed,
 The record of old couneth true.
 Then let us join, &c.
- 3 Let joy around like rivers flow,
 Flow on and still increase;
 Let jubilant mirth
 Spread o'er the glad earth,
 For heaven and man are at peace.
 Then let us join, &c.
- 4 Now the goodwill of God appears
 To Adam's sinful race;
 Messiah, made known,
 Shall ransom His own,
 And save them by infinite grace.
 Then let us join, &c.
- 119 I am the root and the offspring of Dat and the bright and morning st Rev. xxii,
- 1 THE only Son from heaven, Foretold by ancient seers, By God the Father given, In human shape appears; No sphere His light confining, No star so brightly shining As He, our Morning Star.

FOR CHRISTMAS.

2 O time of God appointed,
O bright and holy morn!
He comes, the King anointed,
The Christ, the Virgin-born:
His home on earth He maketh,
And man of heaven partaketh,
Of life again an heir.

3 O Lord, our hearts awaken
To know and love Thee more,
In faith to stand unshaken,
In spirit to adore,
That we, still heavenward hasting,
Yet here Thy joy foretasting,
May reap its fulness there.

120 That the Pather may be glorifted in the Son. John xiv.

To God be glory, peace on earth,
 To men goodwill be shown:
 We praise, we bless, we glorify,
 We worship Thee alone:
 We thank Thee for the glorious grace,
 That fills our souls with light,
 Lord God, the King of heaven, the God
 And Father of all might.

2 And Thou, beloved Son of God, That takest sins away, Have mercy, Saviour of mankind, And hear us when we pray: Thou, who dost sit at God's right hand Upon the Father's throne, Have mercy on us, mercy, Lord, Thou High and Holy One.

3 Thou with the Holy Ghost, O Christ,
Whom heaven and earth adore,
High in the Father's glory art,
Most High for evermore:
With Cherubim and Seraphim
And all the angelic throng,
Our grateful hearts to Thee uplift

our grateful hearts to Thee to

121 His face did thine as the sum. Matt. xvii.
1 Bright is the day when Christ was born,

No sun need shine but He; Nor frigid air, nor gloomy morn, Shall mar our jubilee; Let winter storms their coldest blow, With love of Him our hearts shall glow.

2 There, in the lowly manger laid, Incarnate God we see, Who stoops to take, through spotless maid, Our frail humanity; The Son of God, creation's heir, He leaves His heaven to raise us the

 Oft as this joyous morn shall come To speak our Saviour's love,

O may it bear our spirits home, Where He is throued above! This day, which brought Him from skies,

Restores our forfeit Paradise.

122 The stone which the builders re the same is become the head of the ner. Matt. xxi.

1 Christ is our corner-stone,
On Him alone we build;
With His true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled;
On His great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace
And bliss above.

2 O then with hymns of praise
These hallowed coarts shall ring
Our voices we will raise
The Lord of life to sing;
And thus proclaim

And thus proclaim
In joyful song,
Both loud and long,
That glorious Name.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant aigh;
In copious shower
On all who pray,
This holy day,
Thy blessings pour,

4 So may the Father's peace,
The Son's abounding love,
The Holy Spirit's grace,
Be with us from above,
Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away.

123 God sent His only-begotten S. 1 John iv.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Thy Saviour's sacrifice:
All the names that love could find,
All the forms that love could take,
Jesus in Himself hath joined,
Thee, my soul, His own to make.

D

- 2 Equal with God most High, He laid His glory by; He, the eternal God, was born, Man with men He deigned to appear, Object of His creature's scorn, Pleased a servant's form to wear.
- 3 Fruit of a Virgin's womb,
 The promised Child is come;
 Christ, the patriarch's hope of old,
 Christ, the woman's conquering Seed,
 Christ, the Saviour, long foretold,
 Born to bruise the serpent's head.
- 4 Jesus, to Thee I bow;
 The Almighty's Fellow Thou,
 Thou, the Father's only Son;
 Pleased He ever is in Thee;
 Just and holy Thou alone,
 Full of grace and truth for me.

124 And many shall rejoice at His birth. Luke i.

- 1 Welcome, Christmas, welcome here, Happiest season of the year: Fires are blazing thee to greet, Families together meet: Brothers, aisters, circle round, Loud is gladness' festive sound; For old England loves to see All her children welcome thee.
- 2 Welcome, Christmas, for thy voice Calls upon us to rejoice Not with foolish, idle mirth, Born and perishing on earth; Far be such ungrateful thought: Ours are blessings dearly bought, Dearly bought, but freely given By the Lord of earth and heaven.
- 3 Fix we then on Christ our eye;
 May we feel the Saviour nigh:
 May we meet around the board,
 All rejoicing in the Lord:
 Be the Babe of Bethlehem near;
 May His love the season cheer,
 And each gladdened heart and tongue
 Join the angels' Christmas song.

125 Blessed is He that considereth the poor and needy. Ps. xll.

1 BLEST the man whose pitying eye Looks on want and misery: In his hour of need the Lord Shall his heart with aid reward: Him will He with blessing tend; Him will He from foes defend.

- 2 On his bed of languishing God to him will comfort bring: To the Lord I made my prayer, Spare my soul; in mercy spare: Heal my soul, and pardon me; I confess my sin to Thee.
- 3 Praise we Him whose pity gave His own Son our world to save: Praise we Him who for us died, Jesus Christ the crucified: Praise we God the Holy Ghost, Strength of heaven's angelic host.

126 Blessed are the merciful. Matt. v.

- 1 BLEST is the man whose tender heart
 Can feel another's pain;
 To whom the supplicating voice
 Was never raised in vain.
- 2 He spreads his kind, supporting arm To every child of grief; His secret bounty largely flows, And brings desired relief.
- 3 To gentle offices of love His feet are never slow; He views, with mercy's melting eye A brother in a foe.
- 4 Peace, saith the Saviour, from his God, My peace to him I give; And when he kneels before the throne, His praying soul shall live.
- 5 To him protection shall be shown, And mercy from above Descend on all who thus fulfil The perfect law of love.
- 6 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, &c.

127 Peace be with you. Mark x.

- Peace be to this habitation,
 Peace to all that dwell therein;
 Peace, the earnest of salvation;
 Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin;
 Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver,
 Peace to worldly minds unknown;
 Peace divine, that lasts for ever,
 Peace, that comes from God alone.
- 2 Jesu, Prince of peace, be near us, Fix in all our hearts Thy home; With Thy gracious presence cheer us; Let Thy sacred kingdom come;

FOR CHRISTMAS.

Raise to heaven our expectation, Give our favoured souls to prove Glorious and complete salvation In the realms of bliss above.

128 Be ye merciful, as your Father also is merciful. Luke vi.

- 1 When, like a stranger on our sphere, The lowly Jesus wandered here, Where'er He went affliction fled, And sickness reared its fainting head.
- 2 The eyeball closed in dreary night Beheld His face, for God is light; The opening ear, the loosened tongue, His precepts heard, His praises sung.
- 3 Through paths of loving-kindness led, Where Jesus triumphed, may we tread, And wide, with willing hands, dispense The gifts of our benevolence.
- 4 Hark, the sweet voice of pity calls
 Misfortune to you hallowed walls,
 The eye with sickly languor dim,
 The wasted frame, the wounded limb.
- 5 O Thou dread Power, whose soverain breath Is health or sickness, life or death, That house of mercy deign to bless; The cause is Thine: O grant success.

129 See ye love one another. 1 Pet. i.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, send Thy grace All-powerful from above, To form in our obedient souls The image of Thy love.
- 2 O may our sympathising hearts The tender pleasure know, Freely to share in others' joy, And weep for others' woe.
- 3 Where'er the helpless sons of want In deep distress are laid, Soft be our hearts their pain to feel, And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 As Jesus lived and died for us
 With pity kind and true,
 We, whom the Saviour thus hath loved,
 Should love each other too.
- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, &c.

130 He hath given to the poor. Ps. exit.

1 LORD, let us learn Thy yoke to wear, Delighting in Thy perfect will, Each other's burdens learn to bear, And thus Thy law of love fulfil. He that hath pity on the poor Lendeth his substance to the Lon And lo, his recompense is sure, For more than this shall be restor

2 Teach us, with glad ungrudging her As Thou hast blest our various s
From our abundance to impart
An ample portion to the poor.
To Thee our all devoted be,
In whom we breathe, and move, and
Freely we have received of Thee;

Freely may we rejoice to give. 131 How pleasant it is for brethren to together in unity. Ps. exxxii

- 1 'Tis a pleasant thing to see Brethren in the Lord agree, Children of a God of love Live as they shall live above, Acting each a Christian part, One in life and hope and heart.
- 2 As the precious ointment, shed Upon Aaron's hallowed head, Downward through his garments sto Spreading odour o'er the whole, So from our High-priest above To His Church flows heavenly love.
- 3 Gently as the dews distil
 Down on Zion's holy hill,
 Dropping gladness where they fall,
 Brightening and refreshing all,
 Such is Christian union, shed
 Through the inembers from the Hea
- 4 Where divine affection lives, There the Lord His blessing gives; There His will on earth is done, There His heaven is half begun: Lord, our great example prove, Teach us all like Thee to love.

132 Watch and be sober. 1 Thes.

- 1 How many pass this solemn night In revellings and mirth! The creature is their sole delight, Their care the things of earth: For us suffice the season past; We choose the better part at last.
- 2 We will not close our wakeful eyes, Nor let our eyelids sleep, But humbly lift them to the skies, And solemn vigil keep; So many years on ain bestowed, Can we not watch one night for Go

3 We can, O Jesus, for Thy sake,
Devote each hour to Thee;
Speak but the word, our souls shall wake
To cheerful melod;:
The major shall wanted to many complex.

Thy praise shall our glad tongues employ, And every heart shall dance for joy. 4 Stand in the midst of us, O King,

Let us exult, give thanks, and sing Of Thee for evermore, Incarnate, crucified, adored, Our dying Lamb, our reigning Lord.

And make our joys run o'er;

Psalm xxxix. 4. Lord, make me to know mine end, &c.

1 LORD, let me know mine end, Teach me the measure of my days: The life on earth I spend, How soon its little light decays. A cipher are my times with Thee, For man is nought but vanity.

2 Man is a shade, no more; He is disquieted in vain; He heaps his wealthy store, And knows not whose shall be the gain. Whattrust I then?—Thy gracious Word. Release me from my sins, O Lord.

3 Lest fools deride, I stand
Silent and calm beneath Thy blow:
Yet hold Thy smiting hand:
For, when Thou chastenest sin with woe,
Our joyless life is worn away,
And men, as by the moth, decay.

4 Lord, hearken to my prayer,
Give ear unto my weeping cry;
Even as my fathers were,
A pilgrim in the world am I.
Then frown no more, but cheer and bless
My parting from this wilderness.

134 Psalm xlix. 5. Wherefore should I fcar, 4c.

1 Why should we fear the evil hour,
When ruthless foes in ambush lie,
Who revel in their pride of power,
And on their hoarded wealth rely?
A brother's ransom who can pay,
Or alter God's eternal doom? [prey,
What hand shall wrest from death his
Its banquet from the rotting tomb?

2 So frail a hope, such fruitless cost,

The rich must lay for ever by;

And weak, he sees, is wisdom's boast;

The learned with the simple die.

Dread not the rich man's growing away
Will grandeur shun the stroke of doom?
He dies, and takes no wealth away;
No ray of glory lights his tomb.

3 Weak man, thy vaunted store enjoy;
Use, while they last, thy presperous
days;
Be pleasure's chase thy sole employ,

Thy chief delight the flatterer's praise:
The hour of darkness comes, when thou
Amidst thy sleeping sires shalt lie;
Man's foolish pride to fate must bow,
Man, like the brute, must droop and die.

135 Psalm cil. 28. He weakened my strength in the way, &c.

1 I TROD the path of life, my strength
Still weakened by His stern command,
My days still shortened, till at length,
'My God,' I said, 'refrain Thy hand.'
I said: 'O take me not away
Ere half my fleeting days are o'er.'
But Thou — Thy years will not decay
For ever and for evermore.

2 By Thee of old arose the earth;
Its deep foundations Thou hast laid:
From Thee the heavens derived their birth,
The still their mights fisher and

Thy skill their mighty fabric made.
They wane, they perish; Thou at rest
Abidest, ever, underanged:
They fade like raiment: as a vest
Thou changest them, and they are
changed:

3 But Thou, the unchanging, Thou art He
Whose years run on their endless race:
Thy servants' sons shall dwell with Thee,
Their seed shall stand before Thy face.
One God supreme, the Father, Son, &c.

136 Psalm cili. Praise the Lord, 0 my

1 My soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace

Our highest thoughts exceed.

The pity of the Lord
To those that fear His name

Is such as tender parents feel: He knows our feeble frame;

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
Hi anger, like a rising wind,
Lan send us swift to death.
Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
The word of promise sure.

137 Psalm cili. 15. As for man, his days are as grass, &c.

- 1 The life of man is like the grass;
 His blooming days, as field-flowers, pass:
 The north wind blows; their pride is o'er;
 The place that knew them knows no more.
 But still the Lord from age to age
 Sustains His holy heritage:
 His happy saints behold His grace,
 His truth their children's latest ruce,
 Who keep His righteous judgments still,
 And live obedient to His will.
- 2 The Lord in heaven hath set His throne; He rules o'er all, supreme, alone.
 O ye His angels, praise the Lord,
 Ye warriors strong, who do His word:
 All ye who listen to His voice,
 And in His glorious works rejoice.
 Praise ye the Lord, His hosts of light,
 Who serve Him in the heavenly height:
 Praise ye the Lord, where'er ye roll,
 Bright wanderers. Praise the Lord, my
 soul.

138 How many days are the years of my life? 2 Sam. xix.

- 1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun Hasted through the former year, Many souls their race have run, Never more to meet us here: Fixed in an eternal state, They have done with all below; We a little longer wait, But how little, none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find,
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
 Thus our swiftly fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream.
 Heavenward, Lord, our spirits raise;
 Earthly things are but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view;
Bless Thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love,
That, when life's short tale is told,
We may dwell with Thee above.

139 Consider the years of many gen tions. Deut. xxxii.

- l Another year, another year
 Hath sped its flight on silent wir
 And all that marked its brief caree
 Hath passed from mortal reckoni
- 2 Lord, for Thy grace and patient low Unwearied still, and still the saur For all our hopes of joy above, We laud and bless Thy holy Nar
- 3 We less Thee for each happy soul, Throughout another ficeting year Or by Thy quickening grace made or purted in Thy faith and fear.
- 4 Still bear with us, and bless us still And, while in this dark world we O let us love Thy sacred will, O let us keep Thy narrow way.
- 5 So, when the rolling stream of time Hath opened to a boundless ses, Loud will we raise that song sublim 'All power and glory be to Thee.

140 The time is at hand. Rev. i.

- 1 ANOTHER year is gone: renew,
 Lord, with our days Thy love:
 Our days are evil here and few:
 We look to live above.
 We will not grieve though year by;
 Earth's fading pleasures disappear:
 Our joy abides in Thee,
- 2 Yet when our sins we call to mind, We cannot fail to grieve; But Thou art pitiful and kind, And wilt our prayer receive. O Jesus, evermore the same, Our trust is in Thy saving Name: Our hope abides in Thee, Our hope abides in Thee.
- 3 For all the future, Lord, prepare
 Our souls with strength divine;
 Help us to cast on Thee our care,
 And make us wholly Thine.

Life without Thee is dark and drear; Death is not death if Thou art near: Our life abides in Thee, Our life abides in Thee.

141 It is time to seek the Lord. Hos. x.

- 1 Sinc we, brethren, faithful-hearted,
 Lift the solemn voice again
 O'er another year departed
 Of our threescore years and ten.
 We have cause for deepest sadness
 In ourselves with ain defiled:
 We have cause for holiest gladness
 In our Father reconciled.
- 2 In the dust we bend before Thee, Lord of sinless hosts above, Yet in lowly joy adore Thee, God of mercy, grace, and love. Let Thy favour and Thy blessing Crown the year we now begin: Let us all, Thy strength possessing, Grow in grace, and vanquish sin.
- 3 And when danger shall betide us, Be Thy warning whisper heard: Keep us at Thy feet, and guide us By Thy Spirit and Thy Word. Storms are round us, hearts are quailing, Signs in heaven and earth and sea; But, when heaven and earth are failing, Saviour, we will trust in Thee.
- 142 And when eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the Child, His Name was called Jesus. Luke ii.
- 1 THE ancient Law departs,
 And all its terrors cease;
 For Jesus makes with faithful hearts
 A covenant of peace.
- The Light of light divine, True brightness undefiled,
 He bears for us the shame of sin, A holy spotless Child.
- 3 His infant body now
 Begins our pain to feel;
 Those precious drops of blood that flow
 For death the victim seal.
- 4 To-day the Name is Thine, At which we bend the knee; They call Thee Jesus, Child divine; Our Jesus deign to be.
- 5 All praise, eternal Son,
 For Thy redeeming love,
 With Father, Spirit, over one,
 In glorious might above. Amen.

143 Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God. Heb. x.

- 1 O SACRED day, when first was poured
 The blood of our redeeming Lord,
 O solemn day, when first began
 His sufferings for sinful man!
- 2 Just entered on this world of woe, His blood already learned to flow; His future death was thus expressed, Thus, too, His early love confessed.
- 3 From heaven descending, to fulfil The mandates of His Father's will, E'en now behold the Victim lie, The Lamb of God prepared to die.
- 4 Beneath the knife behold the Child, The innocent, the undefiled: For captives He the ransom pays, For lawless man the law obeys.
- 5 The Law is slain by that same sword By which it claims to strike the Lord: A holier law henceforth prevails, The law of love, that never fails.
- 6 Lord, circumcise our hearts, we pray, Our fleshly natures purge away; Thy Name, Thy likeness, may we bear; O stamp Thy holy image there.

144 Every man child shall be circumcised. Gen. xvii.

- 1 ART thou a child of tears, Cradled in care and woe? And seems it hard thy vernal years Few vernal joys can show?
- 2 And fall the sounds of mirth Sad on thy lonely heart, From all the hopes and charms of earth Untimely called to part?
- 3 Look here, and hold Thy peace: The Giver of all good
- E'en from the womb takes no release From suffering, tears, and blood.
- 4 If thou wouldst reap in love, First sow in holy fear:
 So life a winter's morn may prove
 To a bright endless year.
- 5 We, with the heavenly host, Praise, honour, and adore The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One God for evermore.

145 He washed us from our sine in His own blood. Rev. i.

1 THE world may look serene and bright, Our path be strown with choicest flowers,

And days of love and home delight,
And nights of healthful rest, be ours.
From worldly strife and worldly care
The heart a safe repose may win,
And yet feel all too weak to bear
The burden of unpardoned sin.

2 He, he alone, is truly blest Whom God hath from this burden freed; Whose doubts and fears are lulled to rest, Whose peace of heart is peace indeed; Who, strong in faith, can lift to heaven A tranquil and undaunted brow; Who knows and feels his sin forgiven,

His soul's dark warfare ended now.

3 And who are they on whom alone
Descends this blessing from above,
To whom their Father hath made known
These tokens of His special love?
The Jew by circumcision's rite?—
The Christian by baptismal sign?—

On these doth more celestial light
Than on less favoured spirits shine?

4 Nor outward sign nor mystic rite
Alone such blessings can confer;

To walk by faith, and not by sight,
Like Abraham's self a worshipper,
To count all earthly gain but loss,
To look and long to be forgiven
Through Him who died upon the cross—
This, this unlocks the gate of heaven.

146 The Name of the Lord Jesus was magnified. Acts xvii.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a believer's ear! It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear. It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; "Tis manna to the hungry soul, And, to the weary; rest.

2 Dear Name, the rock on which I build, My shield and hiding-place, My never-failing treasury, filled With boundless stores of grace: Weak is the effort of my heart, And cold my warmest thought; But when I see Thee as Thou art, 1'll praise Thee as I ought. 3 Till then I would Thy love proclaim With every fleeting breath; And may the music of Thy Name Refresh my soul in death. Give glory to the Three in One, &c.

147 He gave Him a Name which is above every name. Phil. ii.

- 1 JESUS, Name of wondrous love, Name all other names above, Unto which must every knee Bow in deep humility; JeSUS, Name decreed of old, To the maiden mother told Kneeling in her lowly cell By the angel Gabriel;
- 2 Jesus, Name of priceless worth
 To the fallen sons of earth
 For the promise that it gave—
 'Jesus shall His people save;'
 Jesus, Name of mercy mild,
 Civen to the holy Child,
 When the cup of human woe
 First He tasted here below;
- 3 Jesus, only Name that's given Under all the mighty heaven, Whereby man, to sin enslaved, Bursts his fetters, and is saved; Jesus, Name of wondrous love, Human Name of Him above; Pleading only this we flee, Helpless else, O God, to Thee.

148 Thy holy Child Jesus. Acts xxvii.

- JESUS is the highest Name
 Man on earth or angel knoweth:
 High o'er all its power proclaim:
 Grace and glory it bestoweth.
 Name alone divinely bright,
 Name of love and life and light.
- 2 Jesus frees from sin and wee, Bringing to the world salvation; Jesus overcomes the Foe; Strong His might o'er all creation: More than conquerors we shall prove If our strength be Jesu's love.
- 3 Jesus is the blissful tree
 Life for all the nations bearing:
 Blest as Eden all shall be
 In the heart its virtue sharing:
 Fruits of death no more abound,
 If His abadow bless the ground.

PRALMS AND HYMNS

igher good can nought bestow
Than His Mame in earth and heaven:
nose doth all our solace flow:
Peace and joy by Him are given.
su's holy Name alone
igh o'er every name we own.

Thou shalt call His Name Jesus. Luke i.

rsu, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
at sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.
ongue never spake, ear never heard,
Nor e'er from heart o'erflowed
dearer name, a sweeter word,
Than Jesus, Son of God.

hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!
How good to those who find? Ah, this
No tongue nor pen can show;
he love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved can know.

Thou, the source of life and light To all who trust in Thee, 'hose gifts are fulness infinite, Whose yoke is liberty: hee, Jesu, let our voices bless Thee let us love alone, nd ever of Thy life express The image in our own.

Ame

He shall save His people from their stns. Luke i.

ONOUGENED kings their titles take rom the foes they captive make; sue, by a nobler deed rom the thousands He hath freed. on; none other name is given nto mortals under heaven, hich can make the dead arise, nd exalt them to the skies. hat which Christ so hardly wrought, hat which He so dearly bought, hat salvation, mortals, say, fill ye madly cast away? ather gladly for that Name ear the cross, endure the shame: pyfully for Him to die not death, but victory. seu, who dost condescend o be called the sinner's Friend.

Hear us as to Thee we pray,
Glorying in Thy Name to-day.
Glory to the Father be,
Glory, blessed Son, to Thee,
Glory to the Holy Ghost,
From the saints and angel host.
Amer

rom the saints and angel nost. Amer

151 There is none other Name under heasen given among men, whereby we must be saved. Acts x.

1 To the Name of our Salvation
Land and honour let us pay;
Which for many a generation
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay,
But with holy exultation
We may sing aloud to-day.

2 Jesus is the Name we treasure; Name beyond what words can tell; Name of gladness, Name of pleasure, Ear and heart delighting well; Name of sweetness passing measure, Saving us from sin and hell.

3 'Tis the Name for adoration, Name for songs of victory, Name for holy meditation In this vale of misery, Name for joyful veneration By the citizens on high.

4 'Tis the Name that whose preacheth Speaks like music to the ear; Who in prayer this Name beseecheth Sweetest comfort findeth near; Who its perfect wisdom reacheth Heavenly joy possesseth here.

5 Jesus is the Name exalted
Over every other name;
In this Name, whene'er assaulted,
We can put our fees to shame;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

6 Therefore we, in love adoring,
This most blessed Name revere;
Holy Jesu, Thee imploring
So to write it in us here,
That hereafter, heavenward soaring,
We may sing with angels there. Amen

152 A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday. Ps. xc.

1 O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come, Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our eternal home; Under the shadow of Thy throne Still may we dwall secure. Sufficient is Thine arm alone, And our defence is sure.

- 2 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting Thou art God,
 To endless years the same.
 A thousand ages in Thy sight
 Are like an evening gone;
 Short as the watch that ends the night
 Before the rising sun.
- 3 So teach us to compute our days,
 And so our hearts apply,
 That safely we, through wisdom's ways,
 May reach eternity.
 Time, like an ever-rolling atream,
 Bears all its sons away;

Bears all its sons away;
They pass forgotten as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

- 4 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
 With all their cares and fears,
 Are carried downward with the flood,
 And lost in following years.
 O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be Thou our guard, while life shall last,
 And our eternal home.
- 153 What is your life? It is even a supposer. Jam. iv.
 1 Lord, what is life?—'tis like the bow That glistens in the sky:

We love to see its colours glow, But while we look they die. Life fails as soon: to-day 'tis here; To-night, perhaps, 'twill disappear.

2 Six thousand years have passed away Since life began to bloom, And millions, once alive and gay,

Are in the silent tomb: For life, in all its health and pride, Has death still waiting at its side.

- 3 And yet this short, uncertain space, So foolishly we prize, That heaven, that lasting dwelling-place, Seems nothing in our eyes: The worlds of anguish and of bliss We disregard, compared with this.
- 4 Lord, what is life?—if spent with Thee
 In duty, praise, and prayer,
 However short or long it be,
 We need but little care;
 Because eternity will last
 When life and death itself are past.

154 When a few years are gone, then I go the way whence I shall no turn. Job xvi.

1 For Thy mercy and Thy grace, Constant through another year, Hear our song of thankful praise, Father and Redeemer, hear.

2 In our weakness and distress, Rock of Strength, be Thou our sts In the pathless wilderness

- Be our true and living way.

 3 Which of us death's awful road
- In the coming year shall tread? With Thy rod and staff, O God, Comfort Thou his dying bed.
- 4 Make us faithful: make us pure: Keep us evermore Thine own. Help Thy servants to endure: Fit us for the promised crown
- 5 So within Thy palace gate We shall praise, on golden strings, Thee, the only Potentate, Lord of lords, and King of kings.

155 So teach us to number our days, we may apply our hearts unto dom. Is, xc.

- REMARK, my soul, the narrow boun-Of each returning year;
 How soon the weeks complete their ro How short the months appear.
- 2 So fast eternity comes on, And that momentous day, When all that mortal man hath dome God's judgment will survey.
- 3 Arouse, O Lord, my thoughtless her Its great concern to see, That I may choose the Christian's p And give the year to Thee.
- 4 So shall the years more peaceful roll
 If future years arise;
 Or this shall bear my willing soul
 To joy that never dies.
- 5 Let songs of endless praise flow on, Ye saints and heavenly host, To God the Father, God the Son, And God the Holy Ghost.
- 156 Both the great and the small shall Jor. xvi.
- 1 Mr all I to my God commend, Who all doth to His purpose bend; My life resigning to His will; Mine to lie still, Or His designs alone fulfil.

2 This earth is but a vale of tear Where grief on every side appears: Sad hours of conflict, toil, and wee,

Here old and flow, Till we are summoned hence to go.

3 To-day with joy our hearts best high; To-morrow in the grave we lie: Though as the rose we bloom to-day,
We soon decay,

And sorrow everywhere hath sway. 4 Lord, may we meditate aright How soon we all must fade from sight,

How swiftly from the earth we fly,

Rich, poor, wise, simple, low and high. Praim XXXIX. 4. Make me to know mine end, \$c.

1 LOED, let me know my term of days, 157 How soon my life will end: The numerous train of ills disclose Which this frail state attend.

2 My life, Thou know'st, is but a span; A cipher sums my years; And every man, in best estate, But vanity appears.

3 Man like a shadow vainly walks, With fruitless cares oppressed; He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
By whom 'twill be possessed. 4 Lord, hear my cry, accept my tears,

And listen to my prayer; I sojourn like a stranger here, As all my fathers were.

5 O spare me yet a little time; My wasted strength restore Before I vanish quite away And shall be seen no more.

158 Surely there is an end. Prov. xxlii. 1 To-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,

Lodged in Thy soversin hand; And, if its sun arise and shine, It shines by Thy command. 2 The present moment flies,

And bears our life away; O make Thy servants truly wise, That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this winged hour

Eternity is hung,
A waken, by Thy searching power, The aged and the Joung.

4 One thing demands our care; Lest, slighted once, the season fair Should never be renewed.

5 The Father, with the Son And Holy Ghost, adore,

Who reigns o'er all the world alone, One God for evermore.

Job ziv. Man that is born of a woman, &c. [FEW, few and evil are thy days, 159

Man of a woman born; Peril and trouble baunt thy ways. Forth, like a flower at morn,

The tender infant springs to light; Youth blossoms to the breeze; Age, withering age, is cropt ere night: Man, like a shadow, flees.

2 And dost Thou look on such a one? Will God to judgment call A worm, for what a worm hath done

Against the Lord of all? As fail the waters from the deep, As summer brooks run dry, Man lieth down in dreamless sleep;

His life is vanity. 3 Man lieth down, no more to wake

Till yonder arching sphere Shall with a roll of thunder break, And nature disappear. O hide me till Thy wrath be past,

Thou who canst slay or sare; Hide me where hope may anchor fast In my Redeemer's grave.

I will go to them that are at rest. Exek. xxxviii. 1 O WHERE shall rest be found, 160

Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound, Or pierce to either pole: The world can never give

The bliss for which we sigh; Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.

2 Beyond this vale of tears Unmeasured by the flight of years;

And all that life is love: There is a death, whose pang Outlasts the fleeting breath:

O what eternal horrors hang Around the second death!

- 3 Lord God of truth and grace,
 Teach us that death to shun,
 Lest we be banished from Thy face,
 And evermore undone.
 Here let us end our quest;
 Alone are found in Thee
 The life of perfect love, the rest
 Of immortality.
- 161 We are debtors not to the flesh, to live after the flesh. Rom. viii.
- 1 MAKE haste, O man, to live,
 For thou so soon must die;
 Time hurries past thee like the breeze;
 How swift its moments fly!
 Make haste, O man, to live.
- 2 Make haste, O man, to do Whatever must be done; Thou hast no time to lose in sloth; Thy day will soon be gone: Make haste, O man, to live.
- 3 Up then with speed, and work;
 Fling ease and self away;
 This is no time for thee to sleep,
 Up, watch, and work and pray:
 Make haste, O man, to live.
- 4 The useful, not the great,
 The thing that never dies,
 The silent toil that is not lost:
 Set these before thine eyes:
 Make haste, O man, to live.
- 5 The seed, whose leaf and flower,
 Though poor in human sight,
 Bring forth at last the eternal fruit,
 Sow thou both day and night:
 Make haste, O man, to live.
- 6 Make haste, O man, to live;
 Thy time is almost o'er;
 O sleep not, dream not, but arise;
 The Judge is at the door:
 Make haste, O man, to live.
- 162 The spirit shall return unto God that gave it. Eccles. xii.
- I LORD, have mercy, and remove us
 Early to Thy place of rest,
 Where the heavens are calm above us,
 And as calm each sainted breast.
 Holiest, hear us, by the anguish
 On the cross Thou didst endure;
 Let no more our sad hearts languish
 In this weary world obscure.

- 2 Yet, O Lord, if our repentance Be not perfect and sincere, O suspend the fatal sentence, Leave us still in sadness here. Leave us, Saviour, till our spirit From each earthly taint is free, Fit Thy kingdom to inherit, Fit to take its rest with Thee.
- 163 The Lord is King of eternity.
- 1 ETERNITY, eternity,
 How vast, how near, eternity!
 The haven where the soul hath rest,
 In God Himself for ever blest,
 Unbroken rest, unfaing day;
 O wondrous world without decay!
 Now ponder well eternity.
- 2 Eternity, eternity;
 O drear and dark eternity
 To all who God's great mercy scorn!
 Ah, better had they ne'er been born,
 Who live to spurn the saving Name
 By which our great redemption came,
 Nor ponder well eternity.
- 3 Eternity, eternity;
 O bright, O blest eternity,
 Which Jesus has obtained for those
 Who seek in Him their sure repose!
 A little while they suffer here,
 But rest, eternal rest, is near.
 O ponder well eternity.
- 4 Eternity, eternity;
 Strange glories of eternity!
 Lord, let us now the world despise,
 And upward raise our thankful eyes
 To joy that ever shall abide
 From sin and sorrow purified,
 And ponder well eternity.
- 5 Eternity, eternity;
 Prepare us for eternity:
 Grant us, dear Lord, Thy humble mind,
 To all the Father's will resigned:
 Give faith and hope to look above,
 And fill us with Thy perfect love
 In time and through eternity.
- 164 The smoke ascendeth for ever and ever Rev. xiv.
- 1 ETERNITY, tremendous word, The womb of mysteries yet unheard, Beginning without ending;

C who can comprehend the woe,
Or who the joys that ceaseless flow,
Thy silent course attending?
O morn that shall no evening see!
O marvels of eternity!

2 Here sorrows have their bound and stay;
Still after night returns the day,
Sweet hope its solace plighting:
There everlasting is the grief,
No mercy there, no sweet relief
On human heart alighting:
Eternity for evermore
Shall on the soul its terrors pour.

3 The wrath of heaven's almighty King
This fearful doom on all will bring
Who live in godless fashion;
On all the scorners, who despise
The Son of God their sacrifice,
His Cross and bitter Passion:
O thankless scorn, O guilty pride,
God's love disdained, God's wrath defied!

4 O Jesu Christ, Thy grace we pray,
That we may know the accepted day,
And seek Thy consolation:
Prepare us for Thy blest abode
By daily converse with our God
In prayer and meditation.
The soul hath rest that dwells with Thee
In time and through eternity.

165 Who shall dwell with everlasting burnings? Isa. xxxiii.

- 1 AH, dying sinner, think on death, That last dark hour of failing breath; Repent, amend, and ready be To face the great eternity.
- 2 Though all the world were now thine own, Its amplest wealth, its brightest crown, Crown, wealth, and life must quickly flee: What then remains? Eternity.
- 3 Hark, the last trumpet smites thine ear:

 'Awake, arise: the Judge is near:'

 O tremble, sinner; for to thee
 His doom will stamp eternity.
- 4 Be timely wise: in Christ's true faith Abide, and shun the second death; So shall thy soul from guilt be free, And live throughout eternity.
- 5 What eye can tell the starry train?

 The drope that fill the watery main?

 Yet these have tale, the stars, the sea:—
 Thy years have none, eternity.

6 Bethink thee, ainner, o'er and o'er How dread a word is 'evermore:' Time hath its end, but who shall see The ending of eternity?

166 Thou hast the words of eternal life. John vi.

1 LORD, what avails our strife, Our wandering to and fro? Thou hast the words of endless life: Ah, whither should we go?

2 Thy condescending grace
To us did freely move;
It calls us still to seek Thy face,
And stoops to ask our love.

3 Our worthless hearts to gain, The God of all that breathe Was found in fashion as a man, And died a cursèd death.

4 And can we yet delay
Our little all to give,
To tear our souls from earth away,
And with our Saviour live?

5 All else let us forsake, Ourselves to Thee resign; Beloved Redeemer, take, O take, And seal us ever Thine.

167 Psalm xxiii. The Lord is my shep-

l My shepherd is the living Lord,
I therefore nothing need;
In pastures fair, near pleasant streams,
My footsteps He doth lead.
He shall convert and glad my soul,
And all my spirit frame
To walk in paths of righteousness,
For His most holy Name.

2 Yea, though I walk the vale of death, Yet will I fear no ill; Thy rod and staff they comfort me, And Thou art with me still. Through all my life, Thy favour is So frankly shown to me, That in Thy house for evermore My dwelling-place shall be.

168 Early will I seek Thee. Ps. lxiii.

EARLY, my God, without delay
 I haste to seek Thy face;
 My thirsty spirit faints away
 Without Thy saving grace.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

So pilgrims on the scorching sand, Beneath a fiery sky, Seek out a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die. 2 Not all the riches of a feast Can please my soul so well,

As when Thy richer grace I taste, And in Thy presence dwell. All praise be Thine, eternal Son, For Thy redeeming love, With Father and with Spirit one On Thy bright throne above.

169 Praise waiteth for Thee. Ps. lxv.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of every joy,
 Praise shall our hearts and lips employ
 When in Thy temple we appear,
 To own Thee Soverain of the year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll, Thy hand supports and guides the whole; The day is taught by Thee to rise, The night by Thee to veil the akies.
- 3 The clouds, disposed at Thy command, Their fatness drop through every land: Her various produce nature yields, And plenty smiles o'er all her fields.
- 4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days Demand successive songs of praise: O be the grateful homage paid With morning light and evening shade.
- 5 Here in Thy house let incense rise, As circling sabbaths bless our eyes; Until to happier realms we soar, Where days and years revolve no more.

170 Psalm c. Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, 4c.

- 1 ALL people that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice; Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell, Come ye before Him and rejoice.
- 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed; Without our aid He did us make: We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
- 3 O enter then his gates with praise, Approach with joy His courts unto; Praise, laud, and bless His Name always, For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why? the Lord our God is good, His mercy is for ever sure; His truth at all times firmly stood, And shall from age to age endure.

171 Psalm evi. Proise ye the Lord,

- 1 O RENDER thanks to God above, The fountain of eternal love, Whose mercy firm through ages past Has stood, and shall for ever last.
- 2 Who can His mighty deeds express, Not only vast, but numberless? What mortal eloquence can raise His tribute of immortal praise?
- 3 Happy are they, and only they, Who from Thy judgments never stra Who know the truth, nor only so, But always practise what they know.
- 4 Extend to me that favour, Lord, Thou to Thy chosen dost afford: When Thou return'st to set them fre Let Thy salvation visit me.
- 5 Praise God, from whom all bless flow, &c.

172 The Lord gave, and the Lord hath to away: blessed be the name of the 1 Job i.

- 1 O Lord, my best desires fulfil, And help me to resign Lite, health, and comfort to Thy will And make Thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at Thy comman Whose love forbids my fears? Or tremble at the gracious hand That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No; let me rather freely yield What most I prize to Thee, Who never hast a good withheld, Or wilt withhold, from me.
- 4 Thy favour, all my journey through, Thou hast engaged to grant; What else I want, or think I do, 'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Give glory to the Three in One, &c.

173 Our fathers trusted in Thee, and T didst deliver them. Ps. xxil,

1 O God of Israel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;
Our vows, our prayers, we now prese:
Before Thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

2 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
Our heavenly food provide.
O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our errors cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

3 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand Our humble prayers implore; Be Thou, O Lord, our hope, our strength, And portion evermore.
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, &c.

174 Strangers and pilgrims. 1 Pet. ii.

1 A PILORIM here I wander,
On earth have no abode;
My fatherland is yonder,
My home is with my God
For here I journey to and fro;
There in eternal rest
Will God His gracious gifts bestow
On all the toil-oppressed.

2 For what has life been giving, From youth unto this day, But constant pain and striving, Far back as thought can stray? How many a day of toil and care, How many a night of tears, Hath passed in grief that none could share, In lonely anxious fears?

3 How many a storm hath lightened
And thundered round my path!
And winds and rains have frightened
My heart with fiercest wrath;
And envy, hatred, cruel scorn,
Have darkened oft my lot,
And patiently reproach I've borne,
Though I deserved it not.

4 Then through this life of dangers
I onward take my way;
But in this land of strangers
I do not look to stay,
But ever in the road I fare,
That leads me to my home;
My Father's comfort waits me there,
When I have overcome.

175 The darkness and light to Thee are buth alike. Ps. exxxix.

1 O Thou, to whose all-searching sight The darkness shineth as the light, Try us, and prove our treacherous heart, And bid the power of sin depart. As through this vale of tears we stray, Be Thou our light, be Thou our stay; Mark out the pilgrim's heavenly road, That leads us to the mount of God.

2 If storms and tempests cloud our way, Our strength proportion to our day; Nor storms nor tempests need we fear, If Thou, our sun and shield, be near. Guide and uphold us with Thy hand, Until we reach fair Canaan's land, The land where ain and death shall cease, The land of rest, and joy, and peace.

176 My hope is in Thee. Ps. XXXIX.

1 The year is gone beyond recall,
With all its hopes and fears,
With all its bright and gladdening smiles,
With all its mournful tears:
Thy thankful people praise Thee, Lord,
For countless gifts received,
And pray for grace to keep the faith
Which saints of old believed.

2 To Thee we come, O gracious Lord, The new-born year to bless; Defend our land from pestilence, Give peace and plenteousness; Forgive this nation's many sins, The growth of vice restrain, And help us all with sin to strive, And crowns of life to gain.

3 From evil deeds that stain the past We now desire to flee, And pray that future years may all Be spent, good Lord, for Thee. O Father, let Thy watchful eye Still look on us in love, That we may praise Thee, year by year, As angels praise above.

177 Return to thy rest, 0 my soul. Ps. cxvi.

1 RETURN, my soul, unto thy rest
From vain pursuits and maddening
cares,
From lonely woes that wring the breast,
From worldly lures, from Satan's snares.

2 Return unto thy rest, my soul, From all the wanderings of thy thought, From sickness unto death, made whole; And safe through countless perils brought.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

3 Now to thy rest, my soul, return From passions every hour at strife; Sin's works, and ways, and wages spurn; Lay hold upon eternal life.

4 God is Thy rest; with heart inclined
To keep His Word, that Word believe: Christ is thy rest; with lowly mind His light and easy yoke receive.

Doth not Wisdom cry ? Prov. viii.

l To us the voice of Wisdom cries, Ye children, hearken, and be wise; Better than gold the fruit I bear, Nor rubies may with me compare. 2 'Blest is the man who daily waits To hear me, watching at my gates;

But wretched he who scorns my voice, For death and ruin are his choice. 3 'To them that love me I am kind, And those who early seek me find; Give me thine heart, my son, and learn

Wisdom from folly to discern. 4 'The Lord possessed me ere of old His hand the firmament unrolled; Before He bade the mountains stand, Or poured the ocean round the land.

5 'Rejoicing then before His throne, From everlasting I was known; Rejoicing still, as in His sight, With men on earth is my delight. 6 'Mark the beginning of my law,-

Fear ye the Lord with sacred awe: Mark the fulfilment of the whole,-Love ye the Lord with all your soul." 7 We hear, we learn; may all obey;

O Christ, the life, the truth, the way, Wisdom and righteousness we see, Grace, hope, salvation, all in Thee.

Give me wisdom. 2 Chron. L. 1 ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer To Thee our souls we lift; Do Thou our waiting minds prepare For Thy most needful gift.

2 We ask not golden streams of wealth Along our path to flow; We ask not undecaying health, Nor length of years below.

3 We ask not honours, which an hour May bring and take away;

We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power, Lest we abould go astray.

We ask for wisdom: Lord, impa The knowledge how to live; A wise and understanding heart To all who seek Thee give.

5 O may the young be Thine in yo Before the evil days, The old be guided by Thy truth In wisdom's pleasant ways!

6 Before His everlasting throne, With all the heavenly host Praise God the Father, God the So And God the Holy Ghost.

180 Thou art my Help and my Delive. Pt. xl.

1 God of my life, whose gracious powe Through varied deaths my soul 1 Or turned aside the fatal hour, Or lifted up my sinking head; In all my ways Thy hand I own, Thy ruling providence I see:

Assist me still my course to run, And still direct my paths to Thee. 2 Oft from the margin of the grave,

Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head; Sudden, I found Thee near to save; The fever owned Thy touch, and fled. Whither, O whither should I fly, But to my loving Saviour's breast, Secure within Thine arms to lie,

And safe beneath Thy wings to rest? 3 I have no skill the snare to ahun,

But Thou, O Christ, my wisdom art: I ever into ruin run; But Thou art greater than my heart.

O lead me, impotent and blind, Along a way I have not known Bring me where I my bliss may find, The blise of loving Thee alone.

181 Our conversation to in heaven. Phil. iii. l WHILE through this changing world we From infancy to age,

Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home, His rest at every stage. Thither his raptured thought ascends, Eternal joys to share;

There his adoring spirit bends, While here he kneels in prayer.

- 2 From earth his freed affections rise, To dwell with things above, Where all his hope of glory lies, And love is perfect love. Ah, there may we our treasure place, There let our hearts be found. That still, where sin abounded, grace May more and more abound.
- 3 Henceforth our conversation be
 With Christ before the throne,
 Whom eye to eye we soon shall see,
 And know as we are known.
 Give glory to the Three in One, &c.

182 Your reward is great in heaven. Luke vi.

- HEAVEN is a place of rest from sin, But all who hope to enter there
 Must here that holy course begin Which shall their souls for rest prepare.
- 2 Clean hearts, O God, in us create, Right spirits, Lord, in us renew; Commence we now that higher state, And do Thy will as angels do.
- 3 A life in heaven!— O what is this? The sum of all that faith believed; Fulness of joy, and depth of bliss, Unseen, unfathomed, unconceived.
- 4 While thrones, dominions, princedoms, powers, And saints made perfect, triumph thus.
 - A goodly heritage is ours; There is a heaven on earth for us.
- 5 The Church of Christ, the School of Grace,
 The Spirit teaching by the Word:—
 In those our Saviour's steps we trace;
- By this His living voice is heard.

 6 Firm in His footpaths may we tread,
- Learn every lesson of His love,
 And be from grace to glory led,
 From heaven below to heaven above.
- 183 Waiting for the consolation of Israel.
- 1 WHEN Jesus, by the Virgin brought, So willed the law of heaven, Was offered holy to the Lord, And at the altar given,

Simeon the just and the devout,
Who, frequent in the fane,
Had for the Saviour waited long,
But waited still in vain,
Came, heaven-directed, at the hour
When Mary sought the shrine;
And, opening wide his aged arms,

- He took the Babe divine.

 2 With holy joy upon his face
 The good old father smiled,
 And fondly to his longing breast
 He clasped the promised Child.
 And then he lifted up to heaven
 An earnest asking eye;
 'My joy is full, my hour is come;
 Lord, let Thy servant die:
 These arms at last embrace my Lord;
 Now let their viscour cease;
 - Now let their vigour cease:
 At last these eyes my Saviour see;
 Now let them close in peace.
- 184 And when the days of her purification were accomplished, they brought Him to Jerusalem to present Him to the Lord. Luke II.
- 1 Zion, ope thine hallowed dome
 To His temple Christ is come:
 Lifeless shadows, haste away;
 Grace and truth gleam forth to-day.
 Flocks and herds shall bleed no more,
 Stanched the flood of useless gore;
 Lo, He comes from heaven above,
 Offering of the Father's love.
- 2 Virgin pure, thy downcast eye Owns His hidden Godhead nigh: Heavenly musings, all unheard, Meetly hail the silent Word, Whilst to heaven thy pious love Duly vows the sacred dove, And upon thy busom lies More than dove-like Sacrifice.
- 3 Aged Simeon sees at last
 Hopes forefold from ages past;
 Anna doth the Presence own
 Panting faith so long hath known.
 Glory be to Father, Son,
 And to Spirit, Three in One;
 Lord on high, to Thee we raise
 Faithful hearts in ceaseless praise.

Amen,

- 185 Mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.

 Luke ii.
- 1 'Trs enough, the hour is come; Now within the silent tomb

FOR THE EPIPHANY.

Let this mortal frame decay, Mingled with its kindred clay; Since Thy mercies oft of old By Thy chosen seers forefold, Faithful now and stedfast prove, God of truth, and God of love:

- 2 Since, at length, mine aged eye Sees the day-spring from on high; Those whom death had overspread With his dark and dreary shade Lift their eyes, and from afar Hail the light of Jacob's star, Waiting till the promised ray Turn their darkness into day.
- 3 Sun of Righteousness, to Thee, Lo, the nations bow the knee; And the realms of distant kings Own the healing of Thy wings. See the beams, intensely shed, Shine on Zion's favoured head; Never may they thence remove, God of truth, and God of love!

186 Where is He that is born King of the Jews? Matt. ii.

- 1 What star is this so strangely bright, Which shames the sun with fairer light? It marks a new King's natal day, To God's own cradle shows the way.
- 2 And lo, the eastern sages stand To read in heaven the Lord's command: Children of faith they come; they find The Prince and Saviour of mankind.
- 3 They bless the meek and holy Child, An infant Lord, and Monarch mild: Their riches at His feet they pour, And with the heart their King adore.
- 4 O heavenly Lord, O holy Light, That shines through Nature's wondering night, What marvels in Thy love we trace, What power divine, what glorious grace!
- 5 And now, thou bright and morning star, Arise again, and shine afar From sea to sea, from shore to shore, Till utmost tribes their King adore.
- 6 To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 May every tongue and nation raise
 An endless song of thankful praise.
 Amen.

187 That was the true Light, which ligh every man that cometh into the we John i. 9.

- 1 Hall the day, when in the sky Shone the Day-spring from on high; When the star from heaven displayed Where the holy Child was laid. Allele
- 2 Onward moving that bright flame Did the Saviour's birth proclaim; And the Gentiles came to bring Offerings to their infant King.
- 3 Lord of glory, may Thy light Shine upon our darkened sight, Till it guide us to the rest Where Thy people shall be blest.
- 4 May it light us on the road Leading to the throne of God; And our offering then shall be Hearts devoted, Lord, to Thee.
- 5 Hymns of glory and of praise, Father, unto Thee we raise; Praise to Thee, O Christ our King, And the Holy Ghost, we sing.

188 The Gentiles shall come to Thy light ls. ls.

- 1 The ancient sages, led from far, Pressed on their doubtful, anxiway; Nor rested, till the blazing star Stood o'er the place where Jesus la
 - They came, they saw, and they adore Each costly treasure they unfold; And offer to their infant Lord Their myrrh, their frankincense, gold.
- 2 That star to us its light imparts;
 Let us our pilgrimage pursue,
 And with the homage of our hearts
 To Bethlehem haste, and worship t
 May we through life its guidance trac
 And mark its path o'er earthly thir
 Until it lead us to the place
 Where Jesus reigns, the King
 Kings.
- 3 Light of the world, true Light, arise, Nor cease to shed Thy cheering ray Till o'er all lands beneath the akies Thy glory shine in perfect day. To God the Father kill your voice,?

189 We are come to worship Him. Matt. ii.

1 With the abepherds, adoration
Let us bring to our salvation,
Jesus, hope of every nation:
Fear ye not, the angels say:
Flesh the King of glory taketh,
His abode with us He maketh,
And to festive praise awaketh
Heaven upon His natal day.

2 With the eastern sages pouring
At His feet their gifts, adoring,
Who for them in heaven is storing
Better riches than they bring,
To the Father and the Spirit,
And to Jesus, by whose merit
Life eternal we inherit,
Thanks and praises let us sing.

190 Walk as children of light. Eph. v. 1 Bright was the guiding star that led,

With mild benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where earth's Redeemer lay.

2 But lo, a brighter, clearer light Now points to His abode; It shines through sin and sorrow's night To guide us to our God.

3 O gladly tread the narrow path, While light and grace are given; Who meekly follow Christ on earth, Shall reign with Him in heaven.

4 Praise we the Father and the Son, The Holy Ghoat adore, The God in whom we live alone, One God for evermore.

191 When they saw the star they rejoiced.

1 As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light
Leading onward, beaming bright,
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.
Alleluis!

2 As with eager steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the marry-east.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King. All.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright Need they no created light; Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,

Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

All

192 They saw the young child with Mary lies mother. Matt. ii.

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,

Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid, Star of the cost the horizon adorning.

Star of the east, the horizon adorning, Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining, Low lies His bed with the beasts of

the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion, Odours of Edom and offerings divine; Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean, Myrth from the forest and gold from

the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gold would His favour secure:

Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the
poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness and lend us

Star of the east, the horizon adorning, Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

thine aid:

AIL.

FOR THE EPIPHANY.

193 Arise, shine, for the light is come.

1 Ur, up; new light upon thee breaks; Delay, my soul, no more: The star of morning bids thee rise And ope the lingering door.

2 Go, quit thy country; seek thy rest In other lands afar; But ever keep thy wistful eyes Upon the morning star.

3 It calls thee to a better home, To joys untold, unpriced; It leads thee to a Babe divine, Thy Saviour, Jesus Christ.

4 He is the branch of Jesse's stem, The rose of Sharon's mead; He is the very Lamb of God, And David's royal seed.

PART II.

5 Up, up, my soul; thy Lord to seek Go forth without delay; Yet walk with careful heed, and ask Of all who know, the way.

6 But chief consult the Word of God; Its voice is true and right; It leads thee from the darkness forth Into the perfect light.

7 When thou hast found that holy Babe, In faith before Him fall;
To Him thy treasures yield, to Him Thy love, thy life, thy all.

8 For He will speed thee on, fulfilled With His refreshing grace, To find a better fatherland, A happier dwelling-place.

9 He points to seats beyond the akies, The mansions of the blest, Where Herods persecute no more, And holy pilgrims rest.

194 They presented unto Him gifts, gold, and frankincense and myrrh. Matt. ii.

1 O BLESSED Babe divine,

What offerings shall we give Thee?
The gold of faith be Thine:
For we will still believe Thee.
O fill our eager hearts

With Thy refreshing grace,
And make them fit to be
Thy chosen dwelling-place.

2 Let frankincense aspire,
Pure sighs of sweetest asvour,
Which pine with fond desire
To find Thy gracious favour.
O make them purer yet,
And send Thy Spirit down
The alter of our hearts
With holy fire to crown.

3 And myrrh too we prepare,
Our bitter tribulation,
Such grief as Thou didst bear
For us and our salvation.
Be strength and courage ours
In toil and tears and pain
With Thee to wear the yoke,
The cross with Thee sustain

4 Lo, all of ours is Thine,
Each hope and thought and feeling:
Come, blessed Babe divine,
Thyself in us revealing.
To Thee, and God in Thee,
Our dearest wishes tend:
O make us Thine and His
Through ages without end.

195 Then shall Thy light break forth as ti morning. Is. Ivii.

1 O HEAVENLY Love, arise, arise, And shed abroad Thy saving ray, Shine Thou upon our darkened eyes, And lead us in the perfect way.

2 As in the likeness of a star Thou once arosest, guidance meet, And led'st the sages from afar To sit at holy Jesu's feet;

3 So guide us, safe from Satan's snares: Shine out, sweet Star, around, above Till we have scaled the mighty stairs, And reached Thy mansions, Heaven Love:

4 Where saints and harping Seraphim Their songs of endless joy repeat, And life itself is one glad hymn To Father, Son, and Paraclete. Am

196 The star which they saw in the east went before them. Matt, il.

1 O Thou who by a star didst guide
The wise men on their way,
Until it came and stood beside
The place where Jesus lay;—

PSALMS AND

2 Though by a star Thou dost not lead Thy servants now below, Yet Thy good Spirit, when they need, Will show them how to go. 3 Though now we know Thee but in part, 'Tis written in Thy Word That "Blessed are the pure in heart, "For they shall see the Lord." 4 O Saviour, give us then Thy grace To make us pure in heart, That we may see Thee face to face Hereafter as Thou art. Amen.

Rachel weeping for her children. Matt. ii. 197

1 A voice comes from Ramah, A voice of despair, For death's gloomy angel Is triumphing there: His arrow the sweet buds Of innocence smote, And Rachel is weeping

For hers that are not. 2 Alas for the parents

Whose hope and whose trust Are withered and broken, And hid in the dust; Where the blossom of morning All lovely appears, But the dewdrops of evening

Are mingled with tears! 3 A voice comes from Ramah, A voice of dismay. But the words of Jehovah Can soothe it away: They tell of a region

Where grief is forgot, And Rachel is solaced For those that are not.

198 A voice was heard in Ramah. Jer. xxxi.

1 A VOICE from Ramah there was sent, A voice of weeping and lament; When Rachel mourned the children sore Whom for the tyrant's knife she bore. Triumphal is their glory now, Whom earthly torments could not bow, What time of hearts with anguish rent A voice from Ramah there was sent.

2 Fear not, O little flock and blest, The lien who your life opprest. To bearenly pastures ever new The bearenly Shepherd leadeth you,

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FOR THE EPIPHANY.

5 Lord, help us every hour
Thy cleansing grace to claim,
In life to glorify Thy power,
In death to praise Thy Name. Amen.

201 A door of hope opened. Hos. ii.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and bless His Name Whose mercies never fail; Who shows to thee a door of hope In Achor's gloomy vale.
- 2 Behold the portal wide displayed, The buildings strong and fair; Within are pastures fresh and green, And living streams are there.
- 3 Enter, my soul, with cheerful haste, For Jesus is the door; Nor fear the serpent's wily arts, Nor fear the lion's roar.
- 4 O may His grace the nations lead,
 And Jew and Gentile come,
 All travelling through one beauteous
 gate
 To one eternal home.
- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, &c.

202 Psalm lxvii. God be merciful unto us, &c.

- 1 God of mercy, God of grace, Show the brightness of Thy face; Shine upon us, Saviour, shine, Fill Thy Church with light divine; And Thy saving health extend Unto earth's remotest end. Alleluia!
- 2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord; Let Thy love on all be poured; Let the nations shout and sing Glory to their Saviour King, At Thy feet their tribute pay, And Thy holy will obey.
- 3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord; Earth shall then her fruits afford, God to man His blessing give, Man to God devoted live; All below, and all above, One in joy and light and love.

203 Psalm xcvi. O sing a new song, &c.

1 Sing the song unheard before; Sing the God whom we adore; Sing, all earth, unto the Lord; Praise His holy Name and Word. 2 Tidings tell, from day to day, Of His high and saving way; Show all lands His glorious light, Heathens all, His deeds of might.

3 Tell them, God is great always, Praised, and high above all praise: Throned in awful majesty, Far above all gods is He.

4 Heathen idols, frail are they; Heaven He made whom we obey. Grace and honour round Him shine, Power and splendour in His shrine.

5 Households of the realms abroad, Bring ye to the Lord our God, Bring ye to the Lord aright Glory and eternal might.

204 Thou didst send a plentiful rain. Ps. lxvlii.

- 1 O Lond, upon Thine heritage Send down a gracious rain, And, if it faint, with dews refresh The thirsty land again.
- 2 There dwells Thy chosen flock for wh Thou hast prepared a place, Which for the poor Thou didst provid By Thine especial grace.
- 3 God gave the word: His voice was her By nations far abroad, For mighty were the men that preach The Gospel of our God
- 4 Kings heard and quaked; the Chu arose Fresh from her martyr fires, Her nursing mothers queens became, And kings her nursing sires.
- 5 O God the Father, God the Son, And Holy Ghost, to Thee Be honour, glory, virtue, power, Through all eternity. Amen.

205 Thy saving health among all nation Ps. lxvii.

- 1 O'ER the realms of pagan error
 Let the eye of pity gaze;
 See the kindreds of the people
 Lost in sin's bewildering maze:
 Darkness brooding
 On the face of all the earth.
- 2 Light of them that sit in darkness, like and shine, Thy blessings brin.

Alleluia!

All

All.

Light to lighten all the Gentiles, Rise with healing on Thy wing: To Thy brightness Let all kings and nations come.

Charles Marie Landing Commence of the Commence

3 May the heathen, now adoring Idol-gods of wood and stone, Come, and, worshipping before Him, Serve the living God alone: Let Thy glory

Let Thy glory
Fill the earth as floods the sea.

4 Thou to whom all power is given,
Speak the word: at Thy command
Let the company of preachers
Spread Thy name from land to land.
Lord, be with them
Alway, to the end of time.

206 All thy children shall be taught of the Lord. Isa. liv.

1 Lord, a Saviour's love displaying, Show the heathen lands Thy light; Millions still like sheep are straying In the dark and cloudy night. Shades of death are gathering o'er them; Lord, they perish from Thy face: Let Thine angel go before them; Bring the Gentiles to Thy grace.

2 Fetch them home from every nation, From the islands of the sea; By the Word of Thy salvation Call the wanderers back to Thee. Thou their pasture hast provided: Grant the blessing long foretold; Let Thy sheep, divinely guided,

Find at last the common fold. 207 They are white already to harvest. John iv.

- 1 SPREAD, O spread, thou mighty Word, Spread the kingdom of the Lord, Wheresoe'er His breath has given Life to beings meant for heaven. Tell them how the Father's will Made the world, and keeps it still; How He sent His Son to save All who help and comfort crave.
- 2 Tell of our Redeemer's love, Who for ever doth remove By His holy sacrifice All the guilt that on us lies. Tell them of the Spirit given Now, to guide us up to heaven, Strong and holy, just and true, Working both to will and do.

3 Wide the ripening fields we see:
Mighty shall the harvest be;
But the respers still are few,
Great the work they have to do.
Lord of harvest, let there be
Joy and strength to work for Thee;
Let the nations far and near
See Thy truth and learn Thy fear.

208 That Thy way may be known upon carth. Ps. lxvii.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high, Can we to men benighted The lamp of life deny? Salvation, O salvation!

The joyful sound proclaim, Till each remotest nation Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story, And you, ye waters, roll, Till, like a sea of glory, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ransoned nature The Lamb for sinners alain, Redeemer, King, Creator, In bliss returns to reign. Am

209 Not willing that any should perish.

1 Thou God of mercy and of might,
In whom we live and move,
Who dost to all Thy creatures show
A tender parent's love;
If sinners perish day by day,
They are not doomed by Thee,
For rich Thy bounties are to all,
Thy mercies ever free.

- 2 On Israel's dark and mournful night Command Thy truth to rise, And save the kingdoms of the East, Too long deceived with lies; Convert the godless sons of pride, Restore Thy wandering sheep, And safe in paths of righteousness Thy Church for ever keep.
- 3 From every land the veil remove
 That hides Thy Gospel's light;
 Melt down the stubborn will, O Lord,
 And clear the darkened sight;
 Then shall the thronging nations come,
 And, with Thy saints enrolled,
 One happy flock, one Shepherd's care,
 Shall dwell within Thy fold.

210 To it shall the Gentiles seek. Isa. xi.

- 1 YE nations, exult;
 Salvation is nigh,
 The star in the east
 Illumines the sky:
 The time is arrived by
 Jehovah's decree,
 When walkers in darkness
 His glory shall see.
- 2 No longer in types
 And shadows concealed,
 In light and in truth
 The Christ is revealed;
 No longer to nation
 Or region confined,
 The promise of God is
 Addressed to mankind.
- 3 Ye Gentiles, rejoice,
 Re-eclio the strain;
 Break forth into praise,
 Ye isles of the main.
 The winds to your far shores
 Glad tidings shall bring;
 Rejoice in your Saviour,
 Rejoice in your King.
- 4 Be glory to God
 The Father above,
 Who sent to our world
 The Son of His love;
 And His too be glory,
 Who came from on high
 To save and to suffer,
 To triumph and die.

211 His rest shall be glorious. Isa. xi.

- 1 Lord, if judgments now are waking, Let not Thy compassions sleep, But, while earthly thrones are shaking, Firm and free Thy kingdom keep; Jesus, hear us, be Thou near us, When the storm shall o'er us sweep.
- 2 Courage, saints; your fears assuaging, Chant a bold and blissful strain; Holy seers, of peace presaging, Bid us hail Messiah's reign: Strife, sedition, superstition, Then no votaries shall gain.
- 3 Prince of peace, let every nation Soon Thy Spirit's empire own; Bow the world in supplication; Bring the heathen to Thy throne: Earth, possessing boundless blessing, Then shall honour Thee alone.

212 All nations shall serve Him. Ps. Ixil.

- Fall down, ye nations, and adore
 Jehovah on the mercy-seat,
 Like prostrate seas on every shore,
 That cast their billows at your feet.
- 2 Come from the east,—with gifts, you kings,
 With gold, and frankincense, and

myrrh;
Where'er the morning spreads her wings

- Let man to God his vows prefer.

 3 Come from the west, the bond, the free;
- His easy service make your choice; Ye isles of the Pacific sea, Like halcyon-nests, in God rejoice.
- 4 Come from the south; through deser sands
 A highway for the Lord prepare;

A nighway for the Lord prepare;
Let Ethiopia stretch her hands,
And Libya pour her soul in prayer.

- 5 Come from the north; let Europe raise
 In all her languages one song;
 Give God the glory, power, and praise,
 That to His holy Name belong.
- 6 'For He hath bowed the heavens above, And at His feet the mountains flowed; He came, not wrathful, but in love, To make with men His pure abode.'
- 7 One God supreme, the Father, Son, &c.

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A year of rest. Lev. XXV.

1 FAIR shines the morning star, The silver trumpets sound, Their notes re-echoing far,

While dawns the day around. Joy to the slave; the slave is free; It is the year of Jubilee.

2 Prisoners of hope, in gloom And silence left to die, With Christ's unfolding tomb Your portals open fly; Rise with your Lord; He sets you free;

It is the year of Jubilee. 3 Ye, who have sold for nought

The land your fathers won, Behold how God hath wrought Redemption through His Son:

Your beritage again is free; It is the year of Jubilee. 4 Ye, who yourselves have sold

For debts to justice due, Ransomed, but not with gold, He gave Himself for you:

The blood of Christ hath made you free; It is the year of Jubilee.

5 Captives of sin and shame, O'er earth and ocean hear An angel's voice proclaim The Lord's accepted year.

Let Jacob rise, be Israel free; It is the year of Jubilee.

Psalm xxii. 28. Ye that fear the Lord, &c. 214

1 YE seed of Jacob, one and all Give glory to the Almighty Lord; Ye seed of Israel, trembling fall Before His feet, our God adored.

2 For lowly men in low estate Our God did never loathe or scorn,

Nor hid Him from the desolate, But pities when He hears him mourn,

3 Now in the great and holy choir Praise of Thine own to Thee we bring, And pay our vows with true desire

In sight of all who fear our King. 4 Now hungry souls are filled with bread; Who seek the Lord, all joyance find: 'Live evermore,' to them is said, 'Live on, true beart and loyal mind.

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FOR THE EPIPHANY.

Justice and mercy meet;
The work is well begun;
Through every clime their feet,
Who bring glad tidings, run;
Here, as in heaven, Thy will be done.

- 2 Before Thee bid the idols fall;
 Rend the false prophet's veil of lies;
 The fulness of the Gentiles call;
 Be Israel saved, let Jacob rise;
 Thy kingdom come indeed;
 Thy Church with union bless;
 Let Scripture be ler creed,
 And every tongue confess
 One Lord, the Lord our righteousness.
- 3 Now, for the travail of His soul,
 Messiah's peaceful reign advance;
 From sea to sea, from pole to pole,
 He claims His pledged inheritance;
 O Thou most Mighty, gird
 Thy sword upon Thy thigh,
 That two-edged blade, Thy Word,
 By which Thy foes shall die
 To be new-born beneath Thine eye.
- 4 So perish all Thine enemies;
 Their enmity alone be slain;
 Them with Thy arm of mercy seize:
 Breathe, till their souls revive again;
 So may Thy friends at length,
 Oft smitten, oft o'erthrown,
 Go, like the sun in strength,
 Conquering, to conquer on
 Till all bow down before Thy throne.

218 By whom shall Jacob arise? Amos vii.

- 1 By whom shall Jacob now arise?
 For Jacob's friends are few:
 And O the sorrow, the surprise!
 They seem divided too.
 By whom shall Jacob now arise?
 For Jacob's foes are strong;
 I read their triumph in their eyes:
 'Not long he lasts not long.'
- 2 By whom shall Jacob now arise?

 Can any tell by whom?

 Say, shall the branch, that withered lies,
 Once more revive and bloom?

 Lord, Thou canst tell: the work is
 Thine;
 The belp of man is vain:
 On Jacob now arise and shine.

And he shall live again.

219 Hath God cast away His peop. Rom. xi,

- 1 The harp of Zion sleepeth
 In the shadow of the hill,
 The child of promise weepeth
 His weary exile still:
 The ages of his sorrow
 Flow on like Jordan's stream;
 He waiteth for to-morrow,
 But cannot see the beam.
- 2 No light from heaven discloses
 His father's land of birth;
 His footstep ne'er repuses
 In the nations of the earth:
 To them he blindly holdeth
 The lamp he cannot see,
 While darkness deep enfoldeth
 The homes of Galilee.
- 3 Yet not, O God, for ever
 Thou'lt judge him in Thy wrath
 But bid the darkness sever
 Above his earthly path:
 In Thy dread book is written
 The period of his doom,
 And the vale Thy curse hath smitt
 As a garden yet shall bloom.
- 4 Even now the destined ages
 Are closing o'er the land,
 And every sign presages
 Its morn again at hand.
 The darkness swiftly weareth,
 Light trembles from the shore,
 Each wind of heaven prepareth
 The wanderer to restore.

220 The Lord shall comfort Zion. 1

- 1 O Zion, when I think of thee, I long for pinions of the dove, And mourn to think that I should So distant from the land I love.
- 2 A captive exile far from home, For Zion's sacred walls I sigh, With ransomed kindred there to con And see Messias eye to eye.
- 3 While here I walk on hostile groun The few that I can call my frien Are, like myself, in fetters bound, And weariness our stepe attends.
- 4 But yet we hope to see the day
 When Zion's children shall return
 When all our griefs shall flee away
 And we no more again shall m

5 The thought that such a day will come, Makes e'en the exile's portion sweet: Though now we wander far from home, In Zion soon we all shall meet.

221 For Zion's sake I will not hold my peace.

- 1 For Zion's sake I will not rest,
 I will not hold my peace,
 Until Jerusalem be blest,
 And Judah's bondage cease;
 Until her righteousness return
 As daybreak after night,
 The lamp of her salvation burn
 With everlasting light.
- 2 The Gentiles shall her glory see, And kings declare her fame; Appointed unto her shall be A new and holy name. The Lord upholds her with His hand, And claims her for His own, The fairest flower of Judah's land, The glory of His crown.
- 3 Go through, go through, prepare the way,
 The gates wide open fling;
 With loudest voice let heralds say,
 'Behold thy coming King,'
 Give glory to the Three in One, &c.

Psalm luxuvii. Glorious things are spoken of thee, &c.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God:
 He whose word cannot be broken,
 Formed thee for His own abode;
 On the rock of ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou mayst amile at all thy foes.

 2 See; the streams of living waters,
- Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all dread of want remove;
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst to assuage,
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,!
 Never fails from age to age?
- 3 Saviour, if of Zion's city
 I through grace a member am,
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in the name;
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show;
 Solid joys and lasting treasure
 None but Zion's children know.

223 I will make ther an eternal accellency.

- 1 Hear what God the Lord hath spoken: 'O My people, faint and few, Comfortless, afflicted, broken, Fair abodes I build for you; Thorns of heart-felt tribulation Shall no more perplex your ways; Ye shall name your walls salvation, And your gates shall all be praise.
- 2 'Ye no more your suns descending, Waning moons no more shall see; But, your griefs for ever ending, Find eternal noon in Me. God shall rise, and, shining o'er ye, Change to day the gloom of night. He, the Lord, shall be your glory, God your everlasting light.'

224 All Israel shall be saved. Rom, xi.

- 1 Great God of Abraham, hear our prayer; Let Abraham's seed Thy mercy share: O may they now at length return, And look ou Him they pierced, and mourn! Remember Jacob's flock of old; Bring home the wanderers to Thy fold; Remember now Thy promised word, 'At length shall Israel seek the Lord.'
- 2 Though aliens still, estranged from Thee, Cut off from their own olive-tree, Why should they outcasts yet remain? For Thou canst graft them in again. Lord, put Thy law within their hearts, And write it on their inward parts; The severing veil asunder smite, Which hides Messiah from their sight.
- 3 O speed the day so long foretold, When all mankind, one Shepherd's fold, One house shall seek, one prayer shall pour, And one Redeemer's name adore. Praise God from whom all blessings flow,

225 Let your light shine before men.

1 O God, from Thee alone Our earthly blessings flow; What is there not Thine own, Of all we prize below? We are but stewards here: Lord, may we faithful prove, And what we hold most dear Deny not to Thy love.

&c.

2 Awake, then, ye to whom
God has so freely given
To fly the sinner's doom,
And walk the path to heaven.
Ye know the joyful news:
Hide not the blessed Word:
O, how can ye refuse
To tell what ye have heard?

3 Ye know your Lord's command; Ye have that ye may give With ready heart and hand, That others, too, may live. One God, the Father, Son, And Holy Ghost, adore, Exalted on His throne

Of bliss for evermore.

226 The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light. lss. ix.

1 How vain was impious Herod's dread To see the crown on Jesu's head! No earthly good His love denies Who gives the kingdom of the skies.

2 The wise men by a star are brought To Him whom saints and prophets sought; Their eyes the light eternal bless, And offerings rare their God confess.

3 O meek and holy Lamb, to Thee Let men and angels bow the knee: Mankind to sanctify and save, Thy feet go down to Jordan's wave.

4 O Jesus, in her festive hour Rejoicing Cana sees Thy power, And water changed to wine doth show That God abides with men below.

5 Again, O Saviour, let Thy might Appear in all the heathen's sight, Till every tribe, on every coast, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

227 When he is old he will not depart from it. Prov. xxii.

1 Br cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows,
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!
Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trud,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

2 By cool Siloam's shady rill The lily must decay; The rose that blooms beneath the hill Must shortly fade away; And soon, too soon, the wintry hou
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's 1
And stormy passion's rage.

3 O Thou, whose infant feet were for
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless
Were all alike divine: [en
Dependent on Thy bounteous breat
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhoud, age, and de
To keep us still Thine own.

228 And He went down with then come to Kazareth, and was unto them. Luke ii.

1 THE heavenly Child in stature gro And growing learns to die; And still His early training shows His coming agony.

2 The Son of God His glory hides, And shares a lowly lot: The Power that made the heaven a Within a workman's cot.

3 The hands that spread the vaulted Mechanic toil endure, And He who ranged the stars on h

Pursues a path obscure.

4 He, whom the quiring angels praise
And humbly serve above,
His earthly parents now obeys
In meek and patient love.

5 For this Thy gracious lowliness, O Saviour of the lost, Thee with the Father we will bless, And with the Holy Ghost.

229 He hath showed thee what is Mic.vl.

1 O WISDOM, whose unfading power Beside the Eternal stood, To frame, in nature's earliest hour, The land, the sky, the flood: Yet didst not Thou disdain awhile An infant form to wear.

To bless Thy mother with a smile, And lisp Thy childish prayer. 2 But in Thy Father's own abode,

With Israel's elders round,
Conversing high with Israel's God,
Thy chiefest joy was found:
So may our children love Thy name,
And mayst Thou deign to bless
With fostering care the timid flame
Of youthful holiness.

230 *Hetrs of grace*. 1 Pet. ili.

1 FATHER, whose love and truth fulfil
Thy covenant with Abraham's seed,
Confirm in me the second seal.

Confirm in us the sacred seal,
And make our children Thine indeed.
2 O Son, of Thine appointed rite

The promised grace we humbly claim: Children were lovely in Thy sight, And, Lord, Thy love is still the same.

3 Eternal Spirit, holy Dove, Who once on God's beloved Son Wast seen descending from above, Their new and heavenly birthright own.

4 Thrice holy Lord, whose name we bear, Confirm our faith, renew our love; And let Thy grace our hearts prepare For glory in the world above. Amen.

231 Heirs of God. Rom. vili.

1 The Saviour's gentle voice
Calls children to His breast;
He folds them in His gracious arms;
His blessings on them rest.
Forbid them not, nor scorn
An infant's humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,

For such the Saviour came.

Our little ones accept;
We yield them, Lord, to Thee,
Imploring that, as we are Thine,
Thine they may also be.

We, with the angel host, &c.

232 Baptizing in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghust. Matt. xxviii.

1 FATHER of heaven, who hast created all,

And rulest all, we pray,
Look on this babe, who at Thy gracious
call

Now enters on life's way:

O make it Thine; Thy blessing give,
That to Thy glory it may live,
Father of heaven.

Yather of heaven.

2 O Son of God, atoning Lord, behold,
We bring our babe to Thee:
Take it, O loving Shepherd, to Thy fold,
For ever Thine to be;
Defend it through this earthly strife,
And lead it on the path of life,
O Son of God.

3 O Holy Ghost, who broodest o'er the wave,
Descend upon this child;
Give it undying life, its spirit lave
With waters undefiled;
And make it evermore to be
An heir of bliss, a shrine for Thee,
O Holy Ghost.

4 O Triune God, what Thou hast willed is done;

We speak, but Thine the might:
This babe hath hardly seen our earthly sun;
Yet on it pour Thy light
Of faith and hope and joyful love,
Thou Sun of all below, above,
O Triune God.
Amen.

233 Baptized into His death. Rom. vi.

On the tender infant's brow; Dedicate the unfolding gem Unto Him who blessed the stem. 2 In the Christian garden we Plant another Christian tree; Be its blossoms and its fruit

1 Drop the limpid waters now

3 To that garden now we bring Waters from the living spring; Bless the tree, the waters bless, Holy One, with holiness.

Worthy of the Christian root.

4 When life's harvests all are past,
O transplant the tree at last
To the fields where flower and tree
Blossom through eternity.

5 Father, guard us from above, &c.

234 Of such is the hingdom of heaven.
Luke xviii.

1 Blessed Josus, we are here, Faith and hope and love presenting; With this infant we appear, To Thy holy Word consenting, Where to such the pledge is given Of Thy better life in heaven.

2 And this further lesson plain
From Thy teaching we inherit:
Souls that are not born again,
Born of water and the Spirit,
Come not to Thy great salvation,
Flee not endless condemnation.

3 So we come before Thy face With a faith that does not waver: Meet us with Thy pitying grace, Help us with Thy special favour,

Who to Thee this child deliver To be Thine, O Christ, for ever.

- 4 Cleanse it with Thy precious blood From the guilt of sin inhering; Let the pure baptismal flood Be a sign of Thine appearing In Thy sinless robe to dress it, With Thy Spirit's light to bless it.
- 5 Shepherd, take Thy tender sheep;
 True and living Way, direct it;
 Head, Thy member hold and keep;
 Prince of peace, Thy peace protect it;
 Vine, this clasping tendrii never

From Thy parent sap dissever.

- 6 Lay we on Thy heart of love What from human heart proceeded; May our sighs be heard above; May our prayers and vows be heeded, And the name we now have given Written in the book of heaven. Amen.
- 235 Thou, therefore, endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. 2 Tim, ii.
- In token that thou shalt not fear Christ crucified to own,
 We print the cross upon thy brow,
 And mark thee His alone.
- 2 In token that thou shalt not dread Christ's conflict to maintain, But still beneath His banner fight, And in thy post remain;—
- 3 In token that thou too shalt tread The path thy Saviour trod, Endure the cross, despise the shame, And then ascend to God,—
- 4 Thus outwardly and visibly
 We seal thee for His own;
 And may the brow that wears His cross
 Hereafter share His crown! Amen.
- 236 He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom. Isa, xl.

 GRACIOUS Saviour, holy Shepherd,
 Little ones are dear to Thee;
 Gathered with Thine arms, and carried

Gathered with Thine arms, and carried In Thy bosom, may They be Sweetly, fondly, safely tended, From all want and danger free.

2 Tender Shepherd, never leave them From Thy fold to go astray; By Thy warning love directed, May they walk the narrow way; Thus direct them, thus defend them, Lest they fall an easy prey.

- 3 Cleanse their hearts from sinful i In the stream Thy love supplie Mingled stream of blood and wate Flowing from Thy wounded si And to heavenly pastures lead th Where Thine own still waters i
- 4 Let Thy holy Word instruct ther Fill their minds with heavenly Let Thy powerful grace constrain To approve whate'er is right; Let them feel Thy yoke is easy, Let them prove Thy burden his
- 5 Taught to lisp the holy praises
 Which on earth Thy children a
 Both with lips and hearts unfeign
 Glad thank-offerings may they
 Then with all the saints in glory
 Join to praise their Lord and F
- 237 Shepherd of Israel. Ps. 1x:
- 1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us Much we need Thy tender care In Thy pleasant pastures feed us; For our use Thy folds prepare: Blesseld Jesus,

Thou hast bought us; Thine we

- 2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend u
 Be the Guardian of our way:
 Keep Thy flock, from sin defend u
 Seek us when we go astray:
 Rheedd Janus
- Blessèd Jesus, Hear young children when they 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 - Poor and sinful though we be; Thou hast mercy to relieve us, Grace to cleanse, and power to i Blessed Jesus, Let us early turn to Thee.
- 4 Early let us seek Thy favour, Ever let us do Thy will; Blessèd Lord and only Saviour, With Thyself our bosoms fill: Blessèd Jesus.

Thou hast loved us: love us sti

Ye are Christ's. 1 Cor. iii

238

1 BROUGHT to the font with holy or And washed from nature's sham We join the flock of Christ, and be The Christian's sacred name.

- 2 Blest privilege! but all in vain
 Our new and heavenly birth,
 - If we the truth of God profane, And cleave to things of earth.
- 3 Lord, since Thy holy Name we bear, Like sons we would obey, Mark Thy commands with filial fear, And keep Thy perfect way.
- 4 So, Lord, the inward grace impart, And bless the outward sign, That love, abiding in our heart, In all our life may shine.
- 5 Give glory to the Three in One, &c.
- 239 By prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. Phil. iv.
- 1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 To whom we for our children cry;
 The good desired and needed most
 Out of Thy richest gifts supply:
 The sacred discipline be given,
 To win and mould their hearts for heaven.
- 2 The cloudy stain do Thou remove, The dimness both of heart and mind; And grant the wisdom from above, The pure, the peaceable, the kind: Their knowledge such as Eden knew, Their inmost thoughts all pure and true.
- 3 As plants upon Thy holy hill,
 As pillars in Thine awful dome,
 May each grow up and flourish still,
 Each find on earth a holy home,
 Where loving truth and truthful love
 May train them for the home above.
- 4 Father, accept them through Thy Son,
 And ever by Thy Spirit guide;
 Thy wisdom in their lives be shown,
 Thy name confessed and glorified,
 Thy power and love diffused abroad,
 Till all the earth be filled with God.
- 240 Born of water and of the Spirit.
- 1 Lamb of God for sinners slain, By Thy mercy born again, For Thy guidance still we pray, Lest from grace we fall away.
- 2 By the mystic cleansing flood, By the water and the blood, Washed and sanctified to Thee, Pure and holy let us be.

- 3 Aid us with Thy daily grace Stedfastly to run our race; Grant us victory in the strife, And the prize of endless life.
- 4 Glory, praise, from all on earth,
 To the God of our new birth;
 Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.
- 241 Be ye siedfast, unmoveable. 1 Cor. xv.
- 1 Behold Thy warriors, gracious Lord, The hosts Thou trainest for the fight; O gird them with Thy gifted Word, And arm them with Thy Spirit's might. Beneath the banner of Thy love, Behind Thy faith's unsullied shield, May each the Saviour's liegeman prove Upon the world's embattled field.
- 2 May each refuse on earth his rest,
 And choose with Thee the better part,
 The red cross blazoned on his breast,
 The red cross graven on his heart.
 Our daily life is still a war,
 Our home a field of weal or wos,
 And each must rise the conqueror
 O'er many a subtle inward foe.
- 3 Some sins we half forget, when now
 Within the heart their motives wane;
 Some passions hardly cloud the brow,
 Yet rankles still their secret bane.
 The Christian warrior needs each day
 Full many a gift of growing grace;
 Wisdom to see his fitting way,
 And ghostly strength to keep his place.
- 4 For wholesome fear we pray, O God,
 For knowledge, faith, and holiness,
 Thy guiding hand to point the road,
 Thy Word to teach. Thy love to bless.
 One God unseen, the Father, Son, &c.
- 242 Keep thy soul diligently. Dout. iv.
- God of mercy throned on high,
 Listen from Thy lofty seat;
 Hear, O hear our feeble cry;
 Guide, O guide our wandering feet.
 Young and erring travellers, we
 All our dangers do not know;
 Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
 Hardly feel the tempest blow.
 Jesus, lover of the young,
- Cleanse us with Thy blood divine; Ere the tide of sin grow strong, Save us, keep us, make us Thine.

Let us ever hear Thy voice,
Ask Thy counsel day by day;
Saints and angels will rejoice,
If we walk in wisdom's way.

3 Saviour, give us faith, and pour Hope and love on every soul: Hope, till time shall be no more; Love, while endless ages roll. God the Father let us bless, &c.

243 I will say, It is my people. Hos. ii.

1 Lord, shall Thy children come to Thee? A boon of love divine we seek; Brought to Thine arms in infancy, Ere heart could feel or tongue could speak, Thy children pray for grace, that they May come themselves to Thee to-day.

2 Lord, shall we come? and come again, Oft as we see Thy table spread, And, tokens of Thy dying pain, The wine poured out, the broken bread? Bless, bless, O Lord, Thy children's prayer,

That they may come and find Thee there.

3 Lord, shall we come? not thus alone
At holy time or solemn rite,
But every hour, till life be flown,
Through weal or woe, in gloom or light,

4 Lord, shall we come? come yet again? Thy children ask one blessing more; To come, not now alone, but then, When life and death and time are o'er; Yea, then to come, O Lord, and be Confirmed in heaven, confirmed by Thee.

Come to Thy throne of grace, that we

In faith, hope, love, confirmed may be?

244 Be koly unto your God. Num.xv.

1 SPIRIT of might and sweetness too, Now leading on the wars of God, Now to green isles of shade and dew Turning the waste Thy people trod; Draw, Holy Ghost, Thy sevenfold veil Between us and the fires of youth; Breathe, Holy Ghost, Thy freahening gale, Our fevered brow in age to soothe.

2 And oft as sin and sorrow tire, The hallowed hour do Thou renew, When, beckoned up the awful choir By pastoral hands, towards Thee we drew; When, trembling at the sacred ra
We hid our eyes and held our!
Felt Thee how strong, our hea
frail,

And longed to own Thee to the

3 For ever on our souls be traced
That blessing dear, that dovelik
A sheltering rock in memory's wa
O'ershadowing all the weary la
One God unseen, the Father, Son

245 Be ye followers of God, as d dren. Eph. v.

1 FAIR waved the golden corn In Canaan's pleasant land, When joyful, many a shining morn, Went forth the reaper-band. To God, so good and great, Their cheerful thanks they pour, Then carry to His temple-gate

The choicest of their store.

For thus the holy word,

By Moses spoken, ran:
'The first ripe ears are for the Lord,
The rest He gives to man.'
Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,

Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
Thy children we may be.

3 Thine is our youthful prime,

And life and all its powers:

Be with us in our morning-time,
And bless our evening hours.

In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve Thy Church bels
And join Thy saints in heaven.

246 He was subject unto them. L

1 O HOLY Lord, content to live
In a poor home, a lowly Child,
And in subjection meek to give
Obedience to Thy mother mild,
Lead every child that bears Thy r
To walk Thy pure and upright
To dread the touch of sin and shan
And humbly, like Thyself, obey

2 O let not this world's scorching gl Thy Spirit's quickening dews et Nor blast of sin too rudely blow And quench the trembling fl grace. Gather Thy lambs within Thine arm, And gently in Thy bosom bear; Keep them, O Lord, from hurt and harm, And bid them rest for ever there.

247 Preserved in Jesus Christ. Jude.

- 1 SHEPHERD of Israel, from above
 Thy feeble flock behold;
 And let us never lose Thy love,
 Nor wander from Thy fold.
 Thou wilt not cast Thy lambs away;
 Thy hand is ever near
 To guide them lest they go astray,
 And keep them safe from fear.
- 2 We want Thy help, for we are frail, Thy light, for we are blind; Let grace o'er all our doubts prevail To prove that Thou art kind. Teach us the things we ought to know, And may we find them true, And still, in stature as we grow, Increase in wisdom too.
- 3 Guide us through life; and when at last
 We enter into rest,
 Thy tender arms around us cast,
 And fold us to Thy breast.
 Be glory Thine, O God the Son,
 Restorer of the lost,
 With God the Father ever one,
 And God the Holy Ghost.

248 Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business 7 Luke il.

- Nor only to my mental sight, Lord, in temptation's fearful hour, Come in Thy manhood's gentle might, With burning words and signs of power:
- 2 Nor let me only think of Thee In bitterest death triumphant still; But strive, 'mid boyhood's thoughtless glee, Like Thee, to do my Father's will.
- 3 My faith is weak, my heart is proud, And this world's love is strong within; A boy's temptations round me crowd, And urge my soul to boyish sin.
- 4 I bless Thee for Thy human birth, And for the years that won for Thee The farour both of heaven and earth, In the lone rales of Galilee.

- 5 I bless Thee, for the thought has power To keep my soul from sin's alloy In tempted youth's most dangerous hou And lead me to Thy Father's joy.
- 249 He is become my salvation. Ex. xv.
- 1 FATHER, hear Thy children's praises
 For the boon we own to-day;
 Grateful love our hearts upraises
 This our sacrifice to pay.
- 2 Thee we bless for mercies given, Stores of knowledge here unrolled, Means of grace and hopes of heaven, Unto us, Thy chosen fold.
- 3 Lord, Thy servants' spirits turning, Mould them by Thy gracious away. Godliness and all good learning May we follow, day by day.
- 4 May we, these Thy bounties sharing, Every talent use aright, Still by earthly lore preparing,
- 5 Till, undimmed by dark reflection, Face to face shall Christ be shown, And we rise to full perfection, Knowing even as we are known.

Till our faith be turned to sight;

250 Flee youthful lusts. 2 Tim. ii.

- 1 Lord, behold us, with Thy blessing Once again assembled here: Onward be our footsteps pressing, In Thy love and faith and fear: Still protect us By Thy presence ever near.
- 2 For Thy mercy we adore Thee, For this rest upon our way:
 - Lord, again we bow before Thee; Speed our labours day by day; Mind and spirit
- With Thy choicest gifts array.

 3 Keep the spell of home-affection
 Still alive in every heart;
 - May its power, with mild direction,
 Draw our love from self apart,
 Till Thy children
- Feel that Thou their Father art.
 4 Quell the tempter's guileful treason,
 Shielding all with guardian care,
 Safe in every careless season,
 - Safe from sloth and sensual snare:
 Thou, kind Saviour,
 Still our failing strength repair.

251 This is the will of God, even your sanctification. 1 Thess. ii.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing; Thanks for mercies past receive; Pardon all, their faults confessing; Time that's lost may all retrieve: May Thy children Ne'er again Thy Spirit grieve.
- 2 Bless Thou all our days of leisure; Help us selfish lures to fice; Sanctify our every pleasure, Pure and blameless may it be. May our gladness Draw us evermore to Thee!
- 3 By Thy kindly influence cherish
 All the good we here have gained;
 May all taint of evil perish,
 By Thy mightier power restrained:
 Seek we ever
 Knowledge pure and love unfeigned!
- 4 Let Thy Father-hand be shielding
 All who here shall meet no more;
 May their seed-time past be yielding
 Year by year a richer store!
 Those returning
 Make more faithful than before.

252 Little children, abide in Him. 1 John II.

- 1 When Jesus left His Father's throne, He chose an humble birth; Like us, unhonoured and unknown, He came to dwell on earth. Like Him, may we be found below In wisdom's paths of peace; Like Him, in grace and knowledge grow, As years and strength increase.
- 2 He turned Him from the rich and great
 To men of low degree;
 He sanctified our purents' state,
 For poor like them was He.
 Sweet were His words, and kind His look,
 When mothers round Him pressed;
 Their infants in His arms He took,
 And on His bosom blessed.
- 3 Safe from the world's alluring harms, Beneath His watchful eye, Thus in the circle of His arms May we for ever lie. Give glory to the Three in One, &c.

253 See that we despise not one of these little ones. Matt. xviii.

- 1 O Lord, a wondrous story
 Our ears have heard of Thee,
 How Thou didst leave Thy glory
 A little child to be:
 And here, in lowly station,
 Didst suffer childhood's woes,
 And feel each sharp temptation
 Which even our childhood knows.
- 2 And, in Thy manhood's meekness,
 Thy hands were spread to bless
 Sweet childhood's smiling weakness
 With many a mild caress;
 Young babes Thy love would cherish
 As on a parent's knee;
 Nor willed that one should perish,
 But all be taught of Thee.
- 3 Help then our weak endeavour
 To make Thy gospel known,
 And seal, O Lord, for ever
 These little ones Thine own.
 Thy Church's nurslings gather
 Beneath Thy sheltering wing;
 Be Thou their Friend and Father,
 Their Saviour, Guide, and King.

254 Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Ps. cl.

- 1 Throughout all earth, and air, and sea, Sweet sounds our Father bless, In hymns of natural harmony From voices numberless.
 The carol shrill of joyous bird, The hum of honey bee, The leaves, by summer breezes stirred, Which whisper on the tree; The cataract's rush, the ocean's roar, Unite with one accord In ceaseless chorus to adore Their own and nature's Lord.
- 2 The Church with pipes and keys combined
 By man's profounder art
 Meet utterance ever strives to find
 For music in her heart.
 Father, to-day accept our gift,
 And by Thy presence bless
 The hymns Thy children here uplift
 To praise Thy bounteousness.
 Give glory to the Three in One, &c.

255 To seek a right way for our little ones. Extu viii.

- 1 SOURCE of wisdom past and present,
 Fount of love which ne'er shall cease,
 Thou whose ways are always pleasant,
 Thou whose paths are perfect peace;
 Though our tongues, which lisp and falter,
 Thy transcendent praise bedim,
 Hear us now before Thine altar
 Chant our artless infant hymn.
- 2 Vain, without Thine aid, the teaching E'en by Christian kindness given; Hear us now that aid beseeching, Help us from Thy highest heaven: Grant us in ungrudging measure Grace whereby all good is wrought; Guide us to Thy heavenly treasure, Bless Thy teachers and Thy taught.
- 3 So from homes of humble gladness,
 So from hearths by wealth despised,
 Where, alike in joy and sadness,
 Wisdom's word is known and prized,
 From the plough, the loom, the spindle,
 Hymns of praise shall still be poured;
 Hearts with grateful love shall kindle
 Toward their Saviour and their Lord.

256 Quicken us. and we will call upon Thy Name. Ps. lxxx.

Amen.

- 1 Thy throne, O God, in righteousness
 For ever shall endure;
 We bow before it; deign to bless
 The children of the poor.
 Thy wisdom fixed our lowly birth,
 Yet we Thy goodness share;
 Still make us, while we dwell on earth,
 The children of Thy care.
- 2 Strangers to Thee, though Thine by name, We heard Thy welcome voice, And, gathered from the world, became The children of Thy choice. Thou art our Shepherd; glorious God, Thy little flock behold, And guide us by Thy staff and rod, The children of Thy fold.
- 3 We praise Thy loving mercy, Lord, Which brought us to this place, Where we are tanght to know Thy Word, The children of Thy grace.

O may the friends, who teach us here Meet all our souls above, And they and we in heaven appear, The children of Thy love.

257 Samuel! 1 Sam. iii.

- 1 In Israel's fane, by silent night, The lamp of God was burning bright; And there, by viewless angels kept, Samuel, the child, securely slept.
- 2 A voice unknown the stillness broke, 'Samuel!' it called, and thrice it spoke; He rose,—he asked, whence came the word; From Eli? no:—it was the Lord.
- 3 Thus early called to serve his God, In paths of righteousness he trod; Prophetic visions fired his breast, And all the chosen tribes were blest.
- 4 Speak, Lord: and from our earliest days Incline our hearts to love Thy ways; Thy wakening voice hath reached our ear; Speak, Lord, to us; Thy servants hear.
 5 And ye, who know the Saviour's love, And all His mercies richly prove, Your timely, bounteous aid afford,

That we may early serve the Lord.

258 Put on the whole armour of God. Eph. vi.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
 And put your armour on,
 Strong in the strength which God supplies
 Through His eternal Son;
 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
 And in His mighty power;
- Who in the help of Jesus trusts
 Is more than conqueror.
- 2 Stand then in His great might, With all His grace endowed, But take, to arm you for the fight, The panoply of God: That, having all things done, And every conflict past, Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone, And stand entire at last.

Psalm 1. Blessed is the man, &c.

 How blest the man, who fears to stray Where godless people meet, Nor tarries in the sinner's way, Nor fills the scorner's seat; But, taking for his sole delight
The Lord's all-perfect law,
He muses on it day and night
With love and holy awe.

- 2 As some fair tree, which has its root
 The flowing waters nigh,
 Brings forth its seasonable fruit
 And leaves that never die,
 Thus all he doeth prospers well:
 Not so the wicked fare:
 Like chaff before the driving gale,
 They waver here and there.
- 3 Hence, in the day when hearts are tried,
 The godless shall not stand;
 Nor may the sinner then abide
 Among the righteous band.
 The Lord's pure eyes behold and bless
 The Christian's daily path
 But every way of wickedness
 Shall perish in His wrath.

260 Psalm xxvii. The Lord is my light, &c.

- 1 O LORD, our guard, our light, our way, What dangers shall our souls dismay, God of our life, whom need we fear, When foes assail, if Thou art near?
- 2 One wish, with holy transport warm, Our hearts have formed, and yet shall form: One thing we ask:—to spend our days In Zion's courts with prayer and praise.
- 3 Though every earthly friend depart, And love forsake a parent's heart, The Lord, on whom our hopes depend, Will prove a Father and a Friend.
- 4 With patient hope, with mind sedate, On Israel's God expectant wait; Though pressed with sorrow's heaviest load, O stay thy trust on Israel's God.

261 Psalm xlvi. God is our refuge and strength, &c.

1 GoD is our sure defence, our aid In time of tribulation: Our heart shall never be dismayed, Though fail the earth's foundation, O'er hills though foaming floods ascend, Though billows roar, and ocean rend The mountain-peaks asunder.

- 2 A river by the holy ahrine,
 A pure and gliding river
 Makes glad the seat of power divine:
 She stands unmoved for ever:
 For God is in the midst of her;
 A help, a stay, a comforter
 He comes at break of morning.
- 3 In Jacob's God our strength is found
 When heathen hosts assemble:
 He speaks in thunder: at the sound
 Earth melts and nations tremble:
 The Lord of hosts a refuge stands,
 And lo, the wonders of His hands,
 The wrath, the desolation!
- 4 He lulls the war, He burns the car,
 The bow and spear He breaketh:
 Be still, Hecries, for I arise:
 The Lord, the Lord awaketh
 O'er all the earth a God most High:
 The Lord of hosts, our help, is nigh,
 Our strength, the God of Jacob.

262 Psalm exix. Blessed are the undefled in the way, &c.

- 1 How blest are they who flee from ill, And keep the Lord's most holy will: How blest who ne'er desert His way, But with a perfect heart obey.
- 2 They venture on no lawless deed, But follow where His precepts lead. Thy Law was ratified of yore, That we might keep it evermore.
- 3 O that Thy grace my steps would guide In Thy commandments to abide: Upon my face no shame will be, When all Thy truth is dear to me.
- 4 My heart shall give Thee praise sincere, Instructed in Thy righteons fear: My guide shall be Thy sacred Word: Forsake me not for ever, Lord.

PART II.

- 5 What skill shall keep the way of youth In spotless innocence and truth? Thy guiding power alone, O Lord, The lessons of Thy holy Word.
- 6 I seek Thee with a mind sincere; O keep me stedfast in Thy fear: Thy truth be hid my heart within, So shall I never turn to sin.
- 7 O teach me, blessed Lord, Thy ways: The judgments of Thy mouth I praise

With upright lips, and prize them more Than wealth in unexhausted store.

- 8 Thy doctrine may I ponder still, And have respect unto Thy will: Such pure delight its rules impart, Thy Word shall never quit my heart.
- 9 Praise God from whom all blessings flow, &c.
- 263 Psalm cxix. 105. Thy Word is a lamp, 4c.

 1 Unro my feet a lantern shines Thy
 - Word,
 And to my paths a light;
 An oath I sware, a binding oath, O Lord,
- To keep Thy rule of right.

 2 O Lord, as Thou hast promised, so relieve
 My sorely laden heart:
 The free-will offerings of my mouth re-

ceive,
And Thy great truths impart.

- 3 My life is ever in my hand: but ne'er Do I forget Thy will; And, though the Tempter hunts me with a snare,
 - I guard Thy precepts still.
- 4 Thy truths I make my deathless heritage, My heart's sincere delight; Thy statutes to perform from youth to age My purpose and my plight.
- 5 Sing to the Lord, and loud your voices raise, &c.
- Psalm exix. 169. Let my cry, &c.
- 1 O HEAR me, Lord, instruct and save, For the sweet hope Thy promise gave: My lips shall be a fount of praise, When Thou hast taught me all Thy ways.
- 2 Thy faithful Word my songs shall bless, For Thy decrees are righteousness: O help me with Thy powerful hand; I choose whate'er Thy rules command.
- 3 I long for Thy salvation, Lord, And find my pleasure in Thy Word: To sing Thy praise my soul revive, And by Thy judgments let me live.
- 4 Like a lost sheep, I went astray, And wandered from Thy pleasant way. O seek Thy servant, save him yet; Thy statutes let me ne'er forget.
- 5 Praise we the Lord with choral hymn,

- 265 Psalm exxv. They that put trust in the Lord, &c.
- 1 Who make the Lord of hosts tower, Shall like Mount Zion be,

Immovable by mortal power, And fixed eternally.

As round about Jerusalem
The guardian mountains stand,
So shall the Lord encompass them
Who hold by His right hand.

- 2 Do good, O Lord, do good to those Who cleave to Thee in heart; Who on Thy truth alone repose, Nor from Thy law depart. While rebel souls, who turn aside, Thine anger shall destroy, Do Thou in peace Thy people guide
- 266 Psalm exxvii. Except the Lord,

To everlasting joy.

- 1 In vain we build, unless the Lord
 The fabric still sustain;
 Unless the Lord the city keep,
 The watchman wakes in vain.
 In vain we rise before the day,
 And late to rest repair,
 Allow no respite to our toil,
 And eat the bread of care.
- 2 But, if we trust our Father's love And in His ways delight, He gives us needful food by day And quiet sleep by night. Then children, relatives, and friend, Our real blessings prove; And all the earthly joys He grants Are crowned with heavenly love.
- 267 Pealm CXXX. Out of the depths,
- 1 When tempests round us gather
 And waves are raging high,
 To Thee, our God and Father,
 We lift a plaintive cry.
 Behold our lamentation,
 Our restless sighing hear
 And to our supplication
 Incline Thy pitying ear.
- 2 Our manifold abuses
 If Thou too sternly see,
 O Lord, by what excuses
 Can we Thy judgments flee?

But if with true contrition
Our sins we mourn and blame,
O save us from perdition
To bless and fear Thy Name.

- 3 In peril and in sadness
 Thou art our stay, O Lord;
 And all our hopes of gladness
 We build upon Thy Word.
 Our souls, this earth despising,
 More long with God to be
 Than rosy morning's rising
 The watchman waits to see.
- 4 Be God thy strong foundation,
 Thou chosen Israel,
 Thy God, with whom salvation
 And boundless mercy dwell.
 The bands of sin that chain thee
 He gently will untie:
 The leprous spots that stain thee
 His love will purify.

268 Psalm exxxi. Lord, my heart, &c.

- 1 LORD, I am not lofty-minded, No proud looks have I: Never, with presumption blinded, Soar my thoughts too high. I have tasked my soul discreetly Meek and still to be, Like a weanling cradled aweetly On its mother's knee.
- 2 Israel, be thy heart abiding Stedfast in the Lord, Now and evermore confiding In His changeless Word. God, the Father, Son and Spirit, Holy Trinity, Grant to us, by Jesu's merit, Endless life with Thee.

269 Psalm exxxix. O Lord, Thou hast searched me, &c

- 1 Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known My rising up and lying down: My secret thoughts are known to Thee, Known long ere yet conceived by me.
- 2 Thine eye my bed and path surveys, My public haunts and private ways: Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent, My yet unuttered word's intent.

- 3 Surrounded by Thy power I stand, On every side I feel Thy hand: O skill for human reach too high, Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!
- 4 Search, try, O God, my thoughts an heart, If mischief lurk in any part; Correct me where I go astruy, And guide me in Thy perfect way.
- 5 All land to God the Father be, All land, O God the Son, to Thee, All land, as is for ever meet, To God the Holy Paraclete. Amen.

270 Both Jesus was called, and His disciples, to the marriage. John ii.

- 1 How welcome was the call,
 And sweet the festal lay,
 When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall
 To bless the marriage day.
 And happy was the bride,
 And glad the bridegroom's heart,
 For He who tarried at their side
 Bade grief and ill depart.
- 2 His gracious power divine
 The water-vessels knew;
 And plenteous was the mystic wine
 The wondering servants drew.
 O Lord of life and love,
 Come Thou again to-day;
 And bring a blessing from above
 That ne'er shall pass away.
- 3 Bless, as Thou didst of old,
 The bridegroom and the bride;
 Bless with the holier stream that flowed
 Forth from Thy pierced side.
 Before Thine altar-throne
 This mercy we implore;
 As Thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
 So bless them evermore. Amen.

271 A threefold cord is not quickly broken. Eccl. iv.

1 The voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away:
Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

- 2 For dower of blesshd children,
 For love and faith's sweet sake,
 For high mysterious union,
 Which nought on earth may break,
 Be present, awful Father,
 To give away this bride,
 As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
 From out his pierced side.
- 3 Be present, Son of Mary,
 To join their loving hands,
 As Thou didst bind two natures
 In Thine eternal bands;
 Be present, Holiest Spirit,
 To bless them as they kneel,
 As Thou for Christ, the Bridegroom,
 The heavenly Spouse dost seal.
- 4 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them;
 Let no ill power have place,
 When onward to Thine altar
 The hallowed path they trace,
 To cast their crowns before Thee
 In perfect sacrifice,
 Till to the home of gladness
 With Christ's own bride they rise.

272 I speak concerning Christ and the Church. Eph. v.

- 1 Lo, before the hallowed altar
 Stand the bridegroom and the bride;
 Cheeks are flushing, accents falter:
 Now the changeless knot is tied:
 Youth's romance is done and over;
 Hail the dawn of serious life:
 Lover, bid farewell to lover;
 Husband, welcome home thy wife.
- 2 Each your dues to other render,
 Each the other's burden bear;
 With affection kind and tender
 Cares and joys and sorrows share.
 Through this world's uncertain weather
 Cheer, support each other still;
 Live in Christian bonds together,
 One in heart, and thought, and will.
- 3 Types are ye in your communion,
 Each possessing, each possest,
 Of the Lord's mysterious union
 With the Church His love hath blest.
 Live to Him with high endeavour;
 So, when earth's turnoil is done,
 Ye for ever 2nd for ever
 In His presence shall be one.

- 273 Healing every sickness and every disease among the people. Matt. iv.
- 1 Through Judah's land the Saviour walks, The Word of life to teach; His own He seeks, His own refuse To hearken to His speech.
- 2 And yet the miracles He works The Son of God proclaim; The deaf can hear, the dumb pronounce The great Messiah's name.
- 3 But no; they turn their hearts away, His doctrine they repel; They hate the Sun, because they love Their night of sin too well.
- 4 Let us, O God, Thy light desire, That shines so bright and fair; O guard our hearts, that there may be No love of darkness there.
- 274 He opened His mouth and taught them.
- 1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound From lips of gentleness and grace, When listening thousands gathered round, And joy and reverence filled the place.
- 2 From heaven He came, of heaven He spoke, To heaven He led His followers' way; Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 'Come, wanderers, to my Father's home, 'Come, all ye weary ones, and rest.' Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come, Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest.
- 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust, Pillars of earthly pride, decay: A nobler mansion waits the just, And Jesus has prepared the way.
- 275 Made like unto His brethren. Heb. il.
- 1 WONDROUS was Thy path on earth
 'Midst our human grief and mirth,
 All our good and all our ill
 Feeling, Lord, yet sinless still.
 At our feasts of sober glee
 Thou wouldst oft vouchsafe to be:
 When Thou cam'st Thy friend to save,
 Thou couldst weep beside his grave.
- 2 When Thou bad'st the goblets shine With pure water turned to wine,

Then in humble love's abode
Livelier pleasure gleamed and glowed.
Thy transforming influence still
Into good converts our ill,
Or from weak and worthless things
Holy joy and comfort brings.

- 3 O be with us, gracious Lord, Near our bed and at our board, By our fireside's pleasant cheer, When the winter nights are drear, Through the livelong summer day, When our hearts are blithe and gay, From all taint of fleshly ill Purify our gladness still;
- 4 So that, when new heavens and earth At Thy bidding shall have birth, Purged from all our dross of sin, We may dwell with Thee therein. Father, shield us from above, &c.

276 If Thou will, Thou canst make me clean.

- 1 LORD, whose love, in power excelling, Washed the leper's stain away, Jesu, from Thy heavenly dwelling, Hear us, help us, when we pray.
- 2 From the filth of vice and folly, From infuriate passion's rage, Evil thoughts and hopes unholy, Heedless youth and selfish age;
- 3 From the lust, whose deep pollutions Adam's ancient taint disclose; From the tempter's dark intrusions, Restless doubt and blind repose;
- 4 From the miser's cursed treasure, From the drunkard's jest obscene, From the world, its pomp and pleasure, Jesu, Master, make us clean.

277 The power of our Lord Jesus Christ.

- 1 DEAR Lord, a lowly life was Thine, While Thou with man didst dwell; Yet winds and waves obeyed Thy sign, And knew their Master well: Thy voice could tame with a charm divine All powers of earth and hell.
- 2 Incarnate fiends, beneath Thine eye, From human dwellings fled, With a terrified and wailing cry, To the fields where swine are fed; The sick were healed at the point to die, And the graves gave up their dead.

- 3 And is Thy power less wondrous now,
 Or is Thy love less kind
 Than when they made hell's demons bow,
 And stilled the waves and wind?
 May prayer no more, and whispered vow,
 From Thee such mercy find?
- 4 Nav. still, though oft Thou seem'st to sleep,
 Thy love directs the helm,
- And guides Thy Church, from deep to deep, O'er this world's billowy realm; And a tender watch doth o'er it keep,

And a tender watch doth o'er it keep,
Lest storms should overwhelm.

5 And still do hell's dark legions fice
From the heart where Thou dost reign,

And the sinner is cleaused from his leprosy, And the prisoner breaks his chain; And the soul, which was dead in sin to Thee.

Is raised to life again.

278 The Son of man hath not where to lay His head. Matt. vili.

- 1 Birms have the quiet nest,
 Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful
 hed:
 - All creatures have their rest,

 But Jesus had not where to lay His
 head.
- 2 Winds have their hour of calm, And waves can slumber on the voiceless deep;
 - Eve hath its breath of balm, But Jesus watched while all things were asleep.
- 3 And yet He came to give
 The weary and the heavy-laden rest:
 To bid the sinner live.
 And soothe our griefs to slumber on His
 breast.
- 4 Come, Saviour, come, and take
 The only rest on earth Thou lov'st,
 within
 - A heart that for Thy sake Lies humbled, broken, penitent for sin.
- 5 O blessed Three in One, O God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
 - To Thee let praise flow on

 From saints on earth and heaven's

 eternal bost.

- 279 But I am poor and afflicted. Ps. lxix.
- l Poor and afficted, Lord, are Thine, Among the great unfit to shine; But, though the world may think it strange, They would not with the world exchange.
- 2 Poor and afflicted; such their lot, They know it, and they murmur not; 'Twould ill besem them to refuse The state their Master deigned to choose.
- 3 Poor and afflicted; yet they sing; For Jesus is their glorious King; Through sufferings perfect now He reigns, And shares in all their griefs and pains.
- 4 Poor and afflicted, but ere long
 They join the bright celestial throng;
 Their sorrows then will reach a close,
 And heaven afford them sweet repose.
- 5 Poor and afflicted! Come, they say, Still as they walk the thorny way, O come, dear Saviour, quickly come, And take Thy mourning pilgrims home.

280 I am the Way, the Truth and the Life.

- 1 Holy Jesus, Saviour blest, When, by passion strong possest, Through this world of sin we stray, Thou to guide us art the Way.
- 2 Holy Jesus, when like night Error dims our clouded sight, Through the mists of sin to shine Thou dost rise, the Truth divine.
- 3 Holy Jesus, when our power Fails us in temptation's hour, All unequal to the strife, Thou to aid us art the Life.
- 4 Who would reach his heavenly home, Who would to the Father come, And His glorious presence see, Jesus, he must come by Thee.
- 5 Channel of the Father's grace, Image of the Father's face. Saviour blest, incarnate Son, With the Father Thou art One.
- 281 Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. Ps. xxx.
- 1 Though, by sorrows overtaken, Lord, Thy servants seem forsaken; Thine almighty hand, we know, Blendeth love with human wee.

- 3 Over earth, and over ocean, Claiming sinful man's devotion, Round the living and the dead, Lord, Thy boundless love is spread.
- 3 All to death in this world hasteth, Riches vanish, beauty wasteth; Yet within the mourner's breast Love is an undying guest.
- 4 Love, unlike all worldly pleasures, Wraps in grief its golden treasures; And to meek and wounded hearts Deep and holy joy imparts.
- 5 Love, that strength and pardon bringest Through His Cross, from whence The springest; Win us with Thy gracious force; Heavenward turn our spirits' course.
- 6 Come, our darkened souls adorning, Come, reveal salvation's morning; Sin's drear midnight roll away, Bring the light of endless day.

282 Having a desire to depart and to with Christ. Phil. i.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King, As ye journey, sweetly sing; Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in His works and ways.
- 2 Ye are travelling home to God, In the path the fathers trod; They are with Him now, and ye Soon with Him and them may be.
- 3 They, the ransomed flock and blest, Now on Abraham's bosom rest; Ye, if well ye run the race, In their joys shall find a place,
- 4 Fear not, brethren, lo, ye stand On the borders of your land: Jesus Christ, the Son of God, Speeds you forward, points the road.
- 5 Lord, obedient we would go, Leaving all we love below; Still our Guide and Champion be: Gladly we will follow Thee.
- 6 Sing we to our God above
 Pruise, eternal as His love;
 Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

283 Not slothful in business; serving the Lord. Rom. xii.

1 A CHARGE to keep we have, A God to glorify, Our never-dying souls to save, And fit them for the aky; To serve the present age, Our calling to fulfil;— O may it all our powers engage To do our Master's will!

2 Arm us with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And us Thy servants, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give:
Help us to watch and pray
And on Thyself rely;
Assured, if we our trust betray,
We shall for ever die.

284 Our life is hid with Christ in God. Col. iii.

1 LET my life be hid with Thee, Gracious Saviour, Lord of might: Saved from sin, from dangers free, Lightened by Thy perfect light.

2 Let my life be hid with Thee, When my raging foes abound, Covered by Thy panoply, Safe within Thy holy ground.

3 Let my life be hid with Thee, '
When my soul is vexed below;
Let me still Thy mercy see,
When bowed down by grief and woe.

4 Let my life be hid with Thee,
When in death I sink and fail,
Lest my raging enemy
In that dying hour prevail.

5 Let my life be hid with Thee, Bound within Thy life above, Living through eternity In the realms of peace and love.

285 I will hold thy hand and keep thee.

1 O God, that madest earth and sky, The darkness and the day, Give ear to this Thy family, And help us when we pray. The Cross our Master bore for us, For Him we fain would bear; But mortal strength to weakness turns, And courage to despair. 2 Then pity all our failings, Lord;
Our sinking faith renew;
And when Thy sorrows visit us,
O send Thy patience too.
Eternal glory let us sing,
With all the heavenly host,
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost.

286 Who is He that saith, and it cometh to pass? Lam. iii.

1 AMIDST the mighty, where is He Who saith, and it is done? Each varying scene of changeful life Is from the Lord alone.

2 He gives in bowers of bliss to dwell, Or clothes in sorrow's shroud: His hand prepared the light, His hand Ordained the darksome cloud.

3 Why should a sinful man complain Beneath the chastening rod? Our sins afflict us, and the Cross Must bring us back to God.

4 O sons of men, with anxious care Your hearts and ways explore; Return from paths of vice to God, Return, and sin no more.

287 Show me Thy way. Ex. xxii.

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

2 I dare not choose my lot,
I would not if I might:
Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;

Choose Thou my good or ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health,
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom and my all.

288

Come unto Me. Matt. xi.

- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 'Behold I freely give
 The living water; thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live.'
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say, 'I am this dark world's light, Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright.' I looked to Jesus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun; And in that living light I'll walk, 'Till travelling days are done.

289 The cloud taken up, Israel went onward. Ex. xl.

- l CHILDREN of God, who, pacing slow,
 Your pilgrim path pursue.
 In strength and weakness, joy and woe
 To God's high calling true,
 Why move ye thus, with halting tread,
 A timid, mournful band?
 Why faintly hangs the drooping head,
 Why fails the feeble hand?
- 2 O weak to know a Saviour's power, To feel a Father's care; A moment's toil, a passing shower Is all the grief ye share. The Lord of light, though veiled awhile He hide His noontide ray, Shall soon in lovelier beauty smile, To gild the closing day.
- 3 This mortal life of care and woe
 Is but a nightly road,
 O'er which ye travel here below
 To light, and heaven, and God.
 Gire glary to the Three in One, &c.

290 From the end of the earth will I unto Thee, when my heart is or whelmed. Ps. 1x1.

- 1 LORD, Thou knowest all the weakness Of the creatures Thou hast made; For with mortal imperfection Thou didst once Thy glory shade; Thou hast loved and Thou hast sorrow In the veil of flesh arrayed.
- 2 Thus I fear not to approach Thee With my sorrow and my care; Hear my mourning supplication, Cast not out my humble prayer: Lay not on a greater burden Than Thy feeble child can bear.
- 3 O Redeemer, shall one perish Who has looked to Thee for aid? Let me see Thee, let me hear Thee, Through the gloomy midnight shade Let me hear Thy voice of comfort, 'It is I, be not afraid.'
- 4 When I feel that Thou art near me, All my loneliness is o'er, And the tempter's dark suggestions Can oppress my soul no more; I shall dread the path no longer Which my Saviour trod before.
- 5 Though the lights of earth be fading, I can watch them fearlessly, When the glory that excelleth, The true light of life, I see. Whom beside, in earth or heaven, Lord, should I desire, but Thee?

291 He will keep the feet of His sain.

- 1 BLESSRD Lord, who Thee receive,
 Who in Thee begin to live,
 Day and night they cry to Thee,
 As Thou art, so let us be.
 Fix, O fix, each wavering mind;
 To Thy Cross our spirits bind;
 Earthly passions far remove,
 Perfect all our souls in love.
- 2 Dust and ashes though we be, Full of guilt and misery, Make us Thine, O Son of God. Wash us in Thy precious blood. Boundless wisdom, power divine, Love unspeakable, are Thine; Praise to Thee by all be given, Saints on earth, and hosts of heaven.

292 I am the First and the Last. Rev. 1.

1 Great Alpha and Omega, hail,
The author of our faith,
The finisher of all our joy,
The truth, the life, the path.
Hail, First and Last, creative Power,
In whom we live and move;
Confirm our weak and wavering hearts,
And multiply our love.

2 Be that true faith which Jesus taught
Of our desires the scope,
The evidence of unseen bliss,
The substance of our hope.
So let us rise from strength to strength,
From grace to larger grace,
From one degree of faith to more,
Till we behold Thy face.

293 Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Rom. viii.

1 A FAITHFUL friend is waiting yonder For all the friendless and forlorn, Who through the world in meckness wander.

And bear, like Him, its cruel scorn.
On Jesus all their hopes depend;
For Jesus is a faithful friend.

- 2 The world's a reed, by tempest shaken; Our rock abides for ever fast: Forgotten here, oppressed, mistaken, We find Him faithful to the last. To Jesus all our longings tend, For Jesus is a faithful friend.
- 3 The world's a weathercock, that follows The shifting gales of wealth and power; And earthly friends, like summer awallows,

Desert us in our darkest hour. But Jesus loves us to the end, For Jesus is a faithful friend.

- 4 For us He bore reproach and anguish,
 For us He died upon the tree:
 He left us not in bonds to languish,
 But paid our debt and set us free.
 In Jesus truth and mercy blend,
 For Jesus is a faithful friend.
- 5 Then keep Thy worthless pomp and pleasure,

Thy friends, a light and fickle brood: In thee, false world, is not our treasure; We change thee for a nobler good: To God in Jesus we ascend, Our faithful, our eternal friend.

294 He that hath suffered in the flesh ha

1 How blessèd are the eyes that see, Though wakeful anguish show, The love that in their hours of aleep Unthanked may come and go; And blessèd are the ears that hear, Though kept awake by woe.

2 And blessed they that learn from Thee, O Lord, though suffering teach, The secret of enduring strength, And peace too deep for speech, Peace, that no pressure from without, No strife within, can reach.

3 There is no death for me to fear,
For Christ, my Lord, hath died,
There is no curse in this my pain,
For He was crucified:
And it is fellowship with Him

That keeps me near His side.

4 My heart is fixed, O God, my strength,
My heart is strong to bear:

I will be joyful in Thy love,
And peaceful in Thy care:
Deal with me for my Saviour's sake
According to His prayer. Amen.

295 He hath done all things well. Mark vil.

- 1 Times are changing, days are flying, Years are quickly past and gone, While the wildly mingled murmur Of life's busy mart goes on; Sounds of tumult, sounds of triumph, Marriage chimes, and passing-bell, Yet through all one key-note sounding, Angel's watchword,—'It is well.'
- 2 We may hear it through the rushing Of the midnight tempest's wave, We may hear it through the weeping Round the newly-covered grave; In the dreary house of mourning, In the darkened room of pain, If we listen meekly, rightly, We may catch that soothing strain.
- 3 For Thine arm Thou hast not shortened.
 Nor hast turned away Thine ear,
 Gentle Saviour, ever ready
 Thy poor suppliant's prayer to hear;
 Show us light, still surely resting
 Upon all Thy darkest ways;
 Give us faith, still surely trusting
 Through the sad and evil days.

296 If thou seek Him, He will be found of thee. 1 Chron. viii.

- 1 Pur thou thy trust in God,
 In duty's path go on:
 Walk in His strength with faith and hope,
 So shall thy work be done.
 Commit thy ways to Him,
 Thy works into His hands,
 And rest on His unchanging word,
 Who heaven and earth commands.
- 2 Though years on years roll on,
 His covenant shall endure;
 Though clouds and darkness hide His path,
 The promised grace is sure.
 Through waves, and clouds, and storms
 His power will clear thy way:
 Wait thou His time; the darkest night
 Shall end in brightest day.

297 Thou art with me. Ps. xxiii.

- 1 CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and Guide
 Of all who seek their home above,
 Beneath Thy shadow we abide,
 The cloud of Thy protecting love;
 Our strength Thy grace, our rule Thy
 word,
 Our end the glory of the Lord.
- 2 By Thine unerring Spirit led We shall not in the desert stray; By Thy paternal bounty fed We shall not lack in all our way; As far from danger as from fear, While Thine almighty love is near.
- 3 O Father, all-creating Love, &c.

298 Foreaking all to follow Christ. Mark x.

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken, All to leave, and follow Thee; Naked, poor, despised, forsaken, Thou henceforth my all shalt be.

- Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
 Yet how rich is my condition;
 God and heaven are still mine own,
- 2 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
 Come disaster, scorn, and pain,
 In Thy service pain is pleasure,
 With Thy favour loss is gain.
 I have called Thee 'Abba, Father,'
 I have set my heart on Thee;
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather;
 All must work for good to me.
- 3 Know then, soul, thy full salvation;
 Banish sin, and fear, and care;
 Joy to find, in every station,
 Something still to do or bear.
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee:
 Think what Father's smiles are thine;
 Think that Jesus died to win thee:
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine?
- 4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged with
 prayer,
 Heaven's eternal gates before thee:
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.
- The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen. Rom. i.
- 1 THERE is a book, who runs may read, Which heavenly truth imparts, And all the lore its scholars need, Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
- 2 The works of God above, below, Within us and around, Are pages in that book, to show How God Himself is found.
- 3 The glorious sky embracing all Is like the Maker's love, Wherewith encompassed, great and small In peace and order move.
- 4 The moon above, the Church below, A wondrous race they run; But all their radiance, all their glow, Each borrows of its Sun.
- 5 The Saviour lends the light and heat That crowns His holy hill; The saints, like stars, around His seat Perform their courses still.

- 6 The dew of heaven is like Thy grace, It steals in silence down; But, where it lights, the favoured place By richest fruits is known.
- 7 One Name above all glorious names With its ten thousand tongues The everlasting sea proclaims, Echoing angelic songs.
- 8 O may these heavenly pages be My ever dear delight; And still new beauties may I see, And still increasing light.
- 9 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord, Be Thou for ever near; Teach me to love Thy sacred Word, And view my Saviour there.

300 Doth He not see my ways? Job xxxi.

- 1 Eve of God's Word, where'er we turn
 Ever upon us, Thy keen gaze
 Can all the depths of sin discern,
 Unravel every bosom's maze.
 Who, that has felt Thy glance of dread
 Thrill through his heart's remotest
 cells,
 - About his path, about his bed, Can doubt what spirit in Thee dwells?
- 2 The childlike faith, that asks not sight, Waits not for wonder or for sign, Believes, because it loves, aright,—Shall see things greater, things divine: Heaven to that gaze shall open wide, And brightest angels to and fro On messages of love shall glide Twixt God above and Christ below.
- 3 So still the guileless man is blest: To him all crooked paths are straight; Him on his way to endless rest Fresh ever-growing strengths await. One God unseen, the Father, Son, &c.

301 Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven.

1 O God, my sins are manifold;
Against my life they cry;
And all my guilty deeds foregone
Up to Thy temple fly;
Wilt Thou release my trembling soul,
That to despair is driven?
'Forgive,' a blessed voice replied,
'And thou shalt be forgiven.'

2 My foemen, Lord, are fierce and fell, They spurn me in their pride; They render evil for my good, My patience they deride. Arise, O King, and be the proud To righteous ruin driven; 'Forgive,' an awful answer came, 'As thou wouldst be forgiven. 3 Seven times, O Lord, I pardoned them, Seven times they sinned again; They practise still to work me woe, They triumph in my pain: But let them dread my vengeance now, To just resentment driven 'Forgive,' the voice of thunder spake, 'Or never be forgiven.'

302 That ye be neither barren nor un fruitful. 2 Pet. 1i.

- 1 SEE in the vineyard of the Lord
 A barren fig-tree stand:
 It yields no fruit, no blossom bears,
 Though planted by His hand.
 From year to year He seeks for fruit,
 And still no truit is found:
- It stands among the living trees, And cumbers all the ground.
- 2 But lo, the gracious Saviour pleads,
 'The barren fig-tree spare,
 In mercy stay the threatening hand,
 And grant another year.
 Perchance some means of grace, untried,
 May reach the stony heart;
 Or the soft dews of heavenly love
 May heavenly life impart.
- 3 'But if all means be tried in vain,
 If still no fruit appear,
 Then mercy may no longer plead,
 Nor ask another year.'
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, &c.

303 We are more than conquerors through Christ that strengtheneth us. Rom. vin.

- 1 LABOUR ever, late and early,
 Thou that strivest for the crown;
 Hard the Christian battle: dearly
 Wins the warrior his renown.
 None but he, the faithful-hearted,
 Victor from the field hath parted;
 None but he whose love is strong
 Sings at last the triumph-song.
- 2 Thus, O Christ, Thy martyrs holy
 Fought the fight in ancient time:
 Dire and dark and melancholy
 Went those years of blood and crime:

From the rage of pagan error,
From the trial and the terror
Thou hast freed us: and no more
Reeks the soil with Christian gore.

- 3 Thou hast conquered, Lord of glory:
 Satan's power was foiled by Thee;
 Calvary, with its awful story,
 Shows Thy crowning victory.
 Death by dying was defeated,
 Life in losing life completed,
 When the sufferer bowed His head,
 Saying, 'It is finished.'
- 4 O mysterious scene! O wonder
 High above our mortal ken!
 Lost in love and awe we ponder
 Him the Man who died for men.
 Him who drained the cup of anguish
 Not in rocky tomb to languish,
 But on angel wings to rise
 To His triumph in the skies.
- 5 What are human toil and sadness
 To that hour of deadly strife?
 What to that eternal gladness
 Fleeting joys of earthly life?
 Live with Him, thyself denying,
 Die with Him, the Cross defying,
 Rise with Him, and througd on high
 Sing the song of victory.

304 God will provide. Gen. xxii.

- 1 'In the mount it shall be seen;'
 God will all provide:
 None have e'er forsaken been,
 Who on Him relied.
 Allelnia!
 Fear not: Jesu's aid implore,
- Soon He will the light restore;
 Alleluia!
 2 Out of darkness He will raise
 Soon the dawning day:

Now prepare thy joyful praise:
He is on His way.
Alleluia!
Whilst we seek Him, lo, He brings
Plenteous healing in His wings;
Alleluia!

3 Praise, O Jesu, praise to Thee Who our ills hast borne: Let Thy Word our comfort be, 'Blest are they that mourn;' Alleluis! Blest are they whom Thou dost bless Present help in all distress; Allelnia!

305 Casting all your care on Him. 1 I

- 1 O Jesu, blest is he
 Who Thine abideth:
 Thy light his steps in peace
 Securely guideth.
 On Thee our Rock most high
 His hope endureth:
 Him of eternal rest
 Thy Word assureth.
- 2 His care he casts on Thee, Nor evil feareth: Him on his heavenward way Thy presence cheereth. The world he leaves for Thee; Thou art his treasure; The joys laid up in Thee No thought can measure.
- 3 What though on earth be mount His pain Thou healest; When all is dark and drear Hope Thou revealest. Thou Him in death wilt stay With consolation; Thou soon in blies to be His contemplation.

306 We who have believed do enter into

- 1 IF our warfare be laborious, Soon the strife will reach its close; Rest is sweet, secure, and glorious, That from well-won battle flows. Doubly grateful After labour is repose.
- 2 Are there many foes before us, Banded to oppose our way? Yet they shall not overpower us: For with boldness we may say; Christ our Captain Leads His armies night and day
- 3 Are we blind and prone to error?
 God vouchasfes to be our guide;
 Are we faint and full of terror?
 God Himself is on our side.
 For His people
 God their Saviour will provide.

4 When through Him we are victorious,
Then will strife and labour cease;
Then our triumph will be glorious,
And our souls shall dwell at ease,
Stablished ever
In the land of perfect peace.

307 In the world ye shall have tribulations. John xvi.

1 O RHAME upon thee, listless heart, So sad a sigh to heave, As if thy Saviour had no part In thoughts that make thee grieve; As if along His lonesome way

He had not borne for thee Sad languors through the summer day, Storms on the wintry sea.

2 No spring was His, no fairy gleam, For He by trial knew

How cold and base what mortals dream, To worlds where all is true. Then grudge not thou the anguish keen Which makes thee like thy Lord; And learn to quit with eye serene

Thy youth's ideal hoard.

Thy treasured hopes and raptures high,

Unmurmuring let them go;
Nor grieve the bliss should quickly fly
Which Christ refused to know.
Thou shalt have joy in sadness soon;
The pure cahn hope be thine,
Which brightens like the eastern moon,
As dav's wild lights decline.

BOS Enoch walked with God. Gen. v.

1 O FOR a humbler walk with God! Lord, bend this stubborn heart of mine:

Subdue each rising, rebel thought, And all my will conform to Thine.

2 O for a holier walk with God, A heart from all pollution free! Expel, O Lord, each sinful love, And fill my soul with love to Thee.

3 O for a nearer walk with God!

Lord, turn my wandering heart to
Thee;

Help me to live by faith in Him, Who lived, and died, and rose, for me.

4 Lord, send Thy Spirit from above With light and love and power divine; And by His all-constraining grace, Make me, and keep me, ever Thine.

309 Arise ye and depart; this is rest. Mic. u.

1 SHALL this life of ours be waste Shall this vineyard lie untilled Shall true joy remain untasted, And the soul abide unfilled? Shall the God-given hours be sca Like the leaves upon the plain Shall the blossoms die unwatered By the drops of heavenly rain

2 Shall the heart still spend its tre
On the things that fade and di
Shall it court the hollow pleasure
Of bewildering vanity?
No, we were not born to trifle
Life away in dreams of sin;
No, we must not, dare not stifle

Longings such as these within.

3 Swiftly moving upward, onward,
Let our souls in faith arise
Calmly gazing, skyward, sunward
Let us fix our stedfast eyes

Where the Cross, God's love reversets the fettered spirit free;
Where it sheds its wondrous heal.
There, O soul, thy rest shall be

4 Then no longer idly dreaming
Shall we fling our years away;
But, each precious hour redeemin
Wait for the eternal day.
God, the Father of creation,
Son, the Saviour of mankind,
Spirit of illumination,

Make us Thine in heart and m

310 Psalm exxviil. Blessed is every

1 Who rules his life by God's beher Who fears the Lord—that man in Thy cheerful toil shall yield thee O happy soul, and rich in good. Within thine house thy wife shall As on thy walls the fruitful vine Thy sons, like olive-branches fair In youthful prime, thy table share.

2 So shall the righteous man be bler. The man who walks by God's beh. The Lord from Zion's holy hill. Shall guard thee with His favour And all the days thou liv'st on ear. Thine eyes shall look on Zion's mi Shall see thy children's seed incre. And Israel's borders smile with y.

311 As thy days, so shall thy strength bc. Dout, XXXIII.

- 1 When adverse winds and waves arise, And in the heart despondence sighs; When life its load of care reveals, And weakness o'er the spirit steals, Grateful we hear the kind decree, That, 'as our days, our strength shall be.'
- 2 When with sad footstep memory roves Mid smitten joys and buried loves; When sleep our tearful pillow flies, And dewy morning drinks our sighs, Still to Thy promise, Lord, we flee, That, 'as our days, our strength shall be.'
- 3 One trial more must yet be passed, One pang, the keenest, and the last; When death's dark angel rides the gale, And our poor, quivering heart-strings fail, Redeemer, grant our souls to see That, 'as their days, their strength shall be.'
- 312 Psalm evil. O give thanks unto the
- 1 Praise ye the Lord, for very good
 And full of grace is He:
 His loving-kindness never fails
 Through all eternity.—
 Be thankful they whose many woes
 The saving Lord redressed,
 And gathered them from every land,
 North, south, and east and west.
- 2 Far in the weary wilderness
 They wandered from the road,
 And there no lasting city found,
 No strong and sure abode:
 Their soul was drooping in their breast,
 With thirst and hunger faint:
 At length they cried unto the Lord,
 And made their sad complaint;
- 3 And He redeemed them from their toil,
 And led their wandering feet
 Straight to the city of their hope,
 Their everlasting seat.
 The goodness of the Lord let these
 Declare with thankful mind,
 The wonders that He works to save
 The children of mankind.

PART II.

4 The mourners who in darkness sit
And in the shade of death,
Fast bound in pain and iron bands,
His mercy comforteth.

Rebellious to the words of God,
The laws of the most High
They proudly spurned, and He brought
down
Their heart with misery.

They fell, and there was none to aid;
But when their prayer arose,
Their cry of trouble to the Lord,
He saved them from their woes;
He brought them from the darkness forth
And from the shade of death;
He brake their iron bands in twain,
And eased their failing breath.

The goodness of the Lord let these

The goodness of the Lord let these
Declare with thankful mind,
The wonders that He works to save
The children of mankind:
Yea, let them render unto God
The sacrifice of praise,
And tell His mighty acts, and loud
Their song of triumph raise.

PART III.

7 Who plough the sea with ships, and fruit In many waters reap. They see the Lord's great works, and

They see the Lord's great works, and note

His wonders in the deep.

For lo, there rose a stormy wind: He spake, and it was still: The billows swelled and sank again By His o'ermastering will.

8 Now tossing up to heaven, and now
The hollow floods beneath,
Their troubled heart within them melts
Upon the brink of death:
They stagger as from wine, they reel
As men whose wits are fled:
Then cried they to the Lord: He came,
And they were comforted.

9 He lulls the storm; the wave is mute;
They rest in glad repose,
And, guided by His love, attain
The end of all their woes.
The goodness of the Lord let these
Declare with thankful mind,
The wonders that He works to save
The children of mankind.

PART IV.

10 A land of streams the Lord lays waste, And dries the springs therein; He turns to salt a fruitful soil, To smite the people's sin.

Again He makes the wild a lake,
The sand a bubbling well;
The hungry build a city there,
A home wherein to dwell.

- 11 He gives large harvests to their field,
 Rich fruitage to their vine;
 His blessing multiplies their race,
 Nor lets their cattle pine.
 In pathless wastes perplexing kings,
 And making pride a mock,
 He saves the paor, and families
 He gives them, like a flock.
- 12 The righteous note it, and are glad; Sin finds no answering word.— What wise men know, may all discern, The goodness of the Lord! To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, &c.
- 313 I am the way, and the truth, and the
- 1 Amid life's wild commotion,
 Where nought the heart can cheer,
 Who points beyond its occan
 To heaven's untroubled sphere?
 Our feeble footsteps guiding,
 When from the path we stray,
 Who leads to bliss abiding?
 Christ is our only Way.
- 2 When doubts and fears distress us, And all around is gloom, And shame and fear oppress us, Who can our souls illume? Heaven's rays are round us gleaming, And making all things bright; The Sun of Truth is beaming In glory on our sight.
- 3 Who fills our heart with gladness
 Which none can take away?
 Who shows us in our sadness
 The distant realms of day?
 'Mid fears of death assailing,
 Who stills the heart's wild strife?
 'Tis Christ, our aid unfailing,
 The Way, the Truth, the Life.
- 314 Why are ye fearful? Matt. vill.
- 1 FEAR was within the tossing bark, When stormy winds grew loud, And waves came rolling high and dark, And the tall mast was lowed;

And men stood breathless in their d And baffled in their skill; But One was there who rose and sai To the wild wave, 'Be still.'

2 Thou who didst bow the billows' pri Thy mandate to fulfil, So speak to passion's raging tide, 'Peace, restless sea, be still.' Give glory to the Three in One, &c.

315 My refuge in the day of affi

1 JESUS. refuge of the soul,
To Thy sheltering arms we fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest's mar is high
Hide us, O our Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Safe receive our souls at last.

Other refuge have we none,
When the heart is sore distrest;
Lord, Thou art our hope alone,
Thou art comfort, joy, and rest.
All our trust on Thee is stayed;
All our succour Thou dost bring
Cover our defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all our sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep us pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let us take of Thee;
Spring Thou up in every heart,
Rising to eternity. Amen.

316 There was a great calm. Matt.

1 Lord, Thou didst arise and say
To the troubled waters, 'Peace!'
And the tempest died away;
Down they sank, the foamy seas;
And a calm and heaving sleep
Spread o'er all the glassy deep
All the azure lake serene
Like another heaven was seen.

2 Lord, Thy gracious word repeat
To the billows of the proud;
Quell the tyrant's martial heat,
Quell the fierce and changing cro
Then the earth shall find repos
From its restless strife and wo
And an imaged heaven appear.
In our world of darkness been

317 Lord, save us; we perish. Matt. viii.

1 WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,

When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming, Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to

cherish,
We fly to our Maker: 'Save, Lord, or we
perish.'

2 O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow.

Aroused by the shrick of despair from Thy pillow,

Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish, Who cries in his anguish, 'Save, Lord, or we perish.'

3 And O, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,

When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging, Then send down Thy grace, Thy redeemed

to cherish; Rebuke the destroyer; save, Lord, or we perish.

318 It is I; be not afraid. Matt. xiv.

- 1 When the wild waves round us roll, And we look in vain for aid, Speak, Lord, to the trembling soul,— 'It is I; be not afraid.'
- 2 When we dimly trace the Form In mysterious awe arrayed, Be the echo of the storm,— 'It is I; be not afraid.'
- 3 When we weep that far away From Thy pathway we have strayed, Saviour, to the sinner say,— 'It is 1; be not afraid.'
- 4 When our brightest hopes depart, When our fairest visions fade, Whisper to the fainting heart,— 'It is I; be not afraid.'
- 5 When we gaze upon the bier Where some well-loved form is laid, O may then the mourner hear,— 'It is I; be not afraid.'
- 6 When with wearing, hopeless pain Sinks the spirit sore dismayed, Breathe Thou then the comfort-strain,— 'It is I; be not afraid.'

7 When at last the end we near Passing into death's dark glade, May the voice be strong and clear,— 'It is I; be not afraid.'

319 Thy rightcourness as the waves q sea. Isa, xivili.

- 1 HAVE you seen the mighty ocean Spread its waters far and wide, All its waves in ceaseless motion Bear along the rolling tide? When that mighty deep you view, Think of God's great love for you:
- 2 Love that is for ever flowing, Pouring mercies all around, Neither change nor limit knowing, Broad and deep without a bound. When that swelling sea you view, Think of God's great love for you;
- 3 Love that pardons your transgression
 Love that bears you on its breast,
 Wafts you safe from all oppressions
 To the land of endless rest.
 With that haven full in view,
 Think of God's great love for you.
- 4 Father, all-creating Love, &c.

320 They ceased, and there was a c Luke viii.

1 In sorrow's darkest, dreadest hour, When conscience speaks with thril power, When earthly counsel profits nought, And human help is vainly sought, What comfort else can life afford,

- But, with the saints who love the Lor To fall before our Saviour's face And humbly seek His pardoning grac 2 To lift the tearful, trembling eye
- To God's great mercy-seat on high, In hope that whispered words of peac May come and bid our terrors cease; That He, by whose o'ermastering will Waves sank to sleep, and winds were a May soothe the conflict of the breast, And lull tempestuous woes to rest?
- 3 O God, amidst the roaring sea Our only trust we place in Thee: From out the depths to Thee we call; Our fears are great, our strength is sm Thy constant love, Thy tender care, Alone can save us from despair: O let us hear through storm and shad Thy voice; 'Tis I; be not afraid.'

- 321 It was founded upon a rock. Matt. vii.
- 1 Christians, who have viewed the sea Rolling in its majesty, Wave on wave with deafening roar Still advancing on the shore, Tell me, would you build your home Where the billows rape and foam? Could you hope, in foolish pride, To resist the swelling tide?
- 2 'Nay, what house,' ye say, 'will stand Founded on the shifting sand? Who but fools would build their home Where the mighty waters foan?' Christian brothers, mark me well, I have greater things to tell: You and I alike must be Builders for eternity.
- 3 If we seek our joy on earth,
 Present pleasure, passing mirth;
 If by our own works be given
 Hope of blessedness in heaven,
 Then we build with foulish hand
 On the ever-shifting sand,
 And our house will soon be gone,
 For the tide is rolling on.
- 4 Christ, O brothers, is the Rock
 That abides the tempest's shock;
 Clouds will darken worldly skies,
 Winds will roar, and waves will rise.
 Seek ye then in Christ your rest;
 There you will be safe and blest;
 Safe through all life's storms will be,
 Blest throughout eternity.
- 322 Thine, O Lord, is the power. 1 Chron. xxx.
- 1 The Lord our God is full of might; The winds obey His will; He speaks, and in his heavenly height The rolling sun stands still. Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land With threatening aspect roar; The Lord uplifts His awful hand, And chains you to the shore.
- And chains you to be set of the without His high behest
 Ye shall not in the mountain pine
 Disturb the sparrow's nest.
 His voice sublime is heard afar,
 In distant peals it dies;
 He yokes the whirlwinds to His car,
 And sweeps the howling skies.

- 3 Ye nations all, in reverence bend;
 Ye kings, obey His word;
 And bid the grateful song ascend
 To praise the mighty Lord.
 Give glory to the Three in One, &c.
- 323 These men see the works of the Lo and His wonders in the deep. Ps. c.
- 1 ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
 Whose arm hath bound the restless wa:
 Nor lets the swelling ocean rise
 Above its stated boundaries:
 O hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea.
- 2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard And hushed their raging at Thy word, Who walkedst on the foaming deep, And calm amid the roar couldst sleep; O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in peril on the sea.
- 3 Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood Upon the world-waste dark and rude, And bid its angry tumult cease, And give, for wild confusion, peace: O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in peril on the sea.
- 4 O Trinity of love and power, Our brethren shield in danger's hour; From rock and tempest, fire and foe, Protect them wheresoe'er they go: Thus evermore shall rise to Thee Glad hymns of praise from land and se
- 324 Psalm viii. O Lord, our Lord, 4
- 1 O LORD our King, how bright Thy far In all the earth, how great Thy Name Thou who hast made the heavenly heir The dwelling of Thy glorious light!
- 2 Full oft I muse, with reverent eyes Reading the beauty of the skies, The moon and stars, that ordered star Obedient to Thy framing hand;
- 3 Lord, what is man, that in Thy mind His works and ways remembrance fin Or what the child of man, to share Thy tender love, Thy guardian care?
- 4 Next to the angel host in place
 He stands, the nursling of Thy grace
 An heir of heaven, a son of light,
 With worship crowned, with glory bri
- 5 He stands, Thy chosen deputy,
 To rule the creatures formed by The

Thy power beneath his feet has laid Whate'er on earth that power has made.

- 6 To man's dominion all must yield, The sheep and oxen of the field, The wild beast in his forest lair, The wild bird scudding through the air,
- 7 The fishes that in ocean glide, And myriad nations of the tide.— O Lord our King, how bright Thy fame In all the earth, how great Thy Name!

325 Psalm xix. The heavens declare, &c.

- 1 Lond, the heavens declare Thy glory, Seen throughout their wondrous frame; And the firmament the story Of Thy doings doth proclaim: Day to day the wonder telleth, Night to night doth utter speech; Through all lands the anthem swelleth, Earth's last bounds the voices reach.
- 2 Lord, Thy law, the soul-converting, Is a doctrine undefiled; Constant is Thy truth, imparting Wisdom to a little child: Joy is on the heart obeying Words of peace and pure commands; Light unto the eyes conveying, Lord, Thy fear for ever stands.
- 3 Me to good Thy warning stirreth; Fearing Thee, reward I win: Who can tell how oft he erreth? Cleanse me from my secret ain. Let my bosom's meditation, Let my words, inspired by Thee, Lord, my light and my salvation, In Thy sight accepted be.

326 Psalm xix. The heavens declare the glory of God, &c.

- 1 The heavens, O God, Thy glory tell,
 Thy skill the starry firmament;
 Day unto day repeats the spell,
 And night to night is eloquent:
 They breathe no sound, they shape no
 word,
 - The listening ear no voice hath heard.
- 2 To all the earth their lessons run, To utmost shores their herald cry: A tent amidst them for the sun The hand divine hath set on high-As bridgeroom from his chamber, he Comes forth in dazzling brilliancy;

3 Like warrior rushing to the fray,
He glories in His path of light:
From heaven's first gate he takes his way,
To heaven's far goal hewheels his flight;
No spot in all the realms of space
But glows beneath his ardent face.

PART IL

- 4 Pure is Thy soul-converting Word,
 Thy law which makes the simple wise;
 Heart-soothing are Thy statutes, Lord;
 Thy truth is light unto the eyes;
 Thy fear abides for ever clean,
 Thy judgments true and right are seen.
- 5 More precious to the soul they are Than gold that from the furnace gleams; Than honey's sweetness sweeter far, When newest from the comb it streams. They duly warn Thy servant, Lord; In keeping them is rich reward.
- 6 His errors who can understand? O cleanse me from my secret sin: From daring guilt restrain my hand, Nor let presumption reign within, That, harmless from the great offence, My feet may walk in innocence.
- 7 O grant that every spoken word, And every thought that stirs my mind, May reach Thy mercy-seat, O Lord, And in Thy sight acceptance find. So shall my ransomed spirit bless Thy saving strength and righteousness.

327 Psalm xxxiii. Rejoice in the Lord, &c.

- 1 O REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord; It befits the meek to bless His Name: In His praise awake the glowing chord, On the ten-stringed lute exalt His fame: Sing a new-made song of thankful glee, Let the loud harp swell your jubiles.
- 2 All the statutes of the Lord are sooth, And His covenant rests for evermore: His delight is righteousness and truth, From His wealth the lap of earth runs o'er:

Thou hast made the heavens by Thy word,

And its armies by Thy breath, O Lord.

3 In the caves of ocean treasured deep, At His call the billows sink and swell: Let the world before Him silence keep, And revere Him, all on earth that dwell.

FOR THE WEEKS BEFORE LENT.

He hath spoken, and the fabric stands; He hath willed; 'tis done as He commands.

PART IL

4 The Lord hath looked from His holy height On the sons of men, their works and ways:

From His throne of everlasting light All the world is open to His gaze; 'Twas the Lord who formed the heart of man,

And His eyes alone its workings scan.

5 What avails a king's embattled host?
What avails a warrior's stalwart arm?
What are strong-limbed steeds? an empty
boast:

Who revere the Lord He guards from harm:

Who await His love with childlike faith He will feed in dearth, and snatch from death.

6 We will hope in Him, the living Lord, For our help is He, our strong defence; We will cleave with gladness to His Word, And our shield shall be His Providence. For the faithful Lord will surely bless Every heart that trusts His faithfulness.

328 Psalmciv. Bless the Lord, 0 my soul, &c.
1 Praise, 0 my soul, the Lord: how

great,
O Lord my God, how bright
In majesty, Thy robe of state,
And raiment of the light,
Thou sittest, spreading for Thy tent
The curtain of the firmament.

2 His chamber-beams the waters vast, The clouds His chariot form; He rides upon the winged blast, And curbs the chafing storm: The winds, His viewless angels, fly; His courier lightnings fire the sky.

3 By Him the earth is strongly laid,
A fabric ne'er to move;
The floods, a veil of floating shade,
Hang o'er it from above:
The waters, severed from the land,
High o'er the mountain summits stand:

4 Before Thy chiding voice they quail, Before Thy thunder flee: They climb the rock, they throng the vale,

The place assigned by Thee:

Thy settled bounds they ne'er disd Nor turn to whelm the earth as

PART II.

5. Through deep ravines His fou burst,

And glide by every hill:
The forest roamers slake their thir
The wild ass drinks his fill:
And, nestling nigh, the birds of ai
Make music in the branches there,

6 His vaults the fruitful water yield Adown the slopes to flow,

And for the cattle of the field He makes the grass to grow, For human tillage bringing grain.

For human tillage bringing grain.

And raising bread-corn from the pl

7 His golden summers swell the vine

His suns the olive rear.

Man's heart to gladden with His w

Man's face with oil to cheer:

And bread, that forms the sturdy

God sends, to feed and strengthen 1

8 His trees are watered; cedars stror
Of Lebanon, His work,

Hold roosting birds, and dwells am

His cypresses the stock:

The wild goat haunts the mour

peak,

Their rocky cells the conies seek.

PART III.

9 The moon and sun, whose circuits The gliding month and day, Thou madest, and the midnight da When, roaring for their prey. Prowl forth the wild beasts of the And lions seek from God their food

10 Up springs the sun; they shrink a And in their dens abide; Man issues to his labour then, And toils till eventide. Such various works, O Lord, are T All made in wisdom, all divine.

11 Nor earth alone His bounties bless;
In ocean's spacious hall
Dwell moving creatures numberless
The mighty with the small.
There go the ships, there revels fre
Leviathau, ordained by Thee.

12 All wait on Thee for meat: all live Beneath Thy wise control; 'Tis Thine in season due to give; They gather up the dole:

G:

PSALMS AND HYMNS

Thy opening hands dispense their food, And they are satisfied with good. But lo, Thy face is veiled in shade; Their spirits sink with fear: Thou callest back their breath: they fade

To dust, and disappear: Thou breathest, they return to light, And earth again is new and bright.

PART IV.

The Lord's most glorious majesty
For evermore shall last:
3lad in His works the Lord shall be:
Earth trembles, all aghast,
Beneath His eye: the mountain-spire
He touches, and it smokes with fire.
As long as life endures, my tongue
Unto the Lord shall sing;
While being lasts, my thankful song
Shall praise my God and King:
50 may I please Him with my voice,
50 in the Lord shall I rejoice.
But sinners — they shall be consume

But sinners — they shall be consumed:
The ungodly from the earth
shall fade, to swift destruction doomed.
With hymns of holy mirth
Praise, O my soul, His Name; record
His power and glory: praise the Lord.

9 Psalm cxix. 89. For ever, O Lord, &c.
DR ever, Lord, Thy faithful word
Endures beyond the aky,
achanging as the stars that keep
Their quiet course on high.
rom age to age Thy truth has been
A refuge firm and staid,
s the strong earth's foundations deep
By Thee so stedfast made.
be order of the silent and exe.

he order of the silent heaven,
The bond of earth and sea,
ill hold as Thou didst fix them first;
They serve and wait on Thee.
rd, I am Thine: Thy saving strength
To me in succour send:
ad as my soul Thy precepts seeks,
Let them my life defend.

when the foes of God and mine
Are waiting to destroy,
yy truth shall come with thoughts of
peace,
od I will walk in joy.

My soul in earth's fast-fleeting good Hath no perfection found: With Thee it seeks for rest, whose law Surpasseth time or bound.

330 Psalm extv. I will magnify Thee, &c.

 God, my Hope, my Strength, my King, While Thy grace prolongs my days,
 I Thy glory's praise shall sing,
 Gifts of praise at dawn will bring,
 Eve's return will close with praise.

2 God of wonders, great and high, Worthy to be praised alone, . Veiled from sense of mortal eye, Ne'er shall end or change draw nigh To Thy power's eternal throne.

3 All Thy works proclaim Thy power, All Thy saints Thy mercy bless: They shall praise Thee more and more, Till earth's tribes on every shore Thy all-glorious strength confess.

4 Thine is an enduring throne; In Thy firm dominion's height, Ere the day that time was known, Clothed with majesty alone, Thou didst rule in peerless might.

PART II.

5 Gracious is the Lord and good, All His works His mercy share; Tender mercy's mildest mood Triumphs o'er His wrath subdued, Waiting to forgive and spare.

6 All that live in earth and sea
Wait on Thee for timely food,
Every eye is turned to Thee,
While Thy hand in bounty free
Fills the spacious earth with good.

7 When, subdued with holy fear,
Contrite hearts in silence bow,
He their meek desires will hear;
He will bend His gracious ear
To the humble cry of woe.

8 God, my God, whom saints of yore
Praised since time its course began,
Thee my tongue shall still adore,
Till Thy praise from shore to shore
Reach to every child of man.

331 And the evening and the morning were the first day. Gen. i.

1 Ox this day, the first of days, God the Father's Name we praise;

Who, creation's fount and spring, Did the world from darkness bring. On this day the eternal Son Over death His triumph won; On this day the Spirit came With His gifts of living flame. 2 O that fervent love to-day May in every heart have sway, Teaching us to praise aright God, the source of life and light. Father, who didst fashion me Image of Thyself to be, Fill me with Thy love divine, Let my every thought be Thine.

332 And the evening and the morning were the second day. Gen. L.

I GLORY to God, who, when with light Creation's second morn was bright, Spread the great firmament on high, O'er watery deeps a watery aky. Admiring, on heaven's ample breast We view the floating vapours rest, From whence o'er earth's far-teeming His rain our heavenly Father pours;

2 Fair emblem of the grace, O Lord, Thou dost unto Thy saints afford; Which every parched soul renews With pure and sweet celestial dews: And they who drink that living shower Shall feel its sanctifying power Stream through their hearts, and bear To God's pure light above the sky.

333 And the coening and the morning were the third day. Gen. L

1 THOU spakest, Lord, and into one The floods together flowed; The dry land, freed from watery veil, Its verdant pastures showed.

O Thou, who hast this earth assigned Our place of toil to be, Bind all within its one wide bound

In one true charity. 2 A brotherhood of exiles here,

We seek a home above, Where Thou wilt gather in Thine own Who live in holy love:

Meantime our thankful songs we raise, O Lord of hosts, to Thee, By whom is poured into our hearts

The grace of charity.

334 And the covering and the s the fourth day. G

l New wonders of Thy mighty Lord, we to-day admire, Writ on the firmament above In glittering orbs of fire. The sun is ruler of the day, The silver moon of night, The starry hosts adorn the sky

In ordered ranks of light. 2 But e'en that glorious sun must i And knows his going down; That silver moon must wax and w The stars their courses own. Still in an ever-changing round

The daylight comes and goes; But Thou art evermore the same, No change Thy mercy knows. 335 And the evening and the morning the Ash day. Gen. i.

1 THE fish in wave and bird on wing God made the waters bear; Both for our mortal body's food His gracious hands prepare. But other food, of richer cost, The immortal spirit needs: By faith it lives on every word

That from His mouth proceeds. 2 By faith the saints of old were strong The lion's wrath to tame; By faith they spurned the tyrant's threats. And scorned the raging flame. Lord, grant that we the path may tread

Whereon its light doth shine, And gather, as we onward go, The fruits of love divine.

And God said, Let us make man in On nau tou sum, were us must must in unit image. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day. Gen. i. 1 To-DAY, O Lord, a holier work

Thy secret counsels frame, A ruler for Thy new-made world, A herald of Thy Name. Thou formest man: Thy Spirit breathes Life into dust of earth: Man, in Thine own true image made, From Thee receives his birth.

2 And henceforth he dominion holds O'er all in earth and sea; Yet, mindful whence his being came, Must humbly walk with Thee

Alas, his wilful heart rebels
Against Thy gentle sway;
The dust of earth would fain be like
The God whom all obey.

3 O griefs and sorrows numberless,
Which hence the world o'erspread!
But Jesu's mercy succoured us,
Or hope itself had fied.
Then praise His holy Name, ye saints,
And all ye heavenly host,
Who with the Father equal reigns,
And with the Holy Ghost.

337 There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God. Heb. iv.

- 1 Great Mover of all hearts, whose hand Doth all the secret springs command Of human thought and will, Thou, since the world was made, dost bless Thy saints with fruits of holiness In ceaseless order still.
- 2 Faith, hope, and love, here weave one chain;
 But love alone shall then remain,
 When this short day is gone:
 O Love, O Truth, O endless Light,
 When shall we see Thy sabbath bright,
 With all our labours done?
- 3 We sow 'mid perils here and tears; He there the harvest joyful bears, Who here in grief hath sown: Blest Three in One, the increase give, And these Thy gifts by which we live With heavenly glory crown. Amen.

338 The eyes of the Lord run to and fro. 2 Chron. xvi.

- 1 THE God of nature and of grace
 In all His works appears;
 His goodness through the earth we trace,
 His grandeur in the spheres.
 Behold this fair and fertile globe,
 By Him in wisdom planned;
 Twas He who girded, like a robe,
 The ocean round the land.
- 2 Lift to the firmament your eye,
 And there His path pursuo;
 His glory, boundless as the sky,
 O'erwhelms the wondering view.
 He bows the heavens, the mountains stand
 A highway for their God;
 Ho walks amidst the desert land:
 The Eden where He trad.

3 In every stream His bounty flows,
Diffusing jey and wealth;
In every breeze His Spirit blows,
The breath of life and health.
His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
Which teems with foliage, fruit, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.
If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found I
Give glory to the Three in One, &c.

339 They shall talk of Thy power. Ps. exiv.

1 FATHER of all, whose powerful voice
Called forth this universal frame,
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same,
Wisdom, and might, and love are Thine:
Thus low before Thy feet we fall,
Confess Thine attributes divine,
And hail Thee soverain Lord of all.

2 Thee soverain Lord let all confess, That move in earth, or sea, or sky; Revere Thy power, Thy goodness bless, And quail before Thy piercing eye. All ye who owe to Him your birth, In praise your every hour employ. Jehovah reigns: be glad, O earth, And ahout, ye morning stars, for joy.

And shout, ye morning stars, for joy
3 Blessing and honour, praise and love,
Co-equal, co-eternal Three,
In earth below, and heaven above,
By all Thy works be paid to Thee.
Thrice Holy, Thine the kingdom is;
The power omnipotent is Thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy glories shall for ever shine.

$340\,$ In the beginning was the Word. John 1.

- 1 How blest were the accents of early creation,
 - When the Word of Jehovah came down from above
 - In the clods of the earth to infuse animation,
 - And wake their cold atoms to life and to love.
- 2 And mighty the tones which the firmament rended, When, on wheels of the thunder and

wings of the wind.

FOR THE WEEKS BEFORE LENT.

By lightning and hailstones and darkness attended,

He uttered on Sinai His laws to mankind.

3 And sweet was the voice of the First-born of heaven, Though poor His apparel, though

earthly His form,
Who said to the mourner, 'Thy sins are
forgiven:'

'Be whole,' to the sick; and 'Be still,' to the storm.

4 O Judge of the world, when, arrayed in Thy glory, Thy summons again shall be heard

from on high,

While nature stands trembling and naked
before Thee,

And waits on Thy sentence to live or to die:

5 When the heaven shall fly from the sound of Thy thunder, And the sun, in Thy lightnings, grow

languid and pale,

And the sea yield her dead, and the tomb cleave asunder,

In the hour of Thy terrors let mercy prevail.

341 How great is His goodness. Zech. ix.

- 1 YES, God is good: in earth and sky, From ocean depths and spreading wood, Ten thousand voices seem to cry, 'God made us all, and God is good.'
- 2 The sun that keeps his trackless way, And downward pours his golden flood, Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say In accents clear, that God is good.
- 3 The merry birds prolong the strain. Their song with every spring renewed; And balmy air, and falling rain, Each softly whispers, 'God is good.'
- 4 Yes, 'God is good,' all nature says, By God's own hand with speech endued; And man, in louder notes of praise, Should sing for joy that God is good.
- 5 For all Thy gifts we bless Thee, Lord, But chiefly for our heavenly food; Thy pardoning grace, Thy quickening word, These most proclaim that God is good.

342 One Lord Jesus Christ, by whom things. I Cor. visi.

- 1 O HAND of bounty, largely spread, By whom our every want is fed, Whate'er we touch, or taste, or see, We owe them all, O Lord, to Thee; The corn, the oil, the purple wine, Are all Thy gifts, and only Thine.
- 2 The stream Thy word to nectar dye The bread Thy blessing multiplied, The stormy wind, the whelming flor That silent at Thy mandate stood: How well they knew Thy voice divi Whose works they were, and only T
- 3 Though now no more on earth we t Thy footsteps of celestial grace, Obedient to Thy word and will We seek Thy daily mercy still; Its blessed beams around us shine, And Thine we are, and only Thine.

343 They shall perish, but Thou she dure. Ps. cii.

- 1 I PRAISED the earth, in beauty sees With garlands gay of various green I praised the sea, whose ample field Shone glorious as a silver shield; And earth and ocean seemed to say, Our beauties are but for a day.
- 2 I praised the sun, whose chariot roll On wheels of amber and of gold; I praised the moon, whose softer ey-Gleamed sweetly through the summe And moon and sun in answer said, Our days of light are numberèd.
- 3 O God, O Good beyond compare. If thus Thy meaner works are fair, If thus Thy bounties gild the span Of ruined earth and sinful man, How glorious must the mansion be Where Thy redeemed shalldwell with

344 Who is like Thee, fearful in pr Exod, xv.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord; ye heavens, adore Praise Him, angels in the height Sun and moon, rejoice before Him; Praise Him, all ye stars and ligh Praise the Lord, for He hath spoker Worlds His mighty voice obeyed; Laws which never shall be broken For their guidance He hath mad
- 2 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious; Never shall His promise fail: God hath made His saints victoriou: Sin and death shall not prevail.

Praise the God of our salvation; Hosts on high, His power proclaim; Heaven and earth and all creation, Laud and magnify His Name.

345 She loved much. Luke vii.

1 WE love Thee, Lord, yet not alone Because Thy bounteous hand Showers down its rich and ceaseless gifts On ocean and on land; We praise Thee, gracious Lord, for these, Yet not for these alone

Yet not for these alone
The incense of Thy children's love
Arises to Thy throne.

2 We love Thee, Lord, because, when we Had erred and gone astray, Thou didst recall our wandering souls Into the heavenward way; When, helpless, hopeless, we were lost In sin and sorrow's night, A guiding ray was granted us From Thy pure fount of light;

3 Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us
With everlasting love,
And sentest forth Thy Son to dio

That we might live above; Because, when we were heirs of wrath, Thou gavest hopes of heaven: We love because we much have ainned,

And much have been forgiven.

1

2

5

346 Let all flesh bless His holy Name.

1 O BRING to the Lord Your tribute of praise, The guard of your life, And the guide of your ways; The King of creation, He sits on His throne, The gold and the silver He claims as His own.

2 Whate'er you possess, "Tis a proof of His love, The gifts from beneath And the gifts from above; He gave you your treasures,

The corn, oil, and wine,
The pearl of the ocean,
The gem of the mine.

3 But high above all
He gave you His Son
To die in your stead,
For sin to stone,

FOR THE WEEKS BEFORE LENT.

348 A new heaven and a new earth-

- 1 SPIRIT of power and might, behold
 A world by sin destroyed;
 Creator Spirit, as of old,
 Move on the formless void.
 Give Thou the word: that healing sway
 Shall quell the deadly strife,
 And earth, as in its primal day,
 Produce the tree of life.
- 2 If sang the morning stars for joy When nature rose to view, What strains will angel harps employ When Thou shalt all renew? And if the sons of God rejuice To hear a Saviour's name,
 - How will the ransomed raise their voice For whom that Saviour came?
- 3 Lo, every kindred, tongue, and tribe, Assembling round the throne, Thy new creation shall ascribe To soverain love alone. Give glory to the Three in One, &c.

349

Let there be light. Gen. 1.

- 1 'LET there be light:'—thus spake the Word; The Word was God; 'and there was light:' Still the creative voice is heard;
 - A day is born from every night.

 And every night shall turn to day,
 While mouths, and years, and ages roll;
 But we have seen a brighter ray
 Dawn on the darkness of the soul.
- Nor we alone; its wakening smiles Have pierced the gloom of pagan aleep; The Word hath reached the utmost isles; God's Spirit moves upon the deep. Already, from the dust of death, Man in his Maker's image stands, Once more inhales immortal breath, And stretches forth to heaven his hands.
- 3 From day to day before our eyes
 Still grows and warms the work begun:
 When shall the new creation rise
 On every land beneath the sun?
 When, in the sabbath of His love,
 Shall God amidst His labours rest,
 And, bending from His throne ahove,
 Again pronounce His creatures bleat?

350 Let us run with patience the is set before us. Heb.

- 1 STRIVE, when thou art called of
 When He draws thee by His;
 Strive to cast away the load
 That would clog thee in the r
 Fight, though it may cost thy li
 Storm the kingdom, but preva
 Let not Sutan's fiercest strife
- Make thee, warrior, faint or q

 Wrestle, till through every vein
 Love and strength are glowing
 Love that can the world disdain:
 Half-love will not bide the sot
 Wrestle with strong prayers and
 Think no time too much to sp
 Though the night be passed in sig
- Though all day thy voice ascer

 3 Hast thou won the pearl of price
 Think not thou hast reached t
 Conquered every subtle vice
 Which had power to harm thy
 Gaze with mingled joy and fear
 On the refuge thou hast found
 Know, while yet we linger here,
 Perils ever hem us round.
- 4 Art thou faithful? then oppose
 Evil's power with all thy might
 Care not how the tempest blows,
 Only care to win the fight.
 Soldiers of the Cross, be strong,
 Watch and war 'mid fear and p
 Daily conquering woe and wrong,
 Till our King o'er earth shall re

351 Put thou thy trust in the Lore doing good. I's. xxxvii.

- 1 COURAGE, brother, do not stumbl
 Though thy path be dark as ni
 There's a star to guide the humble
 'Trust in God, and do the right
 Let the road be long and dreary,
 And its ending out of sight;
 Walk it bravely, strong or weary:
 Trust in God, and do the right
- 2 Perish policy and glozing; Perish all that fears the light; Whether winning, whether losing, Trust in God, and do the right. Trust no form of guilty passion; Fiend can look like angel bright Trust no custom, school, or fashion Trust in God, and do the right

- 3 Some will hate thee, some will love thee, Some will flatter, some will slight; Cease from man and look above thee; Trust in God, and do the right. Simple rule and safest guiding, Inward peace and inward light, Star upon our path abiding: 'Trust in God, and do the right!
- 352 Let us labour to enter into that rest. Heb. iv.
- 1 Go, labour on: spend, and be spent, Thy joy to do the Father's will: It is the way the Master went;
- Should not the servant tread it still?

 2 Go, labour on: though poor thy lot,
- Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain; Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not; The Master praises: what are men?
- 3 Go, labour on; thy hands are weak, Thy knees are faint, thy soul cast down; Yet falter not; the prize we seek Is near,— a kingdom and a crown.
- 4 Go, labour on while it is day; The world's dark night is hastening on: Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away; It is not thus that souls are won.
- 5 Men die in darkness at thy side, Without a hope to cheer the tomb; Take up the torch and wave it wide, The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.
- 6 Toil on and faint not, watch and pray; Be wise the erring soul to win; Go forth into the world's highway, Compel the wanderer to come in.
- 7 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
 For work comes rest, for exile home;
 Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
 voice,
 The mid-internal (Pakeld Lorent)

The midnight peal, 'Behold, I come.'

353 Strangers on earth. Hob. xi.

1 LIFE is not all sunshine;
Should the morn be fair,
Noon may bring its tempest
Black with strife or care
This is not our dwelling;
Let whatever come,
We are pilgrims only;
Earth is not our home.

- 2 Life has joys to try us,
 False-fair lures to prove
 Whether we are worthy
 Of a Father's love;
 Life has storms to warn us
 That this barren sand
 Is but our sad passage
 To a better land.
- 3 Forward, Christian pilgrim
 Fix not here thy tent;
 Look not back in envy,
 Doubt, or discontent:
 Forward, Christian runner,
 To the mark press on,
 Till of thine high calling
 Thou the prize hast won.
- 4 Forward, Christian soldier,
 Firm to do or die;
 Let no fear defraud thee
 Of thy victory.
 Here are pain and sorrow,
 Here are grief and care;
 To that good land hasten:
 Only joy is there.

354 Repent, and be converted.

- 1 All-gracious, all-victorious Lon-Thy power to us make known. Strike with the hammer of Thy And break these hearts of, ste Give us ourselves and Thee to k In this our trial-day; Repentance unto life bestow, And take our sins away.
- 2 Conclude us first in unbelief, And freely then release; Fill every soul with sacred grief, And then with sacred peace. Impoverish, Lord, and then relie And then enrich the poor; The knowledge of our sickness g The knowledge of our cure.
- 3 A whelming sense of guilt impa And then remove the load; Arouse and wash the troubled b In Christ's atoning blood. Our desperate state through ain And speak our sins forgiven; By growing holiness prepare, Then make us Thine in heave

Why stand we here all the day idle? Matt. xx.

1 THE God of mercy warns us all From day to day, from year to year; And each must hear His awful call, 'No longer stand ye idle here.'

2 Ye whose young cheeks with health are bright.

Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear,

Why will ye waste the morning light? Alas, why stand ye idle here?

3 And ye whose scanty locks of grey Foretell your latest travail near, How swiftly fades your closing day, And yet ye stand thus idle here.

4 O Thou, in heaven and earth adored, Who makest erring souls Thy care, Now call us to Thy vineyard, Lord, And give us grace to serve Thee there.

356 In labours abundant. 2 Cor. xi.

1 WORK, for it is a noble thing, With worthy ends in view, To tread the path that God ordains, With stedfast hearts and true, That will not quail whate'er betide, But bravely bear us through.

2 It recks not what the place may be That we are called to fill, How much there is of seeming good, How much of seeming ill;

Tis ours to bend the energies And consecrate the will.

3 Work, and with cheerful, earnest hearts. Your bravest and your best, For in a busy world like ours There is no place of rest; And think not they, who vainly dream Their lives away, are blest.

4 For in each weary, painful task A lesson is inwrought, If we would read the truth aright And let ourselves be taught Patience and faith and fortitude. And fixedness of thought,

5 Work with the head and heart and hands. And ever bear in mind That there are sorrows here to soothe, And spirits bruised to bind.

And cords of love in closer bond kound human hearts to wind. 6 'Tis true the flesh will ofttimes fail When life is dim and drear; Then closer cling to Him whose voice Can still each doubt and fear, And shed on these dark hearts of ours Heaven's sunshine calm and clear.

Always abounding in the work of the Lord. I Cor. xv. 357

Come, labour on:

Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain, While all around him waves the golden grain,

And every servant hears the Master say, 'Go, work to-day'?

Come, labour on:

The labourers are few, the field is wide; New stations must be filled, and blanks supplied:

From voices distant far, or near at home, The call is 'Come.

Come, labour on: The enemy is watching, night and day, To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away: While we in sleep our duty have forgot, He slumbered not.

Come, labour on :

Away with gloomy doubt and faithless fear! No arm so weak but may do service here;

By feeblest agents can our God fulfil His righteous will.

Come, labour on:

No time for rest, till glows the western aky,

While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,

And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,

'Servants, well done!'

Come, labour on: The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure: Blessed are those who to the end endure; How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,

O Lord, with Thee !

For the great day of His wrath is come: and who shall be able to stand? 358 Rev. xi.

1 THE angel comes, he comes to reap The harvest of the Lord: O'er all the carth, with fatal sweep He waves his flaming sword.

who are they their doom to hide ans gathered up and bound? tare, whose rank lazariant pride

2 Though buried deep or thinly strown, Do Thou Thy grace supply; The hope in earthly furrows sown Suall ripen in sie say. Son, &c. Exalt the Father, Spirit, Son, &c. Shall ripen in the sky. 361 Seedtime and harvest shall not cease.

be wheat, a hundredfold that bore Amid surrounding ill. O King of mercy, grant us power The fiery wrath to fee; In Thy destroying angels hour, O gather us to Thee,

d who are they reserved in store

God's tressure-house to fill?

; That we, with all Thy asints above, May taste our Saviour's boundless love Through never-ending days, And sing His perfect praise.

359 A souser went forth to sous. Matt. xili. ALMIGHTY God, Thy word is cast

Like seed into the ground; Now let the dews of heaven descend, And righteous growth abound. Let not the foe of Christ and man

This holy seed remove heart, To bring forth fruits of love.

2 Let not the world's deceitful cares The rising plant destroy; But let it yield an hundredfold Returns of peace and joy: Nor let Thy Word, so kindly sent

To raise us to Thy throne, Go back to Thee, and sadly tell That we reject Thy Son.

3 Of as the precious seed is sown, Thy quickening grace bestow,
That all, whose souls the truth receive, Its saving power may know.

AM MATTINK PUWEY MAJ AMUN'S Ghost, &c., Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, &c. The good seed. Matt. xill.

1 O God, by whom the seed is given, 360 Whose Word, like manna showered from By whom the harvest blest;

Is planted in our breast; There it from the passing feet,

1 GoD, who dust the increase grant To Thy labourers here below, When they water, when they plant,

When the heavenly seed they sow: Bless, O Father, bless our toil With the sunshine of Thy face;

Mith the deas of lose and Elsce. Fertilise this barren soil

2 Thine the harvest, Thine the praise, When the crops are gathered in, Which with lifelong pains we raise In this world of shame and sin. Where we sow 'tis Thine to resp; All our days are seedtime here:

Ever at our work we keep, Month by month and year by year. 3 Thou, the harvest's soverain Lord, For the seed the soil prepare,

Sun and rain and dews afford, Till the wished-for crop it bear Good and honest hearts create, Swift to hear and firm to hold;

Make our tillage, soon or late, Bring forth fruit an hundredfold.

362 He that someth good seed is the Son of Man. Man. XIII. Sower divine,

Sow the good seed in me, Seed for eternity. Tis a rough, barren soil, Yet by Thy care and toil, Make it a fruitful field

An hundredfold to yield. Plough up this heart of mine.

Quit not this wretched field Till Thou hast made it yield; Sow Thou by day and night, In darkness and in light. Stay not Thy hand, but sow; Then shall the harvest grow.

Sow deep this heart of mine.

FOR THE WEEKS BEFORE LENT.

Sower divine,
Let not this barren clay
Lead Thee to turn away;
Let not my fruitlessness
Provoke Thee not to bless;
Let not this field be dry:
Refresh it from on high.
Sower divine,
Water this heart of mine.

363 The greatest of these is charity.

1 MANY a gift did Christ impart;
Noblest of them all is Love,
Love, a balm within the heart,
That can all its ills remove.
Though we speak with angel tongues
Bravest words of strength and fire,
If no love the heart inspire,
They are but as fleeting songs:
All our eloquence shall pass
As the noise of sounding brass.

2 Though we lavished all we have
On the poor in charity,
Though we shrank not from the grave,
Or unmoved the stake could see:
Though our bodies here were given
To the all-consuming flame,
If the mind were still the same,
Meeter were we not for heaven,
Till by love our works were crowned,
Till in love our strength were found.

3 Faith must conquer, hope must bloom,
As our onward course we wend;
Else we come not through the gloom;
But with earth their powers shall end.
Thou, O Love, dost stretch afar
Through the wide eternity;
And the soul inspired with thee
Shines for ever like a star.
Faith and hope will then be o'er:
Love endures for evermore.

364 Perfect love casteth out fear. I John iv

1 Lond, with glad and grateful spirits We the precious promise hear, Which Thy Church on earth inherits,— 'Perfect love shall cast out fear.' We would love thee, Lord, for ever, As the angels do above; Vain, alas, our best endeavour! Fear still casts out perfect love. 2 Fear hath torment, love is pleasur In our hearts the two contend; Lord, of love increase the measur Till our fear and torment end. Teach us how to love each other, Teach us how to seek above God our Father, Thee our Brother, With a pure and perfect love.

365 Let us love one another. 1 Jol 1 FOUNTAIN of good, to own Thy lo

What can we offer, Lord, to Thee,
When all the worlds are Thine?
But Thou hast needy brethren here
Partakers of Thy grace;
Whose humble names Thou wilt co
Before Thy Father's face.
2 In them Thou mayst be clothed ar
And visited and cheered;

Our thankful hearts incline:

And visited and cheered;
And visited and cheered;
And, in their accents of distress,
Thy pleading voice is heard.
Thy face, with reverence and with
We in Thy poor would see;
For while we minister to them,
We do it, Lord, to Thec.

366 Treasure in Acases. Luke XI

1 THERE is a dwelling-place above; Thither, to meet the God of love, The poor in spirit go. There is a paradise of rest; For contrite hearts and souls distres Its streams of comfort flow.

2 There is a voice to mercy true; To them who mercy's path pursue That voice shall bliss impart. There is a sight from man conceale That sight, the face of God revealer Shall bless the pure in heart.

3 There is a name in heaven bestowed
That name, which hails them sons o
The friends of peace shall know.
There is a kingdom in the sky,
Where they shall reign with God on
Who serve Him here below.

4 Lord, be it mine like them to choose
The better part, like them to use
The means Thy love hath given;
Be holiness my aim on earth,
That death be welcomed as a birth
To life and bliss in beaven.

PSALMS AND HYMNS

Charity never falleth. 1 Cor. xiii. IND of life, whose words have taught us How to serve Thee and obey: rd of love, whose deeds have brought us Wondering at Thy feet to pray: I our hearts with ample measure Of the Christian graces three; st of all with Thy dear treasure, Never-failing charity: arity, that ever bindeth Mortal men with cords of love; arity that still remindeth Earthly souls of heaven above. arity, the Spirit's token Sinners have received of Thee: whom Jesus loved hath spoken, 'God Himself is charity.

Freely give. Matt. z.

RD, when our offerings we present Before Thy gracious throne but return what Thou hast lent, And give Thee of Thine own. ie earth with all its wealth is Thine, The heavens with all their host: by should we then in want repine, Or in abundance boast? e power and willingness to give Alike proceed from Thee; e still are debtors, since we live Alone by Thy decree. irselves, our all, to Thee we owe; And, if we come behind hat others of their wealth bestow. Accept our willing mind.

Be at peace among yourselves.
1 Thesa, v.

xu, Lord, we look to Thee;
t us in Thy Name agree:
ow Thyself the Prince of peace,
d all strife for ever cease.
Thy reconciling love
very stumbling-block remove;
ich to each unite, endear,
me and spread Thy banner here.
ake us of one heart and mind,
surteous, pitiful, and kind,
wly, meek, in thought and word,
together like our Lord.

In each for other care,
his brother's burden bear,

To Thy Church the pattern give, Showing how believers live.

5 Let us, when the day shall come
That for ever calls us home,
On the wings of angels fly,
Showing how believers die. Amen.

370 A sacrifice well-pleasing to God.

1 O God, what offering shall I give To Thee, the Lord of earth and skies? My spirit, soul, and flesh receive, A holy, living sacrifice; Small though it be, 'tis all my store; More Thou shouldst have if I had more.

2 O never in these veils of shame, Sad fruits of sin, my glorying be: Clothe with salvation, through Thy Name, My soul, and let me put on Thee; Be living faith my coatly dress, And my best robe Thy righteousness.

3 Send down Thy likeness from above,
And let this mine adorning be;
Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,
With lowliness and purity,
Than gold and pearls more precious far,
And brighter than the morning star.

4 Lord, arm me with Thy Spirit's might, Since I am called by Thy great Name: In Thee let all my thoughts unite, Of all my works be Thou the aim: Thy love attend me all my days, And my sole service be Thy praise.

371 Hold up my goings in Thy paths. Pa. xvii.

1 FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
And the changes that must surely come
I do not fear to see:
But I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.
2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with cheerful kok,

And a heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathise.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

And dry the weeping eyes;

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

PART II.

- 5 I ask Thee for the daily strength, To none that ask denied, And a mind to blend with outward life While walking at Thy side, Content to fill a little space, So Thou be glorified.
- 6 And if some things I do not ask In my cup of blessing be, I would have my spirit filled the more With grateful love to Thee, A well of water springing up To all eternity.
- 7 There are thoms besetting every path, Which call for patient care, There is a cross in every lot, And need for earnest prayer; But a lowly heart that leans on Thee Is happy anywhere.
- 8 In a service which Thy love appoints There are no bonds for me, For my secret heart is taught the truth That makes Thy children free; And a life of self-renouncing love Is a life of liberty.

372 Why are ye fearful? Matt. viii.

- 1 O Love unseen, we know Thee nigh, When ocean rageth most; Thou bidd'st us come to Thee and cry, 'Lord, save us; we are lost.'
- 2 Thou seem'st to sleep, that we may pray: Full deeply dost Thou hide, Forgotten through the calin, clear day, Nor owned at eventide:
- 3 But when the darksome gales begin, The rude waves urge their race, Man, startled from his sloth and zin, Seeks out Thine hiding place.
- 4 Well if we pray till Thou awake: One word, one breath of Thee Soft silence in the heart will make, Calm peace upon the sea.

- 5 Lord of our homes and of our graves, If ever, while we lay Beneath Thy stars, amid Thy waves, Our souls have learned to pray;
 - 6 Receive that prayer, morn, night, and not In city, mine, or dale; Else will the sounds of earth too soon O'er the dread Voice prevail:
- 7 Help us to sing Thine ocean song, Each in his home on shore; The note Thou gav'st do Thou prolong Through life, and evermore.

373 Pray without ccasing. 1 Thess. v.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire, Uttered or unexpressed, The motion of a hidden fire That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh, The falling of a tear, The upward glancing of an eye, When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech That infant lips can try, Prayer the sublimest strains that reach The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath, The Christian's native air, His watchword at the gate of death; He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
 Returning from his ways,
 While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And cry, 'Behold, he prays.'
- 6 O Thou, by whom we come to God, The life, the truth, the way, The path of prayer Thyself hast trod Lord, teach us how to pray.

374 Deny me them not before I die. Prov. xxx.

- 1 O Thou God, who hearest prayer Every hour and everywhere, Listen to my feeble breath, Now I touch the gates of death. For His sake, whose blood I plead, Hear me in my hour of need.
- 2 Hear and save me, gracious Lord, For my trust is in Thy word; Wash me from the stain of sin, That Thy peace may rule within;

PSAEMS AND HYMNS

ay I know myself Thy child, meemed, pardoned, reconciled.

nave me not, my Strength, my Trust; remember, I am dust.

nave me not again to stray;

nave me not the Tempter's prey.

m my heart on things above;

ake me happy in Thy love.

Ask, and ye shall receive. John xvi. HAT shall we ask of God in prayer?-Whatever good we want; hatever man may seek to share, Or God in wisdom grant. ther of all our mercies,-Thou In whom we move and live, heaven Thy dwelling hear us now, And answer and forgive. hen, bound with sins and trespasses, From wrath we fain would flee. rd, cancel our unrighteousness, And set the captives free. hen, harassed by ten thousand foes, Our helpleseness we feel, give the weary soul repose The wounded spirit heal. hen dire temptations gather round, And threaten or allure ith storm or calm, in Thee be found A refuge strong and sure. s age advances, may we grow In faith, and hope, and love, nd walk in holiness below To holiness above.

6 Wait on thy God continually. Hos. xii HE offerings to Thy throne which rise Of mingled praise and prayer, re but a worthless sacrifice, Unless the heart be there. rd, on Thine all-discerning ear Let no vain words intrude,) tribute but the row sincere Of lowly gratitude. ir offerings will indeed be blest, If sanctified by Thee, Thy pure Spirit touch the breast With His own parity. may that Spirit warm our heart To piety and love, d to life's lowly vale impart light from beaven above.

377 Bow down Thine car, and hear.
3 Kings xix.

1 O Lord, incline Thy gracious ear, Our plaintive sorrows weigh; To Thee for succour we draw near, To Thee devoutly pray: Still will we call with lifted eyes, 'O come, our God and King,' Till Thou regard our earnest cries, And full salvation bring.

2 On Thee, O God of purity, We wait for cleansing grace; None without holiness shall see The brightness of Thy face: In hearts unrighteous and unclean Thou never canst delight; No soul unpurified from sin Appears before Thy sight.

Appears between thy agent.

3 But as for us, with humble fear
We will approach Thy gate,
Though most unworthy to draw near,
Or in Thy courts to wait:
We trust in Thine unbounded grace,
Thy grace so freely given,
And worship in Thy holy place,
And lift our hearts to beaven.

4 Lead us in all Thy righteous ways,
Nor suffer us to slide;
Point out the path before our face,
And be Thyself our guide:
So shall we ne'er to evil yield,
Defended from above,
And kept and covered with the shield
Of Thine almighty love.

378 Children of the living God. Rom. ix.

1 Now I have found the ground wherein Safe my soul's anchor may remain, The wounds of Jesua, for my siu Before the world's foundation slain; Whose mercy shall unshaken stay, When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, Thine everlasting grace Abounds all human thought above; Still dost Thou show Thy cheering face, Still open are Thy arms of love Returning sinners to receive, That mercy they may taste and live.

3 Though waves and storms beat o'er my head, Though strength, and health, and friends be gone;

FOR THE WEEKS BEFORE LENT.

Though joys be withered all and dead, And every earthly hope o'erthrown; On this my stedfast soul relies, Father, Thy mercy never dies.

4 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

379 Our Father, Matt. vi.

1 Our heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now:
Thy Name be hallowed far and near,
To Thee all nations bow;
Thy kingdom come; Thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and Seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

2 Our daily bread supply, Since by Thy word we live; The guilt of our iniquity Forgive, as we forgive; From dark temptation's power, From Satan's guile defend; Deliver in the evil hour, And guide us to the end.

3 Thine now and ever be
Glory and power divine:
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are Thine.
Thus humbly taught to pray
By Thy beloved Son,
Through Him we come to Thee, and say,
For His sake all be done.—Amen.

380 We are sure Thou knowest all things. John xvi.

1 Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow

Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest;

Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,

Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed.

I come before Thee at Thy gracious word,

I come before Thee at Thy gracious word, And lay them at Thy feet: Thou knowest, Lord. 2 Thou knowest all the past; how long blindly On the dark mountains the lost a

had strayed; How the good Shepherd followed, and

kindly
He bore it home, upon His shou

laid,
And healed the bleeding wounds,
soothed the pain,

And brought back life, and hope, strength again.

3 Thou knowest all the present; each to tation.

Each toilsome duty, each forebe fear;

All to myself assigned of tribulation Or to beloved ones, than self dear;

All pensive memories, as I journey of Longings for vanished smiles and vanished smiles and vanished smiles and vanished smiles are varieties.

4 Thou knowest all the future; glean gladness

By stormy clouds too quickly over Hours of sweet fellowship and parting ness.

And the dark river to be crossed at O what could hope and confidence at To tread that path, but this, Thou kno Lord?

5 Thou knowest, not alone as God • knowing;

As man, our mortal weakness hast proved;

On earth, with purest sympathies flowing,

O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and hast loved;

And love and sorrow still to Thee come,

And find a hiding-place, a rest, a ho

6 Therefore I come, Thy gentle call obe And lay my sins and sorrows at

And lay my sins and sorrows at feet,
On everlasting strength my weakness

ing, Clothed in Thy robe of righteon complete:

Then rising and refreshed, I leave throne,

And follow on to know as I am kn

R S

381 Fear God, and give glary to Him.

1 GLORY be to Thee, O God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Lord, our path Thyself hast trod, Thou hast watched upon our post, Thou hast felt like us, and we Have a friend. O Christ, in Thee: So may we be faithful found, And, like Thee, maintain our ground. 2 Glory be to Thee, O God! For in Thee we may be bold, March along the roughest road The most dangerous station hold: Sin, fell tyrant, never reigns Over those Thy love sustains: Toil and sorrow cannot harm Those who cling to Thy right arm. 3 Glory be to Thee. O God! Pilgrim souls Thou wilt not scorn,

Glory be to Thee, O God!

Pilgrim souls Thou wilt not scor
If our feet be duly shod,

And our armour fitly worn:
All our danger is from sin,
Our werst evil from within:
Thou to constant prayer wilt give
Faith and hope by which we live.

Psalm xxxii. Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, &c.

1 How blest the man whose errors find
The Lord's forgiving grace,
Whose deeds of wickedness are veiled
From His reproving face.
Yea, happy he to whom the Lord
Will not impute his sin,
Who hides no evil in his heart,
Nor any guile within.
For while in silence and constraint

2 For while in silence and constraint
I hid my guilty fears,
My very bones consumed away
With pining and with tears;
All day and night my weary frame
Thy heavy hand oppressed;
My heart, as though with summer heat,
Was melting in my breast;

3 'I will confess to Him,' I said,
 'To Him my sins display;'
And Thou forgavest, Lord; Thy grace
Hath put my guilt away.
O ponder this and seek the Lord,
Whist yet He may be found;
So shall your souls be anchored safe,
When tempests gather round.

383 Psalm xxxviii. O Lord, rebate me not in Thy wrath, 40.

1 Nor in Thy fury, Lord, reprove,
Nor in Thy wrath chastise:
Too keen Thine arrows sink; Thy han
Too heavy on me lies.
So sore Thy blows, no soundness dwelk
My fainting frame within:
There is no quiet in my bones
By reason of my sin:

2 My guilt o'erflows my head, a weight
Too grievous to be borne,
I droop and wail from morn to eve,
From eve to joyless morn:
O Lord, my prayer is known to Thee:
Thou notest all my sighs,
My throbbing heart, my failing strengt
My wan and rayless eyes.

3 I walk disturbed, and round me still
Sad anxious looks I cast,
While, self-condemned, my contrite lips
Deplore the sinful past.
Forsake me not, O Lord my God,
Stand not aloof from me:
But haste to help me, Lord, and still
My strong salvation be. Amen.

384 Psalm xl. 14. Withhold not Thou Th tender mercies, &c.

1 Hide not, O Lord, Thy cheering face, But guard me with Thy grace; Dark waves of anguish o'er me roll; The sins that wring my soul Exceed the hairs upon my head; My life is sore bested; Mine eyes are dimmed, my spirits flee, And my heart faileth me.

2 But happy they who seek Thy face, Who bless Thy saving grace, And cry: 'The Lord is on our side; The Lord be magnified.' In days of poverty and grief I wait the Lord's relief: Saviour and Guardian of my lot, My God, O tarry not.

385 Psalm li. Have mercy upon me, 0 God, &c.

1 O God, be merciful to me According to Thy plenteous love; And let Thy pardon, full and free, The guilt of my misdeeds remove.

- 2 O wash me from my wickedness, And cleanse me from my sinful stain; My deep transgression I confess, My conscious heart is wrung with pain.
- 3 I sinned against Thy holy Word, And did this evil in Thy sight: This stamps the sinner's act abhorred, Thisshows Thy judgment true and right.
- 4 For what am I? conceived in sin,
 And born of erring flesh and blood:
 But lo, Thou lovest truth within:
 Then truly teach me what is good.
- 5 With sprinkling hyssop make me pure: To snowy whiteness wash my soul: Let gladdening words my sorrow cure, And bid the broken bones be whole.

PART IL

- 6 Lord, from my sins conceal Thy face; From mine offences set me free; Give me a heart made clean by grace, A soul renewed, and strong in Thee.
 - 7 Cast me not from Thee, nor remove Thy Holy Spirit's guiding voice; Still let me feel Thy present love, Still in His quickening power rejoice.
 - 8 So to a lost and lawless seed
 Thy message shall my lips proclaim,
 Till wakened sinners learn to heed
 Thy ways, and bless Thy holy Name.
 - 9 Burnt sacrifice delights Thee not, Or all my flocks and herds were Thine; The flesh of ram, the blood of goat, They find no welcome at Thy shrine.
 - 10 A bleeding spirit's inward smart, O God, Thou never wilt despise: A broken and a contrite heart, Such is Thy chosen sacrifice.

386 Psalm ciii. Bless the Lord, 0 my soul, &c.

1 Praise, O my soul, the Lord, and all Within me praise His holy Name. Praise, O my soul, the Lord, recall His bounteous gifts, His grace proclaim; Who deigns to pardon all thy sin, Thy sickly frame with health to bless, Yea, from the grave thy life to win, And crown thee with His tenderness:

2 Who fills thee full with every good. And gives thee beauty fresh and fair, That so thy lusty youth renewed, Like the bold eagle, cleaves the air. The Lord for all who are opprest A doom achieves of truth and right, To Moses made He manifest His ways, to Israel's sons His might.
3 The Lord is kind and rich in love;

- His grace and mercy never die:
 He will not to the end reprove,
 Nor keep His wrath eternally.
 He hath not dealt our mortal lot
 By penal judgment's strict demand;
 - The measure of our sin is not

 A law to His indulgent hand.
- 4 From earth to heaven how wast the space,
 How wide from east the setting day,
 To all His saints so large His grace,
 So far He puts our guilt away.
 As on his sons a father's heart,
 The Lord hath pity on the just:
 He knows our frame in every part,

He bears in mind that we are dust. 387 Psalm cix. 20. Deal Thou with me, &c.

- 1 As Thy mercy lasts for ever, For Thy Name's sake, Lord, deliver My distrest and wounded heart: Lo, with spirits inly pining, Like a shadow fast declining, Like a locust, I depart.
- 2 Fasting hath my knees disjointed; Dim my visage, unanointed; Shaken heads my fall proclaim: As Thy mercy lives for ever, Me, O Lord my God, deliver From reproof and bitter shame.
- 3 I will praise the Lord and bless Him, Loudly to the world confess Him: Helper He of want and woe At the right hand of the mourner Stands to save him from the scorner, Stands to shame the accusing foe.

388 Psalm exix. 57. Thou art my por-

1 Mr portion is the living Lord; I say that I will keep Thy Word: I pray to Thee with heart sincere; Thou with Thy promised favour hear. I pondered well mine errors past, And turned me to Thy paths at last: I sped, and made no more delay Thy holy precepts to obey.

2 By snares of wicked men beset
Thy truth my soul shall ne'er forget:
At midnight hour I rise to bless
The judgments of Thy righteousness.
I league with friends who keep Thy Law
And hold Thy Name in reverent awe;
Earth with Thy plenteous love is stored;
O teach me all Thy statutes, Lord,

389 Psalm CXXX. Out of the depths, &c.

- I Our of the depths to Thee I cry:
 Hear, Lord, my sad petition:
 Be swift, O Lord, to heed; be nigh
 To save me from perdition.
 If sin to strict account Thou call,
 Lord, who may stand before Thee?
 But with Thee pardon dwells, that all
 May tremble and adore Thee.
- 2 I wait the Lord's redeeming grace; My soul for Him is yearning More eagerly than watchmen trace The daylight's sweet returning. O Israel, make the Lord thy stay; With Him is rich salvation: His love will put Thy sins away, And bless His chosen nation.

390 Psalm exliss. Hear my prayer, U Lord, &c.

- 1 HEAR Thou my prayer, O Lord, And listen to my cry: Remember now Thy faithful word, And graciously reply. O not in judgment rise Thy servant's life to scan; For righteous in Thy spotless eyes Is found no living man.
- 2 I stretch my longing hands Towards Thy holy place, With soul athirst, like weary lands, For Thy refreshing grace. Haste Thee, O Lord, I pray, My failing heart to save: Hide not Thy face: I droop as they That sink into the grave.
- 3 Thy mercy's early light
 My faith desires to see;
 O let me walk before Thy sight:
 I lift my soul to Thee.

Let Thy good Spirit lead

My feet in level ways:

And for Thy Name's sake, Lord, my head

From whelming trouble raise. Amen.

391 Psalm cxliii. Hear my prayer, 4c.

- 1 God of truth, all-faithful Lord, To my prayer in mercy bending, Not with judgment's stern award Visit my weak soul's offending, But with mild forgiving word.
- 2 Not with judgment's voice severe Call me forth to stand before Thee; Who that lives that doom may hear? Who that lives be counted worthy In Thy presence to appear?
- 3 As the glebe in summer dry Thirsts to drink the kindly shower, So I spread my hands on high, Thirsting for Thy mercy's power; Lord, my needy soul supply.

PART IL

- 4 Thou whose mercy still is near
 Earlier than the star of morning,
 Speak and bid Thy servant hear:
 Guide me, where I seek Thy warning,
 In the paths of holy fear.
- 5 Lo, my spirit mounts to Thee, On the wings of prayer ascending: Guard me, shield me, set me free, From my foes my life defending: To Thy sheltering throne I flee.
- 6 With Thy truth Thy servant bless; Other love shall ne'er divide me From the God whom saints confess: Let Thy loving Spirit guide me To the land of righteousness.
- 7 Life is Thine: O grant to me Life that in Thy presence liveth; From that heaviest grief set free, Which the burdened spirit grieveth: Let me find my rest in Thee. Amen.

392 Paalm exilii. Hear my prayer, 4c.

- 1 Hear me, O Lord, in my distress, Hear in Thy truth and righteousness: For at Thy bar of judgment tried No soul of man is justified.
- 2 Lord, I have fees without, within; The world, the flesh, indwelling sin,

FOR LENT.

Life's daily ills, temptation's hour, And Satan roaring to devour.

- 3 Feebly to Thee I stretch my hands, Like failing streams in desert sands: I thirst for Thee, as harvest-plains, Parched by the summer, thirst for rains.
- 4 Teach me Thy will, subdue mine own; Thou art my God, and Thou alone; By Thy good Spirit guide me still, Secure from foes, to Zion hill.
- 5 Release my soul from trouble, Lord; Quicken and help me by Thy word; May all its promises be mine, The power, the praise, the glory, Thine.

393

Sanctify a fast. Joel i.

- 1 ONCE more the solemn season calls A holy fast to keep; And now within the sacred walls Let priest and people weep. But not in tears and fast alone Let penitence appear. By holier life and love be shown That penitence sincere.
- 2 Thy breast to beat, thy clothes to rend, God asketh not of thee; Thy stubborn soul He bids thee bend In true humility.
 - O let us then, with heartfelt grief, Draw near unto our God, And pray that He will grant relief, Will stay the lifted rod.
- 3 O righteons Judge, if Thou wilt deign
 To give us all we need,
 We ask for time to turn again,
 And grace to turn indeed.
 Blest Three in One, with hearts aincere
 To Thee we humbly pray,
 That fruits of mercy may appear
 To bless our fasting day. Amen.

394 They fasted that day and said, We have sinned. I Sam. vii.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, hear, Before Thy throne we weep;
- O strengthen us with grace divine This sacred Lent to keep.
- 2 Searcher of hearts, who dost Our wants and weakness know, To Thee with prayers and tears we turn; To us Thy mercy show.

3 Much have we sinned, O Lord; But we our guilt deplore;

O, for the praise of Thy great Name, Our souls to health restore.

4 Grant us by self-restraint
The body to control;
Grant us to curb each thought of sin,
And purify the soul.

5 We with the angel choir Praise, honour, and adore The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One God for evermore.

395 Thou shalt make thy prayer unto I Job xxii.

- 1 O LORD, turn not Thy face away
 From them that lowly lie,
 Lamenting sore their sinful life
 With tears and bitter cry.
 Thy mercy-gates are open wide
 To them that mourn their sin;
 O shut them not against us, Lord,
 But let us enter in.
- 2 We need not to confess our faults, For surely Thou canst tell; What we have done, and what we ar Thou knowest very well: Therefore, to beg and to entreat, With tears we come to Thee, As children that have done amiss Fall at their father's knee.
- 3 And need we then, O Lord, repeat
 The blessing which we crave,
 When Thou dost know, before we ape
 The thing that we would have?
 Mercy, O Lord, mercy we seek,
 This is the total sum:
 For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer;
 O let Thy mercy come. Amen.

396 Is any afflicted? let him pray. J.

- 1 God of our life, to Thee we call, Afflicted at Thy feet we fall; When the great water-floods prevail Leave not our trembling hearts to fi Friend of the friendless and the fain Where shall we pour our sad compl Where but to Thee, whose open doo Invites the helpless and the pour?
- 2 Did ever sinner plead with Thee, And Thou reject his lowly plea? Does not Thy word still pledged ve That none shall seek Thy face in

R 4

PSALMS AND HYMNS

hen bear, O Lord, our humble cry, nd bend on us Thy pitying eye: o Thee their prayer Thy people make; ear us, for our Redeemer's sake. Amen.

7 Bow down Thine car, O Lord. Ps. lxxxvi.

o our trembling supplication, ord, give ear and acceptation; Hear us pining in our woe, For our sins have brought us low. we the souls which Thou didst cherish, uw upon the point to perish; Save Thy servants who have none Help or hope but Thee alone. savenly Tutor, of Thy kindness, each our dulness, guide our blindness, That our feet Thy paths may tread, Which to endless glory lead. ard, of every good the giver, ndle in our hearts for ever. When Thy holy Name we hear, Fearful love and loving fear. . Lord God, shalt Thou be praised ith our hearts to heaven upraised: And, whilst we have breath to live, Thanks to Thee that breath shall give.

B Spare me according to Thy mercy.

TEND, O Lord, and hear r heavy careful cries, let my woful plaint ascend ove the starry skies. now receive my soul, at puts her trust in Thee; nercie grant to purge my sins; rcie, good Lord, mercie! soul desires to drink e fountain of Thy grace, ike that thirst, O God, vouchsafe, r turn away Thy face; bow Thy gracious ear, en thus I cry to Thee; nercie grant for sinful life; rcie, good Lord, mercie! rold at length, O Lord, sore repentant mind, 1 knocks in faith, and hopes thereby r mercie great to find. y promise standeth sure; o comes in faith to Thee, ting of his sins, shall taste, Lord, of Thy mercie.

399 Can these bones live? Esch. xxxvii.

- 1 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye, Where Adam's sons in ruin lie; Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground, And scatters heaps of slain around. And can these mouldering bones revive? And can the souls of sinners live? That, mighty God, to Thee is known, The wondrous work is all Thine own.
- 2 Thy messengers are sent in vain
 To prophesy upon the slain,
 In vain they call, in vain they cry,
 Till Thine almighty aid be nigh.
 But if Thy Spirit deign to breathe,
 Life kindles through the realms of death;
 Dry bones obey Thy rousing voice,
 And new-born souls in Thee rejoice.

400 Cry unto the Lord. Joel i.

- 1 LORD, have mercy when we strive First to save our souls alive: When the pampered flesh is strong, When the strife is fierce and long: When our wakening thoughts begin First to loathe their cherished sin, And our weary spirits fail, And our aching brows are pale, O then have mercy, Lord.
- 2 Lord, have mercy when we lie On the restless bed, and sigh, Sigh for death, yet fear it still, From the thought of former ill; When all other hope is gone, When our course is almost done, When the dim advancing gloom Tells us that our hour is come, O then have mercy, Lord.
- 3 Lord, have mercy when we know First how vain this world below; When the earliest gleam is given Of Thy bright but distant heaven, When our darker thoughts oppress, Doubts perplex and fears distress, And our saddened spirits dwell On the open gates of hell, O then have mercy, Lord.

401 Now is the accepted time. 2 Cor. vi.

BEHOLD, now is the accepted time,
 The balm is here for purging crime,

Whate'er in thought, or deed, or word, We have transgressed against the Lord. He, of His boundless love and grace, For penitence accords us space, Nor scans us with too searching eyes, Nor lets His whole displeasure rise.

2 Him therefore now, with earnest care,
With contrite heart, and fast, and prayer,
For all the sins that we have done
Sue we for pardon through His Son:
That, cleansed from every sinful stain
And stablished in His strength again,
He grant us in His holy place
With angels to behold His face. Amen.

402 Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. Luke xvi.

- 1 WITH fast and prayer for sinful man His holy course the Lord began: O let us then His call obey For our own sins to fast and pray.
- 2 Controlled be every vain desire, And quenched each passion's lawless fire, Nor let unbridled lust rebel, And force the soul's weak citadel.
- 3 With contrite heart and humble feet, Let us approach the mercy-seat, And mourn our sins, if so we may God's just resentment turn away.
- 4 O fearful Judge of quick and dead, Our sins lie heavy on our head, Too heavy far for us to bear: Spare, gracious Lord, in mercy spare.
- 5 Blest Three in One, assist, we pray, The service of this sacred day, And may its holy fruits appear In penitence and love sincere.

403 In those days He did eat nothing. Luke iv.

- 1 FORTY days and forty nights
 Thou wast fasting in the wild;
 Forty days and forty nights
 Tempted, and yet undefiled.
 Sunbeams scorching all the day;
 Chilly dew-drops nightly shed;
 Prowling beasts about Thy way;
 Stones Thy pillow; earth Thy bed.
- 2 Shall not we Thy sorrow share, And from earthly joys abstain, Fasting still with instant prayer, Glad with Thee to suffer pain?

And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his Vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint or fail.

3 So shall we have peace divine;
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us, too, shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to Thee.
Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by Thy side,
That with Thee we may appear
At the eternal Eastertide. Am

404 Templed like as we are. He

- I JESUS our Lord, who tempted was In all points like as we, And didst achieve in that dread fit Undoubted victory, Behold Thy spouse, a season laid Beneath the Tempter's power, Led up into the wilderness To wait her trying hour.
- 2 May she her forces ready make, And gird her weapons fast, And in the armour of her God Stand fearless to the last. Teach us, when angered at our lot Our faithless souls repine. Man liveth not by bread alone, But by each word divine.
- 3 When we would rush on danger's p
 And dare the lifted sword,
 Speak in our ears the warning voic
 'Thou shalt not tempt the Lord
 And when, deceived by pride or poEarth's idols we espouse,
 Teach us that Thou art God alone,
 And on us are Thy vows.
- 4 Thus more than conquerors we sha In this our deadly strife, Till angels come and minister To the glad heirs of life. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, &

405 Return, ye backsliding children I will heal your backslidings. Jo

- 1 RETURN, return,
 Poor long-lost wanderer, home:
 With all thy bitter tears
- And heavy burdens come:
 Worn with sorrow, stained with
 There is One who loves thee w

Lo, the Father comes to meet thee, And from mercy's opening door Words of life and promise greet thee: Ah, return, delay no more.

Return, return
From strife and tumult vain
To quiet solitude
And silent thought again;
Then the storms shall sink to rest
That now war within thy breast;
Then the Spirit, long neglected,
Waits with joys before unknown,
And the Saviour, long rejected,
Claims and seals thee for His own.

Return, return
To thy long-suffering Lord;
Fear not to seek His grace
And trust His faithful word;
Yield to Him thy weary beart;
He can heal its keenest smart,
He can soothe the deepest sorrow,
Wash the deepest guilt away;
Then delay not till to-morrow,
Seek His offered love to-day.

From all thy wanderings home;
From vanity and toil
To rest and substance come;
Come to truth from error's night,
Come from darkness unto light,
Come from death to life undying,
From a fallen earth to heaven:
Now the accepted time is flying;
Haste to take what God has given.

406 Try me, and know my thoughts. Ps. exxxix.

1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And life's vain shadows chase no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.
O mighty Lord, whose searching eye
Distinctly marks each deep retreat,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And let me here Thy presence meet.
2 Through all the windings of my heart

My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its piercing light impart,
Till all be known and purified.
Thus for the visits of Thy love
Its chambers let my soul prepare,
Till every grace combine to prove
That God has fixed His dwelling there.
Amen.

407 Jesus departed into a solitary place.

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I fiee, From strife and tumult far; From scenes where Satan wages still His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade, With prayer and praise agree, And seem by Thy rich bounty made For those who follow Thee.
- 3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul, And grace her mean abode, O with what peace, and joy, and love, She communes with her God!
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours Her solitary lays, Nor asks a witness of her song, Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and Guardian of my life, Sweet Source of life divine, And—all harmonious names in one— Redeemer, Thou art mine.

408 He knoweth the secrets of the heart.

1 With trembling awe we come, And bow before Thy throne: For all our thoughts and secret sins To Thee, great God, are known. How dreadful is the might Of Thine avenging hand! The fiery terrors of Thy wrath What mortal can withstand?

2 As guilty Sodom fell
Beneath Thy righteous doom
So flames of everlasting woe
Shall all Thy foes consume.
Lord, hear our earnest cry,
And, while we live to pray,
O give us grace to love Thy law
And strength to keep Thy way.

409 Let them say, Spare Thy people, O Lora Joel II.

1 ALMIGHTY Father, God of grace,
We all, as sheep astray,
In folly from Thy paths have turned,
Each to his sinful way.
Sins of omission and of act
In all our lives abound;
Alas, in thought, and word, and deed,
No health in us is found.

FOR LENT.

2 O spare us, Lord, in mercy spare; Our contrite souls restore, Through Him who suffered on the Cross, And man's transgressions bore. And grant, O Father, for His sake, That we, through all our days, A just and godly life may lead, To Thine eternal praise. Amen.

410 A contrile heart Thou will not despise.

- 1 THERE is a holy secrifice,
 Which God Himself will not despire;
 Our heavenly Father deigns to prize
 A contrite heart.
- 2 The Holy One, the Son of God, His presence there will shed abroad, And hallow for His own abode The contrite heart.
- 3 The blessed Spirit from on high Will listen to its faintest sigh, And heal and cheer and purify The contrite heart.
- 4 Saviour, I make my prayer to Thee; Such as Thou lovest I would be; In mercy, Lord, bestow on me A contrite heart.

411 I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto Thy testimonies. Ps. cxix.

1 Nor willingly dost Thou reject
Or grieve the souls Thy hand has
made;

Now, called by suffering to reflect, O God, we seek Thy pitying aid.

- 2 We feel that we have gone astray, Have left the path ThyWord commends; We see that we have lost our way, But still that Word sweet comfort lends.
- 3 It tells us, if we seek a Guide, That Guide will haste to lead us back; It tells us, strength shall be supplied To reach once more the heavenward track.
- 4 Our treacherous hearts their God forgot,
 The flame of love grew cold and dim;
 But yet that God, forsaking not,
 Now gives us time to think of Him.
- 5 His grace invites us to return;
 He deigns to teach us from above:
 Lord, all Thou teachest we would learn
 With shame and gratitude and love.

412 We should not trust in ourse in God. 2 Cor. L

- 1 O SAVE us, Lord, by love or fear Save us from sin and sorrow here And endless misery: Teach us to love the Saviour's C As much as we should dread the Of pardon and of Thee.
- 2 When passions tempt, or danger And we Thy servants love Thee And faith is wavering, Set Thou before us what He born Whom on the Cross our hearts a Our Saviour and our King.
- 3 When sloth and indolence prevai Or luxury doubts the woful tale That claims our fellowship; When wrath is roused, or pride t Abate the sin that in us swells, And hush the scornful lip.
- 4 Save us from self, that we may t
 In toils and trials cheerfully
 To do the appointed part;
 Soothe Thou each bosom's inware
 And breathe a purer holier life
 In every yielding heart. Ame

413 Repent pe. Nark L

- 1 RETURN, and come to God; Cast all your sins away; Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing bloc Repent, believe, obey.
- 2 Say not ye cannot come; For Jesus bled, and died, That none who ask in humble faith Should ever be denied.
- 3 Say not ye will not come;
 Tis God vouchsafes to call;
 And fearful will their end be found,
 On whom His wrath shall fall.
- 4 Come, then, whoever will; Come, while 'tis called to-day; Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing bloc Repent, believe, obey.

414 I say unto thee, Arise. Lak

1 WAKE from the dead, new life be Obey the call, ye dead in ain, That now proclaims 'Arise:' Wake, ere with vain remorse ye : The yawning pit that waits for y The worm that never thes.

- 2 In vain their awful doom is told; The ear is deaf, the heart is cold; We speak the word in vain; Bound in the strength of death and hell, Can man the great destroyer quell, And break the captive's chain?
- 3 O Lord of life, O strong to save, Almighty Conqueror of the grave, Now let Thy power be known: By Thine appointed servants speak; For though the instrument is weak, The word is still Thine own.

415 They desire a better country. Heb. xi.

- 1 PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
 Come the way to Zion's gate;
 There, till mercy speak within,
 Knuck and weep, and watch and wait.
 Knuck—He knows the sinner's cry,
 Weep He loves the mourier's tears;
 Watch for saving help is nigh,
 Wait till heavenly grace appears.
- 2 Hark, it is thy Saviour's voice: 'Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest;' Now within the gate rejoice, Safe and owned and bought and blest: Safe — from all the lures of vice, Owned — by joys the contrite know, Bought — by love and life the price, Blest — the mighty debt to owe.
- 3 Holy pilgrim, what for thee
 In a world like this remains?
 From thy guarded breast shall flee
 Fear and slasme and doubt and pains.
 Fear—the hope of heaven shall flee,
 Shame—from glory's view retire,
 Doubt—in full belief shall die,
 Pain—in endless bliss expire.

416 Try me, O Lord, and search the ground of my heart; prove me, and examine my thoughts." Ps. CXXXIX.

1 TRY us, O Lord, and search the ground Of our too sinful heart; Whats'er of guile in us is found, O bid it all depart. When to the right or left we stray, Ne'er may Thy warnings cease; Still guide us in the eternal way, The way of perfect peace.

- 2 Thou wouldst not on Thy mournful read
 Endure Thy Cross alone:
 Help us to bear each other's load,
 Which Thou dost deem Thine own.
 Thy sacred lessons, line by line,
 Which we have learned by heart,
 Of faith, and hope, and love divine,
 Lord, teach us to impart.

 Venue Theory are likely Head.
- 3 Up unto Thee, our living Head,
 Let us in all things grow,
 A people free among the daad,
 A paradise below.
 To Christ, who came to save the lost,
 And lead us back to heaven,
 - With Father, and with Holy Ghost, Be praise for ever given. Amen.

417 Without faith it is impossible to please God. Hab. xl.

- 1 FAITH is a living power from heaven, Which grasps the promise God has given, A trust that cannot be o'erthrown, Securely fixed on Christ alone.
- 2 Faith finds in Christ whate'er we need To save and strengthen, guide and feed; Strong in His grace it joys to share His cross, in hope His crown to wear.
- 3 Faith to the conscience whispers peace, And bids the mourner's sighing cease; By faith the children's right we claim, And call upon our Father's name.
- 4 Faith feels the Spirit's kindling breath In love and hope that conquer death; Faith brings us to delight in God, And blesses e'en His smiting rod.
- 5 Such faith in us, O God, implant, And to our prayers Thy favour grant In Jesus Christ, Thy saving Son, Who is our fount of health alone;
- 6 In Him may every trusting soul Press onward to the heavenly goal, The blessedness no foes destroy, Eternal love and light and joy.

418 Faith worketh by love. Gal. v.

I TRUE faith in holy life will shine;
The soul, that looks above
And more would learn of things divine,
Must daily grow in love;
For faith not only brings us light,
But strength to love and do the right.

FOR LENT.

2 Christ Jesus hath atoned for sin. And we are children now; But they who feel such hope within No evil will allow,

But bravely, like their Lord, endure, And purely live, as Christ was pure. 3 They only please the Father well,

Who study to obey; In them, O God, Thy love doth dwell Who keep Thy perfect way; Love strong and stedfast unto death This is the fruit and test of faith.

4 He rests in God and God in him. Who still abides in love: In love the saints and Seraphim Obev and praise above: But lawless life and loveless heart In God and Jesus have no part.

419 It is God which worketh in you both to will and to do. Phil. ii.

- 1 What adverse powers we feel within, Converting grace, reluctant sin! Nor this can reign, nor that prevail, Though both by turns the heart assail. Now sorrowing in the dust we lie, Now raise the song of triumph high; Now deem rebellious passion slain, Now mourn to feel its power again.
- 2 One happy hour beholds us rise Exulting to the promised skies, And winged with faith we speed our flight To realms of joy and love and light: But scarce the minutes onward roll. Ere earth recalls the captive soul, And, swayed by its attractive force, We hurry on our downward course.
- 3 Great God, assist us in the fight, And bid us conquer in Thy might; Tis Thine the prostrate heart to raise; The victory Thine, be Thine the praise! Praise God from whom all blessings flow, &c.

My grace is sufficient for thee. 2 Cor. xii. 420

- 1 SLow though I am to trust the Lord, Slow to believe Thy gracious word, Yet dear Thy promise is to me, ' Sufficient is My grace for thee.'
- 2 Though trials here, and toil and care, Too often tempt me to despair, Sweet comfort is Thy word to me, 4 Sufficient is My grace for thee."

- 3 Thus can I triumph in distress And find that even pain can bless, So sure I feel Thy word to me: ' Sufficient is My grace for thee.'
- 4 I know, O Lord, Thy love can shed Its beams o'er every path I tread, Reviving, calming, teaching me, ' Sufficient is My grace for thee.'
- 5 Thy grace, O Lord, on me bestow; Then, though my tears may sometimes Still shall Thy word bring peace to 1 'Sufficient is My grace for thee.'
- 6 And when I see Thee in the light Thy matchless glory makes so brigh Loud shall I sing, adoring Thee, 'Sufficient was Thy grace for me.'
- 421 Deliver us from evil. Matt. vi.
- 1 O Thou, whose mercy, truth, and h From age to age endure, Whose word, though heaven and remove,

Shall stand for ever sure: Before Thy face, almighty God, Thy guilty creatures fall, And plead the Saviour's precious blo

So freely shed for all. 2 The sanctifying Spirit give,

To make us pure within;

- That we may serve Thee while we li And hate the works of sin: Give us a new and perfect heart; From evil set us free:
- The mind that was in Christ impart And bid us live to Thee. Amen.
- 422 Your life is hid with Christ in Go
- 1 O YE who bear your Saviour's name And know the truth His words proc Washed in His pure baptismal flood, And bought with His most precious ! Bear not of Christ the name alone, If ye would reach His glorious thron Be His in life and His in heart, Nor from His holy laws depart.
- 2 They who would reign with Christ a Must here, in faith and patient love, First tread the rough and thorny ro Which Christ has sprinkled with His Who suffer here with Christ below, And in His footsteps aim to go, When life is o'er shall sweetly rest, And be with Christ for ever blest.

423 It to Christ that died. Ross. vill.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet;
For none can perish there.
Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee;
And such, O Lord, am I.

2 Bowed down beneath a load of sin, By Satan's power opprest, From wars without and fears within I fly to Thee for rest. Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,

That, sheltered at Thy side,
My fierce accuser I may face,
And tell him, 'CHRIST HAS DIED.'

3 O wondrous love, to bleed and die, To bear the Cross of shame, That guilty sinners such as I Might plead Thy gracious Name! Give glory to the Three in One, &c.

424 Have mercy on me, &c. Ps. 11.

- 1 HAVE mercy, Lord; O Lord, forgive; Let the repenting sinner live; Is not Thy mercy great and free? May not the sinner trust in Thee?
- 2 Wash us from all our sins, O God, In Thy dear Son's atoning blood: Hear us, who come before Thy throne To plead His merits, His alone.
- 3 Though we have grieved Thy Spirit, Lord, His gracious presence still afford; And still salvation's strength impart, To heal the broken contrite heart.
- 4 A broken heart, O God our King, Is all the sacrifice we bring: Thou, God of grace, wilt not despise A broken heart in sacrifice.
- 5 O save the trembling sinner, Lord, Whose hope, still hovering round Thy Word, Would rest on some sure promise there, Some firm support against despair.

425 In Me is thy help. Hos. zviii.

O HELP us, Lord; each hour of need
 Thy heavenly succour give;
 Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
 Each hour on earth we live.

- 2 O help us, when to Thee we cry With contrite anguish sore; And when our hearts are cold and dry, O help us, Lord, the more.
- 3 O help us through the power of faith More firmly to believe, For still the more the servant hath, The more shall he receive.
- 4 O help us, Jesu, from on high;
 We know no help but Thee:
 O help us so to live and die.
 - O help us so to live and die, As Thine in heaven to be. Amen.

426 I live by the faith of the Son of God:

- 1 Whom shall we our refuge making Seek, when guilt alarms the soul? Who can make the sinner whole? From the sleep of sin awaking,
 - Jesu, Lord, we fly to Thee; Our deliverer Thou wilt be.
- 2 Though our sins so oft have grieved Thee, Still Thy love and grace endure, Still Thy mercies, Lord, are sure; Faith hath ne'er in vain received Thee: Jesu, Lord, we fly to Thee; Our deliverer Thou wilt be.
- 3 Though afflictions oft oppress us,
 Thou wilt ne'er Thine own forsake;
 Still shall we Thine aid partake,
 In our sorrows Thou wilt bless us.
 Jesu, Lord, we fly to Thee;
 Our deliverer Thou wilt be.
- 4 Death, that us from earth shall sever, Shall our hearts from grief set free, In Thy joy to rest with Thee: Thou wilt be our light for ever. Jesu, Lord, we fly to Thee; Our deliverer Thou wilt be.

421 Why are ye troubled? Luke xxiv.

- O Saviour, when the fearful storms
 Of life around us press,
 And we in vain for comfort seek
 Where all is comfortless;
 Then whisper Thou the sweet command
 Which Thou on Thine hast laid;
 Let not your heart be troubled,
 Nor let it be afraid.
- 2 When, in deep consciousness of sin, We sink before Thy feet, Yet scarcely dare to raise our eyes Towards Thy mercy-seat;

FOR LENT.

Speak to the trembling spirit, Thou, Who hast our ransom paid, Let not your heart be troubled, Nor let it be afraid.

3 Thus speak in each dark scene of life, And at the hour of death Be with us still, nor let our souls Fail with the failing breath: But be our Comforter and Guide Through that dread valley's shade; Then our heart shall not be troubled, Nor shall it be afraid. Amen.

428 Jesus Christ the same yesterday and to-day and for ever. Heb. xiii.

- 1 Blessed be Thy name,
 Jesus Christ, the same
 Yesterday, to-day, for ever!
 What from Thee my soul shall sever,
 While I hear Thy voice,
 And in Thee rejoice?
- 2 Guide me with Thine eye; Warn to fight or fly, When the foe, a lion raging, Or with serpent guile engaging, Comes in wrath to tear, Or by fraud ensnare.
- 3 Hold me with Thine hand,
 For by faith I stand;
 On Thy strength my sole reliance,
 In Thy truth my whole affiance:
 Then, where'er I roam,
 I am travelling home.
- 4 Lord, Thy Word is light;
 At the fall of night,
 When a pilgrim, like my fathers,
 Life's last shadow round me gathers,
 May its brightening ray
 Shine to perfect day!
- 5 After my last hreath,
 Overcoming death,
 From the body discucumbered,
 With Thy saints in glory numbered,
 Jesus, may I be
 Found in peace with Thee! Amen.

429 He was manifested to take away our sins. 1 John iii.

1 Thou Friend of sinners, who hast bought Our freedom with Thy precious blood; Whose grace my wandering feet hath sought, To bring me to the fold of God; My sine forgive, my fears remove, And fill my grateful heart with low

- 2 Thee let my panting soul pursue,
 To thee with fervent love aspire;
 O may Thy Spirit still renew
 Within my heart that heavenly fi
 And ever prompt my jealous care
 To guard the sacred treasure there.
- 3 In suffering be Thy love my peace; In weakness be Thy love my pow And when this mortal life shall ceas Bless with Thy love my latest he My strength in life, that Thou dost My hope in death, that Thou hast c

430 Hear my voice. Ps. lxiv.

- 1 When at Thy footstool, Lord, I be And plead with Thee for mercy t Think of the sinner's dying Friend, And for His sake receive my pray O think not of my doubts and fears My strivings with Thy grace div. But think on Jesus' woes and tears, And let His merits stand for min
- 2 O think upon Thy holy Word, And every plighted promise then How prayer should evermore be hes And how Thy glory is to spare. Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not of Thine arm can never shortened b Behold me here —my heart is full-Behold, and spare, and succour m

431 I can do all things through Chr. which strengtheneth me. Phil.

- 1 Jesus, my strength, my hope,
 On Thee I cast my care;
 With meek reliance I look up,
 And know Thou hear'st my prayer.
 Give me on Thee to wait,
 Till I can all things do;
 On Thee, almighty to create,
 Almighty to renew.
- 2 I want a sober mind, A self-renouncing will, That tramples down and casts behind The baits of pleasing ill; A soul inured to care, To hardship, grief, and loss, Bold to take up, and firm to bear, The consecrated cross.

- 3 I want a godly fear,
 A quick-discerning eye,
 That looks to Thee when sin is near,
 And sees the Tempter fly;
 A spirit still prepared,
 And armed with jealous care
 For ever standing on its guard,
 And watching unto prayer.
- 4 I rest upon Thy word;
 The promise is for me;
 My succour and salvation, Lord,
 Shall surely come from Thee.
 But let me still abide,
 Nor e'er unfaithful prove,
 Till Thou my patient spirit guide
 Into Thy perfect love. Amen.

432 Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile. Mark vi.

- 1 'Come to a desert place apart, And rest a little while:' So Jesus spake, when limbs and heart Were waxing faint through toil. What tired nature craved He sought, But, while He sought it, found The restless crowd together brought, And labour's weary round.
- 2 Still not a thought to self was given, No murmur from Him came; He fed their souls with bread from heaven, And stayed their sinking frame: Nor turned, when that long task was done, To sleep fatigue away; When on the desert sank the sun, The Saviour woke to pray.
- 3 O perfect Pattern from above,
 So strengthen us that ne'er
 May sloth keep back from works of love,
 Nor works of love from prayer.
 Thee let us praise, almighty So.1,
 With all the heavenly host,
 Thee with the Father ever One,
 And with the Holy Ghost.
- 433 There is mercy with Thee. Ps. exxx.
- 1 JESU, Lord, we kneel before Thee, Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear; While our waiting souls adore Thee, Friend of helpless sinners, hear: By Thy mercy, O deliver us, good Lord.

- 2 Taught by Thine unerring Spirit, Boldly we draw nigh to God Only in Thy spotless merit, Only through Thy precious blood: By Thy mercy, O deliver us, good Lord.
- 3 From the depth of nature's blindness, From the hardening power of sin, From all malice and unkindness, From the pride that lurks within, By Thy mercy, O deliver us, good Lord.
- 4 When temptation sorely presses,
 In the day of Satan's power,
 In our times of deep distresses,
 In each dark and trying hour,
 By Thy mercy,
 O deliver us, good Lord.
- 5 In the weary night of sickness, In the throes of grief and pain, When we feel our mortal weakness, When the creature's help is vain, By Thy mercy, O deliver us, good Lord.
- 6 In the solemn hour of dying, In the awful judgment day, May our souls, on Thee relying, Find Thee still our hope and stay: By Thy mercy, O deliver us, good Lord.
- 7 Jesu, may Thy promised blessing
 Comfort to our souls afford:
 May we, now Thy love possessing,
 And at length our full reward,
 Ever praise Thee,
 Thee, our ever glorious Lord. Amen

434 These all died in faith. Heb. x.

- 1 YE patriarchs all and ancient sires,
 Of saintly men ye white-robed quires,
 Who saw ere Christ was born His day,
 And walked with God a perfect way,
 Pilgrim of Ur, submissive still
 In all things to Jehovah's will,
 And ye, great chieftains of his race,
 Sons of his faith, and heirs of grace:
- 2 O how can words of equal worth The wonders of your faith set forth, Or tell of all your panting sighs, Which hope uplifted to the skies?

Strangers and pilgrims here below, Ye deemed the world an empty show, And, resting on God's promise sure, Ye sought a home that should endure.

3 So wean us, Lord, from things we see, And fix our hopes on heaven and Thee, That high o'er earth our souls may rise, With Thee conversing in the skies. Praise God from whom all blessings flow, &c.

435 We who have believed do enter into rest. Heb. iii.

THOUGH nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
At God's command;
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view,

And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

The goodly land I see
With peace and plenty blest,
The land of sacred liberty
And endless rest.
There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of peace.

3 His whole exulting host
Give thanks to God on high;
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
They ever cry!
Hail, Abraham's God and mine!
(I join the heavenly lays;)
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise.

436 Haste thee, escape. Gen. xix.

1 This world is all enchanted ground; O whither shall we fly? The vengeful flames are kindling round, And if we rest, we die.

2 When some kind hand has brought us forth,

How lingering is our pace ! Lord, either drive us by Thy wrath, Or draw us by Thy grace.

3 O let us not one moment waste On this destructive plain; Hence let us fice with eager haste Till we our Zoar gain.

4 Give glory to the Three in One, &c.

437 Here we have no continuing city Heb. xill.

1 A SOLDIER'S march, from battles won To new-commencing strife,

A pilgrim's, restless as the sun: — Such is the Christian life.

The hosts of Satan yearn for spoil:

How can our warfare close?

Lynely we trend a foreign soil:

Lonely we tread a foreign soil: When look we for repose?

2 O let us seek the heavenly home, Revealed in sacred lore,

The land whence pilgrims never roam, Where soldiers fight no more:

Where grief and death are sounds thown,

Where darkness hath no sway, But from Jehovah's awful throne

Beams ever-living day:
3 Where friends who meet shall never ps

Where grace achieves its plan, And God, uniting every heart, Dwells face to face with man. Give glory to the Three in One, &c.

438 Who is this that cometh leaning on a Beloved? Cant. vill.

1 I JOURNEY through a desert drear a wild,

Yet is my heart by such sweet though

Of Him on whom I lean, my strength,

That I forget the sorrows of the way.

2 Thoughts of His love, the root of ever grace Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling

place, The sunshine of my soul, than day m

bright,
And my calm pillow of repose by nigh

And my calm pillow of repose by nigh 3 Thoughts of His sojourn in this vale

tears:—
The tale of love unfolded in those year
Of sinless suffering and patient grace,
I love again and yet again to trace.

4 Thoughts of His glory: on the cros gaze, And there behold its sad yet healing ra Beacon of hope, which lifted up on hig Illumes with heavenly light the te dimmed eye.

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5 Thoughts of His coming: for that joyful day
In patient hope I watch and wait and pray;
The dawn draws nigh, the midnight shadows flee;
O what a sunrise will that advent be!

6 Thus while I journey on my Lord to meet, My thoughts and meditations are so sweet Of Him on whom I lean, my strength, my stay, That I forget the sorrows of the way.

439 Casting all your care upon Him. 1 Pet. v.

1 JESUS, whilst this rough desert-soil I tread, be Thou my guide and stay; Nerve me for conflict and for toil; Uphold me on my stranger way.

2 Jesus, in heaviness and fear, 'Mid cloud, and shade, and gloom I stray; For earth's last night is drawing near; O cheer me on my stranger way.

3 Jesna, in solitude and grief, When sun and stars withhold their rny, Make haste, make haste to my relief, O light me on my stranger way.

4 Jesus, in weakness of this flesh, When Satan grasps me for his prey, O give me victory afresh, And speed me on my stranger way.

5 Jesus, my righteousness and strength, My more than life, my more than day, O bring, deliverance bring at length; O come and end my stranger way.

440 Few and evil have the days of my life been. Gen. xlvil.

1 Our days, alas, our mortal days
Are abort, and wretched too;
Evil and few, the patriarch says;
And well the patriarch knew.
And 'tis at best a narrow bound
That God allots to men,
And pains and sorrows run the round
Of threescore years and ten.

2 Well, if ye must be sad and few, Run on, my days, in haste; Moments of sin, and months of wee, Ye cannot fly too fast. Let heavenly love prepare my soul For mansions in the skies, Where years of endless blessing roll, And glory never dies.

441 The light shall not be clear nor dark. Zech. vi.

I Do not doubt Thy wise and holy will,
 O God, is ever ruling for the best;
 I know my chastening Father loves me still,
 And that the end is everlasting rest;
 But when the path through clouds and tombs leads on,
 O it is hard to say, 'Thy will, not mine, be done.'

2 I do not doubt, unworthy though I be, Thy worthiness, O Saviour, is my own; One of Thy many mansions is for me In the good land where sorrow is unknown; But often clouds obscure the distant scene, And from the flood I shrink, which darkly rolls between.

3 Ah, whence this dulness? why, O faithless heart,
Thus sadly linger on the pilgrim way?
Why not with girded robes arise, depart,
And speed thy progress to the land of
day,
Nor longer mourn the present or the past.
But press toward the prize, which shall
be thine at last?

4 Lord, at the evening time let there be light;
Unveil Thy presence, bid all darkness fly;
Surely, ere now, far spent must be the night,
The morning comes, the journey's end is nigh.
Renew my strength, the shortened race to run,
Till glory crown the work which grace has here begun.

442 Fight the good fight of faith. 1 Tim. vi.

 SOLDIER, go; but not to claim Mouldering spoils of earth-born treasure, Not to build a vaunting name, Not to dwell in tents of pleasure. Dream not that the way is smooth,
Hope not that the thorns are roses;
Turn no wistful eye of youth,
Where the sunny beam reposes;
Thou hast sterner work to do,
Hosts to cut thy passage through;
Close behind thee gulfs are burning:

Forward: there is no returning.

2 Soldier, rest; but not for thee Spreads the world her downy pillow; On the rock thy couch must be, While around thee chafes the billow: Thine must be a watchful sleep, Wearier than another's waking; Such a charge as thou dost keep Brooks no moment of forsaking. Sleep, as on the battle-field, Girded, grasping sword and shield;

Those thou caust not name or number, Steal upon thy broken slumber.

3 Soldier, rise; the war is done:
 Lo, the hosts of hell are flying:
 Twas thy Lord the battle won;
 Jesus vanquished them by dying.
 Pass the stream; before thee lies

All the conquered land of glory;

Hark, what songs of rapture rise!

These proclaim the victor's story.

Soldier, lay thy weapons down,

Quit the sword, and take the crown:

Triumph: all thy foes are banished,

Death is slain, and earth has vanished.

443 Lay hold on eternal life. 1 Tim. vi.

- 1 OFT in danger, oft in woe, Onward, Christians, onward go: Fight the fight, maintain the strife, Strengthened with the bread of life.
- 2 Onward, Christians, onward go: Join the war, and face the foe; Will ye flee in danger's hour? Know ye not your Captain's power?
- 3 Let your drooping hearts be glad; March in heavenly armour clad; Fight, nor think the battle long; Soon shall victory be your song.
- 4 Let not sorrow dim your eye; Soon shall every tear be dry: Let not fears your course impede; Great your strength, if great your need.

5 Onward, then, in battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove:
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

444 Nake me a clean heart, O God, an renew a right spirit within me. 1's.

- O FOR a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free,
 A heart that owns the precious blood
 So freely shed for me;
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek. My great Redeemer's throne, Where only Christ is heard to speak, Where Jesus reigns alone;
- 3 A faithful, lowly, contrite heart, The Spirit's blest abode, Which neither life nor death can part From that in-dwelling God;
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed, And full of love divine, Perfect, and right, and pure, and good, An image, Lord, of Thine!
- 5 Thy nature, Holiest One, impart, Come quickly from above, Write Thy new name upon my heart, Thy new best name of Love.

445 That the power of Christ may rest upon me. 2 Cor. xii.

- 1 SERVANTS of Christ, His truth who kno Forth to your glorious warfare go, Strong in Jehovah's name and might Take up with joy the hallowed cross, And, counting all beside as dross, Beneath its sacred banner fight.
- 2 Above the world, its smile or frown, On all its vanities look down, Its wealth and pleasure, power as state. The man who dares its gods despise,

The Christian, he alone is wise;
The Christian, he alone is great.

3 O God, let all our lives declare
How blest Thy faithful servants are,
How far above these earthly things;
How pure when washed in Jesu's blood
How great, the chosen sons of God,
A holy race of priests and hings.

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446 If any man serve Me, let him follow Me: and where I am, there shall also My servant be. John xii.

1 How blessed, from the bonds of sin
And earthly fetters free,
In singleness of heart and aim,
Thy servant, Lord, to be;
The hardest toil to undertake
With joy at Thy command,
The meanest office to receive
With meekness from Thy hand!

2 With willing heart and longing eyes To watch before Thy gate, Ready to run the weary race, To bear the heavy weight; No voice of thunder to expect, But follow calm and still; For love can easily divine Its own Beloved's will.

- 3 Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord,
 Thus, ever Thine alone,
 My soul and body give to Thee,
 The purchase Thou hast won.
 Through evil or through good report
 Still keeping by Thy side,
 By life or death in this poor flesh
 Let Christ be magnified.
- 4 How happily the working days
 In this dear service fly,
 How rapidly the closing hour,
 The time of rest, draws nigh,
 When all the faithful gather home,
 A joyful company,
 And ever, where the Master is,
 Shall His blest servants be!

447 Our Father. Matt. vi.

- 1 O Thou in highest heaven adored, Eternal bounteons Sire and Lord, To Thee be endless worship paid, Thy Name revered, Thy will obeyed, By us who dwell beneath the aky, As by the angel hosts on high.
- 2 To Thee in all our wants we call; O may Thy care supply them all: To Thee with guilt oppressed we fice; O may Thy pardon set us free: If harm we ne'er with harm reward, As we forgive, forgive us, Lord.
- 3 In strong temptation's dangerous hour O shield us with Thy saving power:

When gathering storms affright, O still Preserve us from impending ill: For kingship, glory, power divine, Are Thine, O God, for ever Thine. Amen.

448 Panlm xxv. Unto Thee, O Lord, &c.

- 1 I LIFT mine neart to Thee, My God, my hope and stay,
- O shame me not, nor leave my life
 To scornful foes a prey.
 Enlighten, Lord, mine eyes
 Thy gracious ways to see;
- O guide me where in paths of life The faithful walk with Thee.
- 2 When lost in gloom I tread, Thy star of truth display: Thou art my Saviour and my God, On Thee I wait all day. The errors of my youth, And every deeper stain, Forcive them. Lord, and let them me.

Forgive them, Lord, and let them ne'er To memory rise again.

3 His mercy and His truth The righteous Lord displays In bringing wandering sinners home And teaching them His ways.

The lowly and the meek
He waits to guard and guide,
And, where the gentle walk with truth,
Is ever at their side.

4 Lord, for Thy mercy's sake I sue for grace to Thee:

Though great my guilt, more great Thy grace,
Which sets the guilty free.
We, with the angel choir, &c.

449 Psalm xxviii. Unto Thee will I cry, &c.

1 LORD, my Rock, to Thee I cry,
Hear the voice of my complaining:
Lest, if Thou my suit deny,
Through rebuke of Thy disdaining
I become as those that die.

2 Hear me, ere my life be gone, Where I kneel, my heart outpouring In the place where Thou art known, Where the cherub-forms adoring Bend around Thy mercy-throne.

3 Lord. on whom my hope relied When I poured my heart before Thee, Be Thy mercy magnified; Let my grateful songs adore Thee For the help Thy love supplied. 4 Mighty God, my shield in war, Strength in weakness, hope in sadness Great as Thy dear mercies are Is my heart's exulting gladness, Hymning forth Thy praise afar.

450 Psalm xxxi. In Thee, O Lord, &c.

- 1 In Thee, O Lord, I trust; Defend my truth from shame: Redeem me with Thy love and power, For Thy most righteous Name.
- 2 Bow down Thy gracious ear, And speedy succour send:
 Be Thou my ruck and fortress-tower,
 To shelter and defend.
- 3 Thou art my fort and rock,
 My strength in danger tried:
 Thou, for Thy great and glorious Name,
 My steps wilt ever guide.
- 4 O draw me from the snare
 Which fees have closely laid:
 Thou art my might and fortitude,
 My only hope and aid.
- 5 To Thy protecting hand My spirit I resign; Thou last redeemed me, Lord of truth, And I am wholly Thine.

PART II.

- 6 Dread Lord, have mercy now:
 Mine eyes for sadness fail,
 My trembling heart and aching flesh
 Beneath Thy terrors quail.
- 7 My life, with sighing spent, Is withered, past, and gone: Sharp sorrow for remembered sin Hath worn me to the bone,
- 8 Yet still my hope in Thee
 Found rest from sorrow's load:
 One thought revived my soul, that Thou
 Art evermore my God.
- 9 My times are in Thy hand, My sorrows and my joy: Redeem me, for Thou canst, from those That would my peace destroy.
- 10 O let me, gracious Lord, Thy beams of mercy see: leave me not in shame to mourn, Who still have called on Thee.

451 Psalm xxxiv. 11. Come, ye children, 40

- l Come, ye children, list to me,
 And be taught the Lord's true fear.
 Life and honour who would see,
 And long days of sweetness here?
 Keep thy lips from cunning sleight,
 And thy tongue aloof from ill;
 Hate the wrong and do the right;
 Follow peace with stedfast will.
- 2 For the Lord beholds the just, And in mercy hears their cry; Sinners, trampled in the dust, Fade beneath His angry eye. To His saints the Lord is kind, For their trouble swift to feel, Swift the broken heart to bind, And the wounded spirit heal.
- 3 Many woes the meek has known,
 But the Lord redeems from all,
 And without a shattered bone
 Bids him rise from every fall.
 Death awaits the wicked seed,
 Judgment them that hate the jnst:
 But from death and judgment freed
 In the Lord His servants trust.

452 Pialm lv. Give ear to my prayer, &c.

- LORD, hear me, grant my sorrow's boon;
 Turn not Thy face in wrath away;
 O heed me, how, with grief foredone,
 In sad unrest I mourn and pray.
- 2 Around, as in some field of flight, The threatening foes my soul alarm; In treachery leagued, with fell despite They come to seek my mortal harm.
- 3 And O, I said, that, like the dove, I might escape these strifes unblest, Mount the free tracks of air above, And flee away, and be at rest:
- 4 Theu would I haste on wings afar,
 And safe abide in desert lone;
 There sheltering from the bitter war,
 As glad as bird of tempest gone.
- 5 The burden of thy cares, my soul, Thy God shall lighten or sustain, Cherish His saints, their foes control, And bid them share His stedfast reign.

453 Paalm Ivi. 9. When I cry unto Thee, \$c.

- 1 WHEME'ER to Thee I make my prayer, My foes Thy fear shall scatter wide: Where Thy true word is with me, there Is joy to still all grief and care; The strength of God is on my side.
- 2 I will not fear what flesh can do; In God I trust to end the wrong; Thy vows, O God most high, most true, Are on me, and Thy praises due Shall ever fill my thankful song.
- 3 Thy grace my soul from death redeems, And sets my feet in safety's way; That from the world's unquiet dreams I may awake, to drink the beams Of light and life's eternal day.

454 Let Israel hope in the Lord. Ps. CXXX.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Lord, before Thy throne
 Thy mourning people bend,
 For on Thy pardoning grace alone
 Our prostrate hopes depend.
 Dire judgments from Thy heavy hand
 Thy dreadful power display;
 Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
 And still we live to pray.
- 2 How lost, alas, is truth divine
 In error, guilt, and shame,
 While careless thousands, bold in sin,
 Disgrace the Christian name!
 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
 By Thy subduing grace;
 So shall our hearts obey Thy Word,
 And we shall see Thy face.
- 3 If famine, plague, or foes invade, We shall not sink in fear, Secure of all-sufficient aid, When God, our God, is near. Give glory to the Three in One, &c.

455 Thou art a God of pardon. Neh. ix.

1 MOURNIMG o'er our great transgressions,
Lord, behold Thy people pray;
Listening to their deep confessions,
Take our numerous sins away.
Vast their sum, all sum exceeding;
Yet o'er all shall mercy rise,
Mercy from the throne proceeding,
Marcy loftier than the akies.

2 Blest are they, how blest in glory,
Objects of Thy boundless love,
Who around Thy throne adore Thee,
Dwelling in Thy courts above.
Humbly we at distance bending
Worship in Thy courts below;
Yet e'en here Thy love descending
Bids our joy to transport grow.

456 The staff of bread. Exek. iv.

- 1 To God most awful, God most high, Who formed the earth, the sea, the sky, To Him, on whom all worlds depend, Our humbled hearts in sighs we send.
- 2 Will He who hears the raven's cry, Reject our prayers, and bid us die? Will He refuse His help to yield, Who clothes the lilies of the field?
- 3 Pale famine lifts, at His command, Her withering arm, and blasts the land The harvests perish at her breath; Her train are want, disease, and death.
- 4 But when He smiles, the desert blooms, New life is born among the tombs; O'er the glad plains abundance teems, And plenty rolls in bounteous streams.
- 5 Father of grace, whom we adore, Bless Thy large family, the poor; On Thee alone the poor depend, Continue Thou the poor man's friend.
- 6 Content to live by toil and pain, Eternal riches may we gain; Meanwhile, by Thy free goodness fed, Give us this day our daily bread.

457 It is the Lord, 2 Sam. v.

- 1 Ir is the Lord: behold His hand That holds on high a chastening rod: A warning whisper thrills the land, 'Be still, and know that I am God.'
- 2 Shall we, like guilt-struck Adam, hide In darkest shade our conscious fears? For who His coming may abide? Or who shall stand, when He appears
- 3 No; let us throng around His seat: No; let us meet Him face to face; Prostrate our spirits at His feet, Confess our ains, and sue for grace.

4 Who knows but God will hear our cries, Turn swift destruction from our path, Restrain His judgments, or chastise In tender mercy, not in wrath?

5 He will, He will, for Jesus pleads; Let heaven and earth such love record; For us, for us He intercedes: Our help is nigh, that help the Lord.

458 Thou shalt not be afraid.

for the postilence that walketh in
darkness, nor for the sickness that
destroyth in the noon-day. 1's.
xcl.

1 In grief and fear, to Thee, O Lord, For succour now we fly; Thine awful judgments are abroad, O shield us lest we die. The fell disease on every side Walks forth with tainted breath; And pestilence, with rapid stride, Bestrews the land with death.
2 O look with nity on the seems.

2 O look with pity on the scene Of sadness and of dread, And let Thine angel stand between The living and the dead. With contrite hearts to Thee, our King, We turn, who oft have strayed; Accept the sacrifice we bring, And let the plague be stayed. Amen.

459 To the Lord our God belong forgivenesses. Dan. ix.

1 DREAD Jehovah, God of nations, From Thy temple in the skies, Hear Thy people's supplications, Now for their deliverance rise. Lo, with deep contrition turning, Humbly at Thy feet we bend; Hear us fasting, praying, mourning, Hear us, spare us, and defend.

2 Though our sins, our hearts confounding, Long and loud for vengeance call, Thou hast mercy more abounding; Jesus' blood can cleanse from all. Let that mercy veil transgression, Let that blood our fault efface; Save Thy people from oppression, Save from spoil Thy holy place.

460 We have sinned against the Lord. Num. xxiii,

1 Raise up some warning voice, O Lord, To ring throughout a sinful land; And bid us flee, in time, the sword That glitters in the avenging hand. From pestilence, or foreign foes,
Or worse and deadlier wars at home,
Let us not learn what heavy woes
On sin and godless pride may come.
2 For Christ's sake, humble us to fast
In spirit and cry out to Thee;
Ere yet our days of grace be past,
O pardon our iniquity.

Yea, let Thy prophet's cheering voice
Tell how Thy pity we may prove,
And we, as penitents, rejoice
That wrath and justice yield to love.

461 Will Thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked? Gen. xviii.

1 When Abraham, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And with a fervent humble prayer
For guilty Sodom aued;
With what success, what wondrous grace,
Was his petition crowned!
The Lord would spare, if in the place
Ten righteous men were found.

2 And could a single holy soul
So rich a boon obtain,
Great God, and shall a nation cry,
And plead with Thee in vain?
We still are Thine, Thy Name we bear,
Here yet is Thine abode:

Be present now to hear our prayer; Forsake us not, O God. Amen.

462 Wars and rumours of wars. Luke xxi.

- 1 While din of war is heard around,
 And death and ruin strew the ground,
 To Thee we look, on Thee we call,
 The Parent and the Lord of all.
 Thou, who hast stamped on human kind
 The image of a heavenly nind,
 And in a Father's wide embrace
 Hast cherished all the kindred race;
- 2 O see with what insatiate rage Thy sons their impions battles wage; How spreads destruction like a flood, And brother sheds a brother's blood; How guilty passions spring to birth, And deeds of hell deform the earth; While righteousness and justice mourn, And love and pity droop forlorn.
- 3 Great God, whose powerful arm can bind The raging wave, the furious wind, O bid the human tempest cease, And hush the maddened world to peace.

With reverence may each warring land. Hear and obey that high command, Thy Son's blest errand from above, 'My creatures, live in mutual love.'

463 Correct me, but with judgment.

- 1 Great King of nations, hear our prayer, While at Thy feet we fall, And humbly, with united cry, To Thee for mercy call; The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine; O turn us not away, But hear us from Thy lofty throne, And help us when we pray.
- 2 Our fathers' sins were manifold, And ours no less we own, Yet wondrously from age to age Thy goodness hath been shown; When dangers, like a stormy sea, Beset our country round, To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried, And help in Thee we found.
- 3 With one consent we meakly bow
 Beneath Thy chastening hand,
 And, pouring forth confession meet,
 Mourn with our mourning land.
 With pitying eye behold our need,
 As thus we lift our prayer,
 'Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
 Then let Thy mercy apare.' Amen.

464 Peace unto Israel. Ps. cxxv.

- 1 God, the all-terrible King, who ordainest Great winds Thy clarions, the lightning Thy sword; Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest:
- Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

 2 God the Omnipotent, mighty Avenger,
- Watching invisible, judging unheard; Leave us not now in the hour of danger: Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
- 3 God, the all-merciful, earth hath forsaken Thy ways of blessedness, alighted Thy word:
 - Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken: Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

 So shall Thy children, in thankful devotion,
 Bless Him who saved them from peril abborred,

Singing in chorus from ocean to ocean,

'Peace to the nations, and praise to the
Lord 1'

465 The Lord shall give His people the blessing of peace. Ps. xxix.

- 1 O God of love, O King of peace, Make wars throughout the world to cease; The wrath of sinful man restrain; Give peace, O God, give peace again.
- 2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old, The wonders that our fathers told; Remember not our sin's dark stain; Give peace, O God, give peace again.
- 3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord? Where rest but on Thy faithful word? None ever called on Thee in vain; Give peace, O God, give peace again.
- 4 Where saints and angels dwell above, All hearts are knit in holy love; O bind us in that heavenly chain; Give peace, O God, give peace again.

466 Fear not, I am with thee, and will bless thee. Gen. xxvi.

- FEAR not, O little flock, the foe Who madly seeks your overthrow, Nor dread his rage and power: What though your courage sometimes faints,
 - His seeming triumph o'er God's saints Lasts but a little hour.
- 2 Be of good cheer; your cause belongs To Him who can avenge your wrongs; Then leave it to your Lord; Though hidden yet from all our eyes, He sees the Gideon who shall rise To save us and His Word.
- 3 As true as God's own word is true, Not earth or hell with all their crew Against us shall prevail. A jest and byword are they grown; God is with us, we are His own, Our victory cannot fail.
- 4 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer: Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare-Fight for us once again:

So shall the saints and martyrs raise A mighty chorus to Thy praise, World without end: Amen.

467 The burden of Tyre. Isa. xxiii.

1 THE burden of Tyre: though o'er ocean's wide wave

In triumph and splendour her argosies ride,

Though her daughters be fair, and her warriors be brave,

She shall fall, saith the Lord, she shall fall in her pride.

2 Her wealth and her glory shall nothing avail,

Her merchants and traders, though princes they be; •

I will raze every fortress, and rend every sail

Of this lady of lands, of this queen of the sea.

3 Her palace and mart I will level to carth, The strength of her arm I will wholly destroy;

Her daughters' wild weeping shall follow their mirth,

And the low wail of sorrow succeed to their joy.

4 She is doomed, she is doomed; where her children have fed

Shall the wolf and the raven find shelter and food;

O'er her pride and her glory My wrath will I shed, And her name shall be shrouded in

The Land will be the home of His meanle

468 The Lord will be the hope of His people. Joel iii.

darkness and blood.

 LORD of our life, and God of our salvation, Star of our night, and hope of every nation,

Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,

Lord God Almighty.

2 See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling,

See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;

Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,

Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,

Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,

Lord, o'er Thy rock nor death nor hell prevaileth;

Grant us Thy peace, Lord:
4 Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts

assuaging,
Peace in Thy Church, when party strife

is raging,

Peace, when the world its busy war is waging,

Send us, O Saviour:
5 Grant us Thy help till foes are back-

ward driven, Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven.

forgiven, Grant peace on earth, or, after we have

striven,
Peace in Thy heaven. Amen.

469 Behold, a Virgin shall bring forth a Son. Luke 1.

1 PRAISE we the Lord this day, This day so long foreteld,

Whose promise shone with cheering rav
On waiting saints of old.
The prophet gave the sign
For faithful men to read;

A Virgin, born of David's line, Shall bear the promised Seed.

2 Ask not how this should be, But worship and adore;

Like her, whom heaven's own Majesty
Came down to shadow o'er.
Meekly she bowed her head
To hear the gracious word,

Mary, the pure and lowly maid, The favoured of the Lord.

3 Blessèd shall be her name In all the Church on earth.

Through whom that wondrous mercy came
The incarnate Saviour's birth.
Jesu, the Virgin's Son,
We praise Thee and adore,

Who art with God the Father One And Spirit evermore. Amen.

470 Be it to me according to Thy word.

1 O Thou, to whose all-seeing eye
Earth's mysteries are clear,
Who bright as noonday canst descry
What we deem darkest here,

Make us in lowly faith rejoice
With her, who on this day
First heard the angel's wondrous voice,
And heard but to obey.

2 For though on duty's narrow path
Dark clouds awhile may rest,
One light the weary spirit hath,
To know, Thy way is best;
And say, 'Whate'er betide, yet still
Behold Thy servant, Lord,
Be it to me, through good and ill,
According to Thy word!' Amen.

471 The power of the Highest shall overshadow thee. Luke i.

God's high grace she bowed her ear.

2 So the Spirit came upon her;
 Moved as o'er the ancient deep;
 Gave her—O unearthly honour!
 God for her own Son to keep.

Jesu Maker, Jesu Brother,
 Lift me, gently leading on,
 From the bosom of Thy Mother
 To Thy Cross and then Thy throne.

Amen.

472 Jesus was transfigured before them.

- 1 O WONDROUS type, O vision fair Of glory that the Church shall share, Which Christ upon the mountain shows, Where brighter than the sun He glows! From age to age the tale declare How with the three disciples there, Where Moses and Elias meet, The Lord holds converse high and sweet.
- 2 The law and prophets there have place, Two chosen witnesses of grace; The Father's voice from out the cloud Proclaims His only Sou aloud. With shining face and bright array Christ deigns to manifest to-day What glory shall be theirs above, Who joy in God with perfect love.
- 3 And faithful hearts are raised on high By this great vision's mystery, For which in joyful strains we raise The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

O Father, with the eternal Son And Holy Spirit ever One, Vouchsafe to bring us by Thy grace To see Thy glory face to face. Amen.

473 It is good for us to be here.

1 O Thou, who once on Tabor's hill Didst shine before the favoured three, The soals which love Thee favour still Thy nearer glory, Lord, to see. E'en now let faith's far-gazing eye The brightness of Thy Godhead scan. And view Thee, throned in heaven on high, The almighty Lord, the Son of Man.

2 There Moses and Elias there,
With thousand thousand saints beside,
Thy glittering rays reflected wear,
And spread through heaven Thy glories

wide:
And while each knee amid the crowd
Before Thy throne in worship bends,
are, like Tabor's saints, allowed
To talk with Thee, their God, as friends

3 Delightful converse! it is good
To see Thee thus at distance now,
To join in spirit those who stood
In wondering love on Tabor's brow.
Earth drags us from the mount awhile;
But we erelong shall break the spell,
And gaze on Thine unclouded smile,
And in Thine endless glory dwell.

474 Psalm Ixi. Hear my cry, O God, &c.

1 Lord, to my sad voice attending,
Grant my prayer;
See me lost in exile, bending
Low with care:
Bid me, to my Rock ascending.
Find my wonted shelter there.
2 Thou hast been a strength and tower,
Lord, to me:
Thou hast from the foe's fierce power
Set me free:
Still in danger's dreariest hour
I have cast my care on Thee.
3 Thou in love my footsteps guiding

Still wast near;
In Thy dwelling's covert hiding
Safe from fear,
Underneath Thy wings abiding,
I will wait Thy voice to hear.

4 Thou, my vows in mercy hearing,
Help didst give;
With Thy saints in holy fearing
Bad'st me live:
Thou with them at Thine appearing
Shalt my soul to rest receive.

475 Psaim lxix. 29. I am poor and sor-

1 With weary care brought low,
To Thee, O God, I cry;
Thy saving love will ease my woe,
And set my foot on high.
Then shall I bless the Name
Of God with thankful praise,
Then shall I magnify His fame
With-loud adoring lays.

2 This shall the meek behold,
And bless the cheerful sight:
God-seeking hearts shall be consoled,
And live to fresh delight.
The Lord is swift to hear
The mourner's sad complaints,
Nor doth His eye disdain to cheer
The bondage of His saints.

3 His praise let heaven begin;
Him let the jocund earth,
The sea, with all that moves therein,
Extol with holy mirth.
For Zion God will free,
And Israel's walls restore,
Where those who love His name shall be
His seed for evermore.

476 Psalm lxxiii. 20. Thus my heart was grieved, 4c.

- 1 Full oft my chaining thoughts would scan The wrongs of earth, the woes of man, So dull, so senseless was my mind, To God and God's deep wisdom blind. But still Thy goodness kept me Thine; My hand is in the Hand divine: Thy counsels lead me till I see Thy glorious fare, and rest with Thee.
- 2 Whom else could heaven itself provide? What firmer friend, what surer guide? And, if for love on earth I pine, What earthly love can equal Thine? Though fails my flesh, though sinks my heart, My heritage, O God, Thou art: In peace I rest, my terrors o'er, Strong in Thy strength for evermore.

3 They perish all, whose senseless pride Turns from the living God aside, Thy wrath destroys the fools who fice To base idolatries from Thee. Nearest to Thee, my God, is best: In God the Lord my hope I rest, And ever to the world proclaim The wonders of His glorious Name.

477 Psalm lxxvii. I cried unto God, Sc.

- Mr voice to God ascends on high;
 To God I lift mine earnest cry:
 O hearken to my litany.
 I seek the Lord in time of dread,
 My hands hang open on my bed,
 My soul will not be comforted.
- 2 I think of God and make my moan; With fainting heart I muse alone, Sleep from my painful eyelids flown. Through weary watches of the night Thon hold'st mine eyes: in speechless fright
 - I lie and wait the lingering light.
- 3 I call to mind the bygone days, My nightly song of prayer and praise; My heart explores Thy secret ways. Am I cast off for evermore? Hath God renounced the love He bore, The favour shown to me of yore?
- 4 His promise doth it cease to bind? Hath God forgotten to be kind? Is wrath awake, and mercy blind? And ah, this woe of mine, I thought, The will of the Most High hath wrought. The years of His right hand have brought.

478 Psaim ixxxvi. Bow down Thine ear, O Lord, &c.

- 1 Bow down Thine ear, and hear my cry; In need and sorrow, Lord, I pine: Save me, O God my trust; be nigh To guard my soul, for I am Thine.
- 2 O God, be merciful to me; My daily prayers before Thee rise: Refresh Thy servant's soul: to Thee On wings of faith, O Lord, it flies.
- 3 For rich in grace art Thou, to all, O Lord, who seek Thee, good and kind; Then hear, O God, my humble call, My heart's petition bear in mind.

4 In troublous time to Thee I groan,
For Thou wilt hear my voice, O Lord:
Like Thee among the gods is none,
No marvel like Thy potent Word.

5 The realms Thou madest, Lord, shall bow With praise before Thy glorious throne: For Thou, O God, art mighty, Thou The wonder-working God alone.

PART II.

- 6 Teach me, O Lord, with stedfast aim To walk Thy path of righteousness; O knit my heart to fear Thy Name, Inspire my lips that Name to bless.
- 7 O Lord my God, eternally My whole heart on Thy praise shall dwell;
 - So boundless was Thy love to me, It saved my soul from nether hell.
- 8 For Thou, Lord God, endurest long; Just art Thou, pitiful and mild; Then turn to me in love; make strong Thy servant; help Thine handmaid's child.
- 9 Show me a sign for good, that all Thy hatters, Lord, with shame may see That Thou art nigh to hear my call, To help and guard and comfort me.

479 Psalm xc. 7. We are consumed by Thine anger, &c.

- 1 To Thee our guilty deeds,
 O Lord, in darkness done,
 Are all revealed in piercing light
 More clear than mid-day sun.
 If Thy fierce anger burn,
 Our days grow dim and old;
 The sum of years is numbered out,
 The weary tale is told.
- At threescore years and ten:
 If to fourscore we labour on,
 Life is but sorrow then.
 O who regards Thy power?—
 If men Thy warnings hear,
 Thy wrath relents to see them bow

In reverent awe and fear.

2 Our mortal date is fixed

3 O teach us, Lord, to count Life's sum, how fast it flies: How all too brief to learn Thy truth, The wisdom of the wise. How long, O gracious Lord, Shall we Thy mercy pray? O turn again, relenting turn, And wash our guilt away.

PART IL

- 4 Early, O Lord, we come Before Thy mercy-throne; O let Thy mercy-streams restore Our souls with thirst foredone. And for those evil days When sorrow still was nigh, Now let Thy confort holy joys In double share supply.
- 5 And may the peace that springs On this Thy healing morn, Unfailing of Thy glory tell To children yet unborn. The beauty of our God, O let it round us shine, Our life's whole work to consecrate, And make our spirits Thine.

480 Psalm cli. Hear my prayer, O Lord,

- 1 Lord, hear my prayer, and let my cry Find access to Thy throne of grace; Hide not from me Thy cheering face When times are dark and trouble nigh. O listen kindly when I pray, And haste my piteous call to hear: My days as smoke-wreaths disappear, As firebrands, waste my bones away.
- 2 My heart is like a smitten flower; Of daily bread I take no thought: My bones, with sickening pain o'erwrought, Cleave to my flesh, devoid of power. This is Thy wrath: for Thou, alas, Didst lift me up to hurl me down: My days are as a shadow flown,

And I am withered like the grass.

3 The Lord looks down from heaven on high;
Earth from His holy height He sees,
The captive's groaning fain to ease,
And soothe the pangs of them that
die;
That they to Zion may record
His name. His praise in Salem's street.

That they to Zion may record
His name, His praise in Salem's street,
What time the swarming nations meet,
The kingdoms all, to serve the Lord.

481 Psalm exxx. 1. Lord, hear my voice.

- 1 LORD, hear my suppliant prayer
 Ere yet my spirit faint:
 O let Thine ears consider well
 The voice of my complaint.
 Shouldst Thou each error mark,
 The sentence who could bear?
 But mercy dwells with Thee, that men
 Thy righteous truth may fear.
- 2 For Thee, the gracious Lord, I wait with trustful eyes:
 On the sure comfort of Thy word My firm-built hope relies.
 To Thee my spirit hastes, On wings of prayer upborne,
 More eager than the guards that watch The coming of the morn.
- 3 O sinner, trust in God:
 To Him thy offerings bring,
 From whom, as from a living fount,
 Redeeming mercies spring.
 Return, to God return:
 The grace, that thou shalt gain,
 Shall with redemption's plenteous streams
 Cleane all thy guilty stain.

482 I will be with Him in trouble. Ps. xci.

- 1 When gathering clouds around I view, And days are durk and friends are few, On Him I lean, who not in vain Experienced every human pain: He sees my wants, allays my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray From heavenly wisdom's narrow way, To tiee the good I would pursue, Or do the sin I would not do, Still He, who felt temptation's power, Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 When sorrowing o'er some atone I bend, Which covers all that was a friend, And from his band, his voice, his smile, Divides me for a little while, My Saviour marks the tears I shed, For Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead.
- 4 And O, when I have safely passed Through every conflict but the last, Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside My dying bed, for Thou hast died: Then point to realms of cloudless day, And wipe the latest tears away.

483 The Lord will provide. Gen. xxii.

1 My times are in Thy hand:
I know not what a day
Or e'en an hour may bring to me;
But I am safe while trusting Thee,
Though all things fade away.
All weakness, I
On Him rely

Who fixed the earth, and spread the starry sky.

- 2 My times are in Thy hand:
 Pale poverty or wealth,
 Corroding care or calm repose,
 Spring's balmy breath or winter's snows,
 Sickness or buoyant health —
 Whate'er betide,
 If God provide,
 Tis for the best; I wish no lot beside.
- 3 My times are in Thy hand:
 Many or few my days,
 I leave with Thee, this only pray,
 That by Thy grace, I, every day
 Devoting to Thy praise,
 May ready be
 To welcome Thee,
 Whene'er Thou com'st to set my spirit
 free.

484 God distributeth sorrows in His anger. Jub xxi.

- 1 Child of sorrow, lorn, forsaken,
 Whom the world hath long oppressed,
 Though by misery's storm o'ertaken,
 Calm the tunult of thy breast.
 Why this anguish?
 Hither come and sweetly rest.
- 2 Child of sorrow, hush thy wailing; One there is who knows thy grief, One whose mercy, never failing, Waits to give thy soul relief; He, thy Saviour, Faithful still, of friends the chief.
- 3 Child of sorrow, do they leave thee,
 Those on whom thy hopes were stayed?
 Jesus calls, and will receive thee
 With a love can never fade;
 Hark, He bids then
 Seek the home for sinners made.

4 Child of sorrow, tempests lowering Hang around thee clouds of care; But thy Father's light, o'erpowering Darkest gloom, forbids despair; See thy Father

In the cloud His bow prepare.

5 'Child of sorrow, why dejected?

Own, approve My righteous will:

I afflict; but I protected; Chastened son, be still, be still; Grace and mercy

Ever thus My word fulfil.'

485 Happy is the man whom God correctels. Job v.

1 Submissive to Thy will, my God, We all to Thee resign; And, bowed before Thy chastening rod, We mourn, but not repine. Why should our foolish hearts complain, When wisdom, truth, and love

Direct the stroke, inflict the pain, And point to joys above?

2 How short are all our sufferings here, How needful every cross! Away then, unbelieving fear, Nor call our gain a loss. Or give, dear Lord, or take away, We bless Thy sacred Name: For Jesus, yesterday, to-day, For ever, is the same.

486 He who putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe. Prov. xxix.

1 Who trusts in God a strong abode In heaven and earth possesses; Who looks in love to Christ above, No fear his heart oppresses. In only Thee, dear Lord, I see Sweet hope and consolation, My shield from foes, my balm for woes, My great and sure salvation.

2 Though Satan's wrath beset my path, And worldly soom assail me, While Thou art near I shall not fear, My faith will never fail me. Thy rod and staff uphold me safe Amid the snares of evil, From death and sin the victory win, And triumph o'er the devil.

3 In all the strife of mortal life My foot shall stand securely; Temptation's hour shall lose its power, For Thou wilt guard me surely. O God, renew with heavenly dew
My body, soul, and spirit,
And be Thou mine and keep me This
For Jesu's saving merit.

487 The Lord God will help see. Isa.

1 When earthly joys glide swift away,
When hopes and comforts flee,
When fose beset, and friends betray,
We turn, O God, to Thee.
Thy nature, Lord, no change can kno
Thy promise still is sure;
And ills can ne'er so hopeless grow
But Thou canst find a cure.

2 Deliverance comes most bright and bl
In danger's darkest hour,

In danger's darkest hour,
And man's extremity is best
To prove almighty power.
High as Thou art, Thou still art near
Thy succour when we crave;
And as Thine ear is swift to hear,
Thine arm is strong to save.

488 This is the gate of heaven. Gen. xx

1 NEARER to Thee, my God,
Still would I rise,
E'en though a cross bear me
Up to the skies;
Still all my prayer shall be,
' Nearer to Thee, my God,
Nearer to Thee.'

2 If, where they bore my Lord,
I too am borne,
Planting my steps in His,
Weary and worn,
Be the path leading me
Nearer to Thee, my God,
Nearer to Thee!

3 If Thou the cup of woe
Giv'st me to drink,
Let not my fearful lip
From the draught shrink,
So in my pain I be
Nearer to Thee, my God
Nearer to Thee.

4 Though the great battle rage
Hotly around,
Still where my Captain leads,
I would be found,

If the strife carry me Nearer to Thee, my God, Nearer to Thee.

FOR LENT.

- 5 When my life faltering
 Draws its last breath,
 When my soul enters the
 Shadow of death,
 Still shall I joy to be
 Nearer to Thee, my God,
 Nearer to Thee.
- 6 And when my Lord again
 Glorious shall come,
 Mine be a dwelling-place
 In Thy bright home,
 There evermore to be
 Nearer to Thee, my God
 Nearer to Thee.

489 It is well. Sam. xx.

- 1 Belovèn, it is well; God's ways are always right: And love is o'er them all, Though far above our sight.
- 2 Belovèd, it is well: Though deep and sore the smart, He wounds, who knows and cares To heal the broken heart.
- 3 Belovèd, it is well:
 Though grief benight our way,
 'Twill make the joy more dear
 That comes with dawning day.
- 4 Belovèd, it is well:

 The path that Jesus trod,

 Though rough and dark it be,

 Leads home to heaven and God.

Followers of God as dear children. Eph. v.

- 1 O Lord, Thy heavenly grace impart, And fix my frail inconstant heart; Henceforth my chief desire shall be To dedicate myself to Thee, To Thee, my God, to Thee.
- 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ, One thought shall fill my heart with joy; That silent, secret thought shall be, That all my hopes are fixed on Thee, On Thee, my God, on Thee.
- 3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space: Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place; And wheresoe'er my lot may be, Still shall my soul abide with Thee, With Thee, my God, with Thee.

4 Renonncing every worldly thing.
Safe 'neath the covert of Thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall
That all I want I find in Thee,
In Thee, my God, in Thee.

491 Lord, Thou will ordain peace for u

- 1 When struggling passions rage within
 To gain the mastery of the soul,
 To drag us headlong into sin,
 Despising reason's weak control,
 Then bid those struggling passions cei
 And hear our prayer, O God of peace
- 2 When worldly cares our thoughts perpl With presage sad of future woes, When troubles keen our spirits vex, The loss of friends, the hate of foes. Then bid those cares and troubles ceas And hear our prayer, O God of peace.
- 3 When fears are strong and faith is wer When anxious doubts disturb the bres And far and near we vainly seek A short repose, and find no rest, Then bid those fears and doubtings ces And hear our prayer, O God of peace.
- 4 And when at length this earthly scene Shall fade before our glimmering sig Should clouds of darkness intervene To hide Thy beams of heavenly ligh Then bid those clouds of darkness ceas And take us to the land of peace.

492 If ye love Me. keep My commandmen

- 1 Less than the least of all
 Thy mercies, Lord, are we;
 Yet for the greatest we may call,
 The greatest are most free.
 Thy Son Thou didst not spare,
 Yet us Thou sparest still;
 Him didst Thou send our guilt to bear,
 Our righteousness fulfil.
- 2 For such amazing grace
 What can poor sinners give?
 At Thy command we seek Thy face;
 We meet our Judge, and live.
 The world we would forsake,
 Our all to Thee resign;
 O save us for Thy mercies' sake;
 O save us, we are Thine.

3 Meanwhile, as pilgrims here, Who seek our home above, Thee may we serve with holy fear, And love with childlike love. To God the Father, Son, &c.

493 The Lord doth not afflict willingly.

- l AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
 Where wave resounds to wave:
 Though o'er my head the billows sweep,
 I know the Lord can save.
 The hand which now my patience tries,
 Can yet restore my peace;
 And He who bade the tempest rise
 Can bid the tempest cease.
- 2 Oft, while the night's dark watches last, I count Thy mercies o'er, And praise Thee for ten thousand past, And humbly pray for more. Thy discipline I will not flee, Nor murmur at Thy red, O more than all the world to me,

494 Where is their God? Ps. lxxix.

My Father and my God.

- 1 When our hearts with grief are sore,
 When our path looks dark and sad,
 When hope's star appears no more,
 When our foes are proud and glad;
 When our steps have gone astray
 Till we feel the chastening rod,
 Wherefore should the godless say,
 'Where is now their God?'
- 2 In our grief of heart is He,
 In the darkness of our path;
 Him in hope's eclipse we see
 Robed in mercy, not in wrath.
 Thus He warns us from the way,
 Sin's wild way, which we have trod;
 Why should then the godless say,
 'Where is now their God?'
- 3 While in this dark world we roam,
 Out of sight His judgments lie;
 Wait till we have reached our home,
 That bright home beyond the sky.
 When, in time's last awful day,
 We throw off this earthly sod,
 How shall then the godless say,
 'Where is now their God?'

495 Great is the Lord, and greatly praised. Ps. cxlv.

- 1 When before Thy throne we kneel,
 Filled with awe and holy fear,
 Teach us, mighty God, to feel
 All Thy sacred presence near.
 Check each proud and wandering thou
 When on Thy great Name we call;
 Man is nought, and less than nought
- Thou, our God, art all in all.

 Weak, imperfect creatures, we
 In this vale of darkness dwell;
 Yet presume to look on Thee,
 In Thy light ineffable.
 O forgive the praise that dares
 Seek Thy high-exalted throne:
 - O forgive the praise that dares Seek Thy high-exalted throne: Bless our offerings, hear our prayers, Infinite and Holy One.

496 How great is His goodness! Zech

- 1 O How kindly hast Thou led us, Heavenly Father, day by day, Found our dwelling, clothed and fed Furnished friends to cheer our wa; Didst Thou bless us, didst Thou chas With Thy smile, or with Thy rod, Twas that still our steps might hast Homeward, heavenward, to our Go
- 2 O how slowly have we often Followed where Thy hand would d How Thy kindness failed to soften, How Thy chastening failed to awe Make us for Thy rest more ready, As Thy path is longer trod; Keep us in Thy friendship steady, Till Thou call us home, O God.

497 The Lord is my light. Ps. xxvi

- 1 Lord, when earthly comforts fiee, Let me find my all in Thee: Then, though foes awhile prevail, Though the vine and fig-tree fail, Still to Thee, my God, I'll raise Grateful songs of love and praise; Though Thou hide Thy glorious face, All is goodness, all is grace.
- 2 Though my Father cast me down, And upon me seem to frown, Yet if thus He breaks my pride, Draws me nearer to His side,

Still to Him my soul shall raise Grateful songs of love and praise; Though He hide His glorious face, All is goodness, all is grace.

- All is goodness, all is grace.

 3 Though He bid the tempest roar.
 Though He cloud my prospect o'er,
 Take my sheltering gourd away,
 Bid my fondest hopes decay;
 Still to Him my soul shall raise
 Grateful songs of love and praise;
 Though He hide His glorious face,
 All is goodness, all is grace.
- All Thy goodness, and is grace.

 A Lord, when this short life is past,
 Take me to Thy rest at last;
 Every sorrow there shall cease,
 Lost in love and joy and peace:
 There to Thee, my God, I'll raise
 Ceaseless songs of love and praise,
 There behold Thy glorious face,
 All Thy goodness, all Thy grace.

198 Not my will, but Thine be done. Luke xxii.

1 ONE prayer I have—all prayers in one When I am wholly Thine:
'Thy will, my God, 'Thy will be done, And let that will be mine.'
All-wise, Almighty, and All-good, In Thee I firmly trust;
'Thy ways, unknown or understood, Are merciful and just.

Is life with many comforts crowned,
Upheld in peace and health,
With dear affections twined around?—
Lord, in my time of wealth,
May I remember, that to Thee
Whate'er I have, I owe;
And back, in gratitude from me,

May all Thy bounties flow.

3 And though Thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign Thy will?
No; let me bless Thy work, and say,
'The Lord is gracious still.'

Write but my name upon the roll
Of Thy redeemed above,
Then, heart and mind, and strength and
soul,

I'll love Thee for Thy love.

499

Abide in Me. John xv.

1 O SAVIOUR of mankind,
Thy promised help we claim
To be Thine own in heart and mind,
As we are Thine in name.

If Thou Thy grace deny, We cannot rightly strive: In Thee alone to ain we die, In Thee alone we live.

2 Our goings, Lord, uphold, Till this dark vale be passed, Till through temptations manifold We reach Thy rest at last. O Trinity divine, To Thee our hearts we raise: May we with saints in glory shine, And share their songs of praise!

Anten.

500 Let us search and try our ways.

- O Fon a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame,
 A light, to shine upon the road Which leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed, How sweet their memory still! But they have left an aching void The world can never fill.
- 3 Return, O holy Dove, return, Sweet messenger of rest; I hate the sins which made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.
- 4 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
 And worship only Thee.
- 5 So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and serene my frame; So purer light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

501 Ye shall find rest unto your souls. Matt. xi.

1 Come, we weary sinners, come,
All who groan beneath your load;
Jesus calls His wanderers home;
Hasten to your pardoning God.
Come, ye guilty souls oppressed,
Answer to the Saviour's call,
'Come, and I will give you rest,
Come, and I will save you all.'

2 Jesus, full of truth and love, We Thy kind command obey; Faithful let Thy mercies prove: Take our load of guilt away;

1

Fain we would on Thee rely,
Cast on Thee our sin and care;
To Thine arms of mercy fly,
Find our lasting quiet there.

3 Burdened with a world of grief, Burdened with our sinful load, Burdened with our unbelief, Burdened with the wrath of God, Lo we come to Thee for ease, True and gracious as Thou art; Our forgiven souls release, Write Thy love upon our heart.

502 Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? Rom, vii.

- WE need a principle within
 Of jealous godly fear;
 A sensibility of sin,

 A pain to see it near;

 We need the first approach to feel
 Of pride or vain desire,
 To note the wandering of the will,
 And quench the kindling fire.
- 2 From Thee that we no more may part No more Thy goodness grieve, The filial awe, the fleshy heart, The tender conscience give. Quick as the apple of an eye, O God, the conscience make, Awake our souls when sin is nigh, And keep them still awake.
- 3 If to the right or left we stray,
 That moment, Lord, reprove;
 Return us to Thy narrow way,
 And guard us with Thy love.
 Give glory to the Three in One, &c.

503 Lowest thou Me? 1 John XXI.

- 1 HEARKEN, soul, it is the Lord: 'Tis thy Saviour: hear His word: Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:— 'Pardoned sinner, lov'st thou Me?'
- 2 'Thou wert sick; I healed thy pain; Boudsman, and I broke the chain; Wandering, and I led thee right; Blind, and thou beholdest light.
- 3 'Can a woman's tender care Cease toward the child she bare? Yes, she may forgetful be, Yet will I remember thee.

- 4 'Mine is an unchanging love, Higher than the heights above, Deeper than the depths beneath; Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 'Thou from grace on earth shalt rise
 To My glory in the skies;
 Sharer of My joy shalt be:
 Pardoned sinner, lov'st thou Me?'—
- 6 Lord, it is my sad complaint, That my love is weak and faint; Yet I love Thee and adore; Give me grace to love Thee more.

504 We love Him because He first low us. 1 John iv.

- 1 LORD, may we love Thee, not because We hope for heaven thereby; Nor because they who love Thee not In endless woe must lie.
- 2 Thou, blessed Jesu, Thou didst us Upon the Cross embrace; For us didst bear the nails and spear And manifold disgrace;
- 3 With griefs and torments numberless
 Thy soul didst agenise,
 And death itself for them endure
 Who were Thine enemies.
- 4 Then why, O blessèd Jesu Christ, Should we not love Thee well, Not for the sake of winning heaven Or of escaping hell;
- 5 Not with the hope of gaining aught, Not seeking a reward, But as Thyself hast loved us, O ever-loving Lord?
- 6 E'en so we love Thee, and will love, And in Thy praise will sing, Because Thon art our only God And our eternal King. Amen.

1 LORD, I lift my soul to Thee,

505 Psalm xxv. Unto Thee, O Lord, &c.

- And in Thee my trust repose; Suffer not my fall to be Triumph to my boasting foss. Such as love Thee, guard from ill, And the plotter's malice baulk; Teach me, Lord, to know Thy will, In Thy perfect way to walk.
- 2 Show me all Thy saving truth, Lead me to Thy blest abode, Thou, my hope from earliest youth, Thou, my Saviour and my God.

Call Thy goodness, Lord, to mind; Muse upon Thine ancient love: To my youthful faults be blind, Nor in wrath my sins reprove.

3 Spare my soul, in mercy spare;
Good and righteous is the Lord:
With the erring He will bear,
And instruct them in His word.
To the lowly He imparts
Knowledge of His perfect way,
Loving all the faithful hearts
That revere Him and obey.

PART IL

- 4 Lord, my Helper and my Friend,
 For Thy Name's sake, look on me,
 Pity to my woes extend,
 Pardon mine iniquity.
 To His saints the Lord is nigh,
 Making known His holy will;
 Keep, O keep me with Thine eye
 Safe from all enanaring ill.
- 5 Turn, O God, and give me rest, Sad and lone I seek Thy face; Calm the anguish of my breast, Help me with Thy saving grace. All my failings, all my woes, Note with eye compassionate; See how many are my foes, And how fiercely burns their hate.
- 6 O Thou Saviour whom I love, Guard my life and rescue me: All Thy kindness let me prove; All my hope I rest in Thee. Yea, O God, in Thee I trust; Hold me upright, guard, and bless: Lift Thy servant from the dust, Save him from his deep distress.

506 We are the Lord's. Rom. xiv.

- 1 Go not far from me, O my Strength, Whom all my times obey; Take from me anything Thou wilt, But go not Thou away, And let the storm that does Thy work Deal with me as it may.
- 2 On Thy compassion I repose, In weakness and distress: I will not ask for greater ease, Lest I should love Thee less. O 'tis a blessed thing for me To need Thy tenderness.

- 3 While many sympathising hearts For my deliverance care, Thou, in Thy wiser, stronger love, Art teaching me to bear, By the sweet voice of thankful song And calm confiding prayer.
- And caim connoing prayer.

 4 Thy love has many a lighted path
 No outward eye can trace,
 And my heart sees Thee in the deep,
 With darkness on its face,
 And communes with Thee, 'mid the storm,
 As in a secret place.
- 5 O Comforter of God's redeemed, Whom the world does not see, What hand should pluck me from the flood

That casts my soul on Thee? Who would not suffer pain like mine, To be consoled like me?

507 We are made partakers of Christ. Heb. iii.

- I JESU, my boast, my light, my joy,
 The treasure nought can e'er destroy,
 No words, no song that I can frame
 Speak half the sweetness of Thy name;
 They all its power alone shall prove
 Whose hearts have learnt Thy faith and
 love.
- 2 How many a time I've sadly said, 'Far better were it I were dead, Far better ne'er the light to see, If I had not this joy in Thee; For he who hath not Thee by faith, His very life is merely death.'
- 3 Then while I live this life of care,
 The cross for Thee I'll gladly bear:
 Grant me a patient, willing mood;
 I know that it shall work me good;
 Help me to do my task aright,
 That it may stand before Thy sight.
- 4 Let me this flesh and blood control; From sin and shame preserve my soul, And keep me stedfast in the faith, And make me Thine in life and death. Jesu, Consoler, come to me; Ah, would I were e'en now with Thee!

508 That in Me we might have peace.

 Now let the Christian's hope abound, And anxious sorrow cease;
 Though storms of trouble rage around, In Jesus we have peace.

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Saviour, when earth and hell oppress, Thy gracious power we prove; And all our trials and distress Exalt Thy wondrous love.

2 We plead thy Name before the throne,
And cast our burdens there:
That powerful Name our God will own,
And bless our humble prayer.
By faith we hear Thy gracious voice.
The promised crown we see;
And in those trials we rejoice,
That bring us near to Thee.

509 Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee. John xxi.

- 1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by Thee?
 I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me.
- The love of Christ to me.

 2 Stronger His love than death or hell;
 Its riches are unsearchable;
 The first-born sons of light
 Desire in vain its depth to see,
 They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length and breadth and height.
- 3 O that I-could for ever sit
 With Mary at the Master's feet!
 Be this my happy choice,
 My only care, delight, and bliss,
 My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice!
- 4 O that I could with favoured John Recline my weary head upon My dear Redeemer's breast! From care, and sin, and sorrow free, Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee My everlasting rest.

510 Be not Thou far from me, O Lord. Ps. xxii.

1 FORSAKE me not, my God: my heart is sinking, Bowed down with faithless fears and bodings vain, Busied with dark imaginings, and drink-

ing
The anticipated cup of grief and pain;
But, Lord, I lean on Thee; Thy staff and
rod

Shall guide my lot: I will not fear, if Thou, my God, my God, Forsake me not. 2 Forsake me not, my God: man must forsake me, And earth grow dim, and vanish from my sight; Through death's dark vale no human hand may take me, No friend's fond smile may bless me with its light; Alone the silent pathway must be trod Through that drear spot; For I must die alone. O then, my God, Forsake me not.

3 Forsake me not, O Thou Thyself forsaken
In that mysterious hour of agony,
When from Thy soul Thy Father's
smile was taken,
Which had from everlasting dwelt on
Thee.

O by that depth of anguish, which to know Surpasses thought, By that last bitter cry, incarnate God, Forsake me not. Amen.

511 I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction. Isa. xivili.

- 1 O THOU, whose wise paternal love
 Hath brought my active vigour down,
 Thy choice I thankfully approve;
 And prostrate at Thy gracious throne
 I offer up my life's remains,
 I choose the state my God ordains.
- 2 Cast as a broken vessel by,
 Thy will I can no longer do;
 Yet while a daily death I die,
 Thy power I may in weakness show;
 My patience may Thy glory raise,
 My speechless woe proclaim Thy praise.
 3 But since without Thy Spirit's might
- But since without Thy Spirit's might
 Thou know'st I nothing can endure,
 The help I ask in Jesu's right,
 The strength He did for me procure,
 Father, abundantly impart,
 And arm with love my feeble heart.
- 4 This single good I humbly crave,
 This single good on me bestow,
 And when my one desire I have,
 Let every other blessing go;
 Ah do not, Lord, my suit deny;
 I only ask to love and die.
- 5 Or let me live, of love possessed, In weakness, weariness, and pain;

Still bear the anguish of my breast, And still the daily cross sustain For Him who languished on the tree, But lived, before He died, for me.

512 O Lord God, Thou knowest. Exek, xxxvii.

1 Wmy should we faint and fear to live alone,

Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die,

Nor e'en the tenderest heart and next our

Knows half the reasons why we smile or sigh?

Each in his hidden sphere of joy or woe Our hermit spirits dwell, and range apart;

Our eyes see all around in gloom or glow, Hues of their own, fresh borrowed from the heart.

2 And well it is for us our God should feel Alone our secret throbbings: so our prayer

May readier spring to heaven, nor spend its zeal

On cloud-born idols of this lower air.

For if one heart in perfect sympathy

Beat with another, answering love for
love.

Weak mortals, all entranced, on earth would lie,

Nor listen for those purer strains above.

3 Or what if heaven for once its searching light Lent to some partial eye, disclosing all

The rude bad thoughts that in our bosom's

Wander at large, nor heed love's gentle thrall?

O keep the softening veil in mercy drawn, Thou who canst love us, though Thou read us true,

As on the bosom of the aërial lawn

Melts in dim haze each coarse ungentle
hue.

4 Thou know'st our bitterness: our joys are

No stranger Thou to all our wanderings wild:

Nor could we bear to think how every line Of us, Thy darkened likeness and defiled, Stands in full sunshine of Thy piercin eye,
But that Thou call'st us Brethrer

sweet repose
Is in that word: the Lord who dwells of

high
Knows all, yet loves us better than E
knows.

513 Himself bare our sicknesses. Matt. vil

1 WATCHING through the silent hours, By the unrefreshed bed, Where disease arrays his powers, Whence repose is banished, Where time halteth, sad and slow, Thou art with us, Lord, we know.

2 When the vital forces seem
Dwindled to as faint a spark
As the taper's sickly gleam,
Making darkness doubly dark,
Lord, we bless Thee, that Thou art
Near to stay the sinking heart.

3 In the dim religious gloom, Where expressive silence broads O'er the closely curtained room, Nor a stirring breath intrudes, As in silent prayer we kneel,

Thou art present, Lord, we feel.

When reluctant hope is fled,
When the pulses beat no more,
And the last farewell is said,
And the war of life is o'er,
Lord, the spirit and the dust

Of our loved to Thee we trust. 514 I will help thee. Is. xli.

I Ix the hour of trial,
Jesu, pray for me,
Lest, by base denial,
I depart from Thee:
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor. for fear or favour,
Suffer me to fall.

2 With its witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm,
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

к 3

3 If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice;
Then upon Thine altar,
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.
4 When, in dust and ashes,
To the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
On Thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,

515 In your patience possess ye your souls. Luke xxi.

Lord, receive me, dying,

To eternal life.

- 1 Ir is not as Thou wilt with me,
 Till, humbled in the dust,
 I know no place in all my heart
 Wherein to put my trust;
 Until I find, O Lord, in Thee,
 The lowly and the meek,
 That fulness which Thy own redeemed
 Go nowhere else to seek.
- 2 Then, O my Saviour, on my soul
 Cast down, but not dismayed,
 Still be Thy chastening, healing hand
 In tender mercy laid:
 And while I wait for all Thy joys
 My yearning heart to fill,
 Teach me to walk and work with Thee,
 And at Thy feet ait still.
- 516 Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you. 1 Pet. v. 7.
- 1 Lord, it is not for us to care Whether we die or live: To love and serve Thee is our share, And this Thy grace will give. If life be long, O make us glad The longer to obey: If short, no labourer is sad To end his toilsome day.
- 2 Christ leads us through no darker ways
 Than He went through before;
 Whoever for God's kingdom prays,
 Must enter by this door.
 Come, Lord, when grace hath made us
 meet
 Thy blessed face to see:

Thy blessed face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What must Thy glory be!

- 3 There shall we end our sad complaints,
 Our weary, sinful days,
 And join with those triumphant saints
 Who sing Thine endless praise.
 Our knowledge of that life is small;
 The eye of faith is dim;
 Enough for us that Christ knows all,
 And we shall be with Him.
- 517 As the branch cannot bear fruit of teself except it abide in the vine, no
 more can ye, except ye abide in Me.
 John xv. 4.
- 1 O GENTLE Saviour, guide unseen,
 Since on Thine arm Thou bidd'st us
 lean,
 Help us through all life's changing scene
 By faith to cling to Thee.
 Blest with this fellowship divine,
 Take what Thou wilt, we ne'er repine;
 For, as the branches to the vine,
 We only cling to Thee.
- 2 Though far from home, fatigued, opprest,
 Here we have found a place of rest;
 Sad exiles still, but not unblest,
 Because we cling to Thee.
 Though worldly friends unstable prove,
 We have a changeless friend above;
 And still with uncomplaining love
 Our hearts can cling to Thee.
- 3 Though oft we seem to tread alone
 Life's dreary waste with thorns o'ergrown,
 Thy loving voice in gentlest tone
 Still bids us cling to Thee.
 Blest is our lot, whate'er befall;
 In every strait on Thee we call;
 Thou art our rock, our strength, our all;
 O Christ, we cling to Thee.
- 518 That endured such contradiction of sinners. Heb. x11.
- 1 How strange that souls, whom Jesus feeds
 With manna from above,
 Should grieve Him by their evil deeds,
 And sin against such love!
 But 'tis a greater marvel still,
 That He, from whom they stray.
 Should bear with their rebellious will,
 And wash their sins away.
- 2 Lord, has not yet my stubborn heart Exhausted all Thy grace? Kind and forgiving as Thou art, Can I behold Thy face

Can such a rebal be received
Within Thy blest abode?
Have not my sins too often grieved
The Spirit of my God?

3 Lord, in Thy love I yet behold

An undiminished store,

A depth unmeasured and untold,
A sea without a shore.

Such love is suited to my case,
And equal to my need:
Lord, from the fulness of Thy grace
My hungering spirit feed.

519 Christ has suffered for us. 1 Pct. iv.

1 GREAT God, when I approach Thy throne,
And all Thy glory see,
This is my stay, and this alone,
That Christ has died for me.
How can a soul condemned to die
Escape the just decree?
A vile and guilty wretch am I,
But Christ has died for me.

2 A captire in the bonds of sin

2 A captive in the bonds of sin, O how shall I go free? No peace can all my efforts win, But Christ has died for me. My course I cannot safely steer On life's tempestuous sea: But this blest truth relieves my fear, That Christ has died for me.

3 Lord, when I come before Thy face,

I bring this only plea,
O save me by Thy boundless grace,
For Christ has died for me.
Blest Saviour, in Thy courts above
Thy presence let me see,
And praise with angel hosts the love
Of Him who died for me.

520 Bless the Lord, O my soul. Ps. clil.

1 SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Emmanuel's Name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To His birth, and cross, and shame.
When He came, the angels sung,
'Glory be to God on high!'
Lord, unlosse my faltering tongue:
Who should louder sing than 1?

2 Did the Lord a man become, That He might the law fulfil, Bleed and suffer in my room? And canst thou, my tongue, be still? No: my praises I must bring,
Though they worthless are and weak:
For should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.

3 O my Saviour, shield, and sun, Shepherd, brother, husband, friend, Every precious name in one,— Let me love Thee without end. God the Father, God the Son, &c.

521 Love not the world. 1 John it.

1 From this enslaving world's control,
Almighty Saviour, free my soul,
And, as my treasure is above,
Be there my thoughts, be there my love.
But oft, alas, too well I know,
My thoughts, my love, are fixed below:
In every lifeless prayer I find
The heart unmoved, the absent mind.

2 O what the frozen heart can move, That melts not at the Saviour's love? The slucgish spirit what can raise, That will not sing the Saviour's praise? Yet earthly pleasure still hath charms, And earthly love my bosom warms; Though cold my heart to love divine, And cold, O bleeding Lord, to Thine.

3 Lord, draw my best affections hence, Above this world of sin and sense; Cause them to soar beyond the skies, And rest not till to Thee they rise. Praise we the Lord with holy hynn, &c.

522 Be ye holy, for I am holy. 1 Pet. 1.

1 MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.
How vain are fancy's airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead:
None but a living power unites
To Christ the living Head.

2 The faith that changes all the heart, Is faith that works by love, That bids all sinful joys depart, And lifts our hope above. This faith prevails o'er earth and hell By heaven-directed might: By this alone our souls shall dwell In God's eternal light.

K 1

3 The heart that feels the surest trust, Obeys with firmest will; For God, though merciful, is just, Though gracious, holy still. Give glory to the Three in One, &c.

523 They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. Mark ii.

- 1 CAN a lost wretch for pardon sue?
 My crimes, my crimes arise in view,
 Arrest my trembling tongue in prayer,
 And whisper anguish and despair.
 But Thou regard my contrite sighs,
 My tortured breast, my streaming eyes;
 To me Thy boundless love extend,
 My God, my Father, and my Friend.
- 2 These precious names I ne'er could plead, Had not Thy Son vouchsafed to bleed; His life-blood for our fallen race Wins access to the throne of grace. When sin has shot its poisoned dart, And conscious guilt corrodes the heart, His blood is all-sufficient found To draw the shaft and heal the wound.
- 3 What arrows pierce so deep as sin? What venom gives such pain within? Thou great Physician of the soul, Rebuke my pangs and make me whole. For if I trust Thy sovereign skill, And bow submissive to Thy will, Sickness and death shall both agree To bring me, Lord, at last to Thee.

PART IL

- 4 When danger, or when death is nigh, Past mercies teach us where to fly: Thine arm, alinighty God, can aid, When sickness, grief, and pain invade. To all the various helps of art Do Thou Thy healing power impart: Bethesda's bath refused to save, Unless an angel blessed the wave.
- 5 All medicines act by Thy decree,
 They take commission all from Thee;
 No plant is culled throughout the plain
 But teems with health, if God ordain.
 Siloam's wave and clay we find
 At God's command restore the blind;
 And Jordan's waters hence are seen
 To wash a Syrian leper clean.
- 6 But grant me richer graces still, Grant me to know and do Thy will;

Make pure my soul from sinful stain, And save me from eternal pain. Praise God from whom all blessings &c.

524 Sin shall not have dominion over Rom. vi.

1 O CHRIST, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord, The weary sinner's friend, Come to my help; pronounce the wor And bid corruption end. Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mi Victorious Thou canst prove, For everlasting strength is Thine,

And everlasting love.

2 Thy powerful Spirit can subdue
Unconquerable sin,
Cleanse my foul heart, and make it r
And write Thy law within.
Bound down with twice ten thousand
Yet let me hear Thy call,
My soul in confidence shall rise,

Shall rise and rend them all.

3 Speak, and the deaf shall hear Thy varieties the blind His sight receive, The dumb in songe of praise rejoice, The heart of stone believe; The Ethiop then shall change his aking the dead to life awake; The loathsome leper shall be clean, And I my sins forsake.

525 He is our peace. Eph. ii.

1 Why, O why cast down, my spirit?
Soon the eternal dawn shall rise:
Jesus died for thee to merit
Rest with Him above the skies.
Gentle watch He keepeth
O'er the heart that weepeth.
Now enthroned and glorified,
Once He wept and groaned and di
2 By the pathway He ascended
Thou must follow in His train;
He to suffer condescended,
Then for Him thy cross sustain.
He, thy Lord, is near thee,
Present now to cheer thee.
O my Saviour, art Thou nigh?

From the storm to Thee I fly.

Thou my every burden knowest;
Thou wilt not my grief despise:
Thou to faith Thy glory showest;
Lord, to Thee I lift mine eyes.

Still with love surrounded, Love divine, unbounded, I no more my sorrows fear; Lord, I know that Thou art near.

- 4 Here they wept who now are tasting
 Joy's eternal stream above:
 Grief no more their spirits wasting.
 Nought is theirs but joy and love.
 Here in exile grieveth
 Each whom beaven receiveth:
 What then if awhile I weep,
- Shall I not in glory reap?

 5 Ah how oft my steps have swerved.
 From Thy pure and peaceful way!
 What but woo have I deserved,
 Who so oft have gone astray?
 Yet my life Thou sparest;
 Yet for me Thou carest:
 Then to Thee I all resign;

526 Be found in Him. Phil. iii.

Only, Lord, continue mine.

- 1 JESU, when I think on Thee, What Thou didst endure for me, What Thine agony within, Meekly suffering for my sin, Light becomes my weight of grief, For in Thee I find relief.
- 2 Grieve I then o'er all my fear,
 O'er each sad distrustful tear,
 O'er each wavering thought and vain,
 That would of Thy ways complain.
 Shall I not rely on Thee
 Who hast given Thyself for me?
- 3 Weakness, frailty, guilt am I; Lord, do Thou my need aupply. Rather chasten than forsake, So I of Thy love partake: In Thine own all-perfect way Fit me for eternal day.

527 If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and fullow Me. Matt. xvi.

- 1 TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said, If thou wouldst My disciple be; Deny thyself, the world forsake, And humbly follow after Me.
- 2 Take up thy cross, nor let its weight Fill thy weak spirit with alarm: My strength shall bear thy courage up, And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

- 3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame, Nor let thy foolish pride rebel: Thy Lord for thee the Cross endured, To save thy soul from death and hell.
- 4 Take up thy cross then in His strength,
 And every danger calmly brave;
 'Twill guide thee to a better home,
 And give thee victory o'er the grave.
- 5 Take up thy cross, and follow Me, Nor think till death to lay it down; For only he, who bears the cross, May hope to wear the glorious crown.

528 He that doeth the will of God abidet for ever. I John ii.

- 1 O Thou, who holdest in Thy hand
 The hearts of men, our hearts command:
 Our wayward, erring souls incline
 To have no other will but Thine.
 Twice blest will all our blessings be,
 When we can look through them to Thee
 When each glad heart its tribute pays
 Of love, and gratitude, and praise.
- 2 Still make us, when temptation's near,
 As our worst foe, ourselves to fear:
 And, each vain-glorious thought to quell
 Remind how Peter vowed and freil,
 Yet may we, feeble, weak, and frail,
 Against our mightiest foes prevail,
 Thy Word our safeguard in alarm,
 Our strength Thine everlasting Arm.
- 3 And while we to Thy glory live,
 May we to Thee all glory give,
 Until the joyful summons come,
 That calls Thy willing servants home.
 Praise God from whom all blessings flow
 &cc.

529 In His word do I hope. Ps. exxx.

- My Saviour, on Thy Word of truth
 In earnest hope I live;
 I sak for all the precious things
 Thy boundless love can give;
 I look for many a lesser light
 About my path to shine,
 But chiefly long to walk with Thee,
 And trust in only Thine.
- 2 In holy expectation held, Thy strength my heart shall stay; For Thy right hand will never let My trust be cast away

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Yea, Thou hast kept me near Thy feet, In many a deadly strife, By the strong hold of hope in Thee, The hope of endless life.

3 Thou knowest that I am not blest
As Thou wouldst have me be,
Till all the peace and joy of faith
Possess my soul in Thee.
And still I seek, with many fears
And yearnings unexpressed,
The comfort of Thy strengthening love,
Thy soothing, settling rest.

530 Him that cometh to Me I will not cast out. John vi.

- 1 Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come.
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt,

- With many a counter, many a doubt,
 With fears within and wars without,
 O Lamb of God, I come.
 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind —
- Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea, all I need, in Thee to find — O Lamb of God, I come.
- 5 Just as I am: Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve, Because Thy promise I believe:— O Lamb of God, I come.
- 6 Just as I am: Thy love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down;
 Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. John L.

- 1 BEHOLD the Lamb of God!
 O Thou for sinners alain,
 Let it not be in vain
 That Thou hast died:
 Thee for my Saviour let me take,
 My only refuge let me make
 Thy piercèd side.
- 2 Behold the Lamb of God! Into the sacred flood Of Thy most precious blood My soul I cast:

Wash me and make me clean within, And keep me pure from every sin, Till life be past.

- 3 Behold the Lamb of God!
 All hail, incarnate Word,
 Thou everlasting Lord,
 O Saviour blest;
 Fill us with love that never faints,
 And grant us with Thy blessed saints
 Eternal rest.
- 4 Behold the Lamb of God!
 Worthy is He alone,
 That sitteth on the throne
 Of God above;
 One with the Ancient of all days,
 One with the Comforter in praise,
 All light and love. Amen.

532 We which have believed do enter into rest. Heb. iv.

1 REST, weary soul: The penalty is borne, the ransom paid, For all thy sins full satisfaction made; Strive not thyself to do what Christ has done, Claim the free gift, and make the joy thine own. No more by pangs of guilt and fear distrest, Rest, sweetly rest.

Rest, sweetly rest.

Rest, weary heart,
From all thy silent griefs and secret
pain,
Thy profiless regrets and longings vain;
Wisdom and love have ordered all the
past;
All shall be blessedness and light at last,
Cast off the cares that have so long opprest;

Rest, sweetly rest.

Rest, weary head:

Lie down to slumber in the peaceful tomb;
Light from above has broken through its
gloom.

Here, in the place where once thy Saviour
lay,

Where He shall wake thee on a future day, Like a tired child upon its mother's breast,

Rest, sweetly rest.

Rest, spirit free. In the green pastures of the beavenly shore. Where sin and sorrow can approach no more:

With all the flock by the Good Shepherd fed. Beside the streams of life eternal led, For ever with thy God and Saviour blest,

533 Himself took our instructies. Matt. vili.

Rest, sweetly rest.

1 Folk of trembling expectation, Feeling much, and fearing more, Mighty God of my salvation, I Thy timely aid implore: Suffering Son of Man, be near me, All my sufferings to sustain; By Thy sorer griefs to cheer me, By Thy more than mortal pain.

- 2 Call to mind that unknown anguish In Thy days of flesh below, When Thy troubled soul did languish Under a whole world of woe: When Thou didst our curse inherit, Groan beneath our guilty load. Burdened with a wounded spirit, Bruised by all the wrath of God.
- 3 By Thy most severe temptation In that dark satanic hour, By Thy last mysterious Passion, Screen me from the adverse power; By Thy faltering in the garden, By Thy bloody sweat I pray, Write upon my heart the pardon, Take my sins and fears away.
- 4 By the travail of Thy spirit, By Thine outcry on the tree, By Thine agonising merit, In my pangs remember me: By Thy dying benediction, My weak failing soul befriend, Make me patient in affliction, Keep me faithful to the end. Amen.

534 That ye may be clean from all your sins. Levit. xiii.

1 JESUS, Lord most mighty, Humbly we adore Thee the King of glory And Thy grace implore:

By Thy blood redeemed. We Thy servants pray, Spare us, Thou that takest Human sine away. Lord, have mercy upon us; Christ, have mercy upon us Lord, have mercy upon us. 2 By Thine unknown sorrows. Mercy we entreat; Sinners yet are welcome To their Saviour's feet.

Lord, with tears repenting, We our guilt bewail, For we know Thy mercy, Lord, can never fail.

Lord, &c.

3 By Thy wounds and bruises, By Thy cross and grave. Us in all our sorrows, Jesus, hear and save By Thine exaltation Far above all height, Evermore defend us, Lord of power and might. Lord, &c.

4 In all tribulation; In our day of peace; Whensoe'er upon us Earthly joys increase; When Thy voice shall call us To the silent tomb, When the world awaketh To its day of doom, Lord, &c.

How shall we sing the Lord's song strange land? Ps. cxxxvil. 535

1 CREATOR of the world, to Thee An endless rest of joy belongs; And heavenly choirs are ever free To sing on high their festal songs.

2 But we are fallen creatures here. Where pain and sorrow daily come And how can we in exile drear Sing out, as they, aweet songs of ho

3 O Father, who dost promise still That they who mourn shall blessed Grant us to weep for deeds of ill That banish us so long from Thee

4 But weeping, grant us faith to rest In hope upon Thy loving care, Till Thou restore us, with the blest, Their songs of praise in heaven share.

5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, The God whom heaven and earth adore, From men and from the angel host Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

536 And again they said, Allebuis. Rev. x1x.

l Alleluia, song of sweetness,
Voice of joy that cannot die,
Alleluia is the anthem
Ever dear to choirs on high;
In the house of God abiding,
Thus they sing eternally.

2 Alleluia thou resoundest,
True Jerusalem and free;
Alleluia, joyful Mother,
All thy children sing with thee:
But by Babylon's sad waters
Mourning exiles now are we.

3 Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below;
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for a while forego;
For the solemn time is coming
When our tears for sin must flow.

4 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee, Grant us, blessed Trinity, At the last to keep Thine Easter In our home beyond the sky, There to Thee for ever singing Alleluia joyfully. Amen.

537 Praise walleth for Thee. Ps. lxv.

1 We cannot praise Thee now, Lord, We cannot praise Thee now, Though beneath Thy just chastising We fain would meekly bow: But praise is waiting for Thee In the glorious future time, When we read our hidden story And reach our spirit's prime.
2 We cannot praise Thee here. Lord

2 We cannot praise Thee here, Lord, We cannot praise Thee here; For our pathway lies through shadows, And our hearts are lone and drear. But praise is waiting for Thee When the pilgrimage is past, And at our home of glory We gather in at last.

3 Yes, we will praise Thee there, Lord, When Zion's hill we gain: But may we not be tuning A prelude to the strain? While praise is waiting for Thee, Thou wilt bend a willing ear To its low and faint rehearsal In faltering accents here.

Then let us praise Thee now, Lord,
In the cold and clouded day,
Though sad with sore disquiet
By reason of the way.
Of the praise that's waiting for Thee
Let us catch the music now,
And awake the golden harpstrings
While the tears upon them flow.

538 Thou art with me. Psalm xxiii.

1 How heavily the path of life
Is trod by him who walks alone,
Who hears not on his dreary way
Affection's sweet and cheering tone!
Alone, although his heart may bound
With love to all things great and fair:
They do not love him, there is none
His sorrows or his joys to share.

2 The ancient stars look coldly down On man, the creature of a day; They lived before him, and live ou Till his remembrance pass away. The mountain lifts its hoary head, Nor to his greeting deigns reply; The stormy billows bear him forth, All careless which — to live or die

3 Alone, though in the busy town,
Where thousands hurry to and fro,
If none be there, who for his sake
A selfish pleasure would forego;
And O how lone among the crowds
Who have not skill to read his heart,
When first he learns how summer friends
At sight of wintry storms depart!

4 My Saviour, and didst Thou too feel
How sad it is to be alone,
Deserted in Thy darkest day
By those who most Thy love had
known?
Yet was there calm within Thy soul;
Nor stoic pride that calmneas kept,
Nor Godhead unapproached by woe;
For Thou as man hadst loved and

5 But Thon wast not alone, for God Sustained Thee by His wondrous power; His arm was felt, His care was seen, When needed most, in saddest hour.

wept.

FOR PASSION WEEK.

None are alone if God be nigh;
His love can stay the gushing tear,
And cause upon the darkest cloud
The light of mercy to appear.

539

Sin no more. John vili.

- 1 Sin no more, thou child of woe; Christ hath touched thine erring heart, Healed thy boson's burning throe, Given thee in Himself a part. Now the curse of sin is o'er, Go, forgiven, sin no more.
- 2 Sin no more; thy soul is free, All thy guilt is washed away; Sinner, He hath ransomed thee, Who the utmost price will pay: Bow in spirit, and adore Him who bids thee sin no more.
- 3 Sin no more; yet freely weep; Weep in holy gratitude; Pray for His great power to keep Passion in thy heart subdued: Shun the snares that lured before; Trembler, go, and sin no more.
- 4 Sin no more: His blood hath bought,
 Else thou wert for ever lost:
 Think on what His love hath wrought,
 Think on what thy soul hath cost:
 Tears and prayers and blessings pour;
 'Gainst His Spirit sin no more.

540 Jesus loved Martha and her sister. John xi.

- As Jesus sought His wandering sheep,
 With weary toil opprest,
 He came to Martha's lowly roof,
 A loved and honoured guest.
 O blessed thou, whose threshold poor
 Those boly feet have trod,
 To wait on so divine a guest,
 And to receive thy God!
- 2 While Martha serves with busy feet, In reverential mood Meek Mary sits beside the Lord, And feeds on heavenly food. Yoa, Martha soon herself shall sit The eternal word to hear, And shall forget the festal board, To feast on holier cheer.

3 Sole rest of those who come to Thee, O'or all our works preside, That we may have in Thee, at last, The part that shall abide.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, &c

541 One thing is needful. Luke x

- 1 Lo, I come with joy to do
 The Master's blessed will,
 Him in outward works pursue,
 And serve His pleasure still.
 Faithful to my Lord's commands,
 I still would choose the better par
 Serve with careful Martha's hands,
 And loving Mary's heart.
- 2 Careful without care I am;
 No toil is toil to me,
 Kept in peace by Jesu's name,
 And, in His service, free:
 Joyful thus my faith to show,
 I find His pleasure my reward;
 Every work I do below,
 I do it to the Lord.
- 3 Thon, O Lord, in tender love
 Dost all my burdens bear;
 Lift my heart to things above,
 And fix it ever there.
 Calm on tumult's wheel I sit,
 Midst busy multitudes alone,
 Sweetly waiting at Thy feet,
 Till all Thy will be done.
- 4 O that all the art could know
 Of living thus to Thee,
 Find their heaven begun below,
 And here Thy glory see;
 Walk in all the works prepared
 By Thee to exercise their grace,
 Till they gain their full reward,
 And see Thy glorious face! Ame

542 He stedfastly set His face to go to a salem. Luke ix.

1 THE Saviour! what a noble flame
Was kindled in His breast,
When, hastening to Jerusalem,
He marched before the rest!
Good-will to men and seal for God
His every thought engross;
He longs to be baptized with blood,
He pants to eeach the Cross.

2 With all His sufferings fall in view, And woes to us unknown, Forth to the task His spirit flew; 'Twas love that urged Him on. Lord, we return Thee what we can, Our hearts shall sound abroad Salvation to the dying Man,

Praise to the risen God.

3 And, while Thy glorious Passion here Absorbs our wondering eyes, We learn our lighter cross to bear, And hasten to the akies. Give glory to the Three in One, &c.

543 Now they are hid from thine eyes. Luke xix.

- 1 Whr'doth the Saviour weep At sight of Zion's bowers? Shows it not fair from yonder steep, Her gorgeous crown of towers?
- 2 Mark well His holy pains; 'Tis not in pride or scorn That Israel's King with sorrow stains His own triumphal morn.
- 3 If thou hadst known, e'en thou, At least in this thy day, The message of thy peace!—but now 'Tis past for aye away.
- 4 And doth the Saviour weep Over His people's sin, ' Because they will not let Him keep The souls He died to win?
- 5 Ye hearts that love the Lord, If at this sight ye burn, See that in deed, in thought, in word, Ye hate what made Him mourn.

544 That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow. Phil, il.

- 1 JESU, to Thee shall bend each knee In beaven and earth and hell, Thee Lord alone all tongues shall own, And of Thy glories tell. Thy saving Name we now proclaim, And with fond love repeat; On it full well we love to dwell, Than sweetest thing more sweet.
- 2 To pain and grief it brings relief, And whispers joy and peace; It soothes the sad, the heart makes glad, And bids all troubles cease.

- The lame to walk, the dumb to talk,
 The deaf to hear it makes,
 The sick from death it rescueth,
 The dead to life it wakes.
- 3 From tongue to tongue, when loud 'tis sung, Like trumpet-peal it thrills;

The heart's deep shrine, pent close within, With secret joy it fills.

To God in heaven all praise be given,
The Father and the Son,

And Spirit blest with both confessed Co-equal Three in One.

545 The Lord is my portion, saith my soul.

- 1 LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
 Ere it pass for aye away,
 On our knees we fall and pray.
 Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
 Fill us with heart-searching fears,
 Ere that awful doom appears.
 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
 Kneeling lowly at the door,
 Ere it close for evermore.
- 2 By Thy night of agony,
 By Thy supplicating cry,
 By Thy willingness to die,
 By Thy tears of bitter woe
 For Jerusalem below,
 Let us not Thy love forego.
 Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
 Lest we lose this day of grace
 Ere we can behold Thy face. Amen

546 Riding upon an ass, and upon a colt, the fool of an ass. Zech. ix.

- 1 RIDE on, ride on in majesty; Hark, all the tribes Hosanna cry: O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road, With palms and scattered garments strowed.
- 2 Ride on, ride on in majesty; In lowly pomp ride on to die: O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin O'er captive death and conquered sin.
- 3 Ride on, ride on in majesty; The angel armies of the sky Look down with sad and wondering eyes To see the approaching sacrifice.
- 4 Ride on, ride on in majesty;
 That last and fiercest strife is nigh:
 The Father on His sapphire throne
 Expects His own anointed Son.

FOR PASSION WEEK.

5 Ride on, ride on in majesty;
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.
Amen.

547 And the children cried, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David. Matt. xxi.

1 ALL glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, redeeming King,
To whom the guileless children
Made sweet hosannas ring.
Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou, David's royal Son,
Whom, in the Lord's name coming,
Our blessed King we own.

2 The company of angels
 Are praising Thee on high;
 And mortal men, and all things
 On earth, do make reply.
 This day glad Zions people
 With palms to meet Thee went;
 We too with prayer and anthem

Ourselves to Thee present.

3 To Thee, before Thy Passion,
They gave due meed of praise;

To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
Thou didst accept their homage;
Accept the voice we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

548

Watch ye. 1 Cor. xvi.

- 1 The God of Israel never sleeps;
 The angelic band strict vigil keeps:
 Above, below, amidst, around,
 They float in air, or walk the ground,
 Leave their bright mansion in the sky,
 And watch the world with sleepless eye.
- 2 And shall we then, the slaves of sense, Sink on the lap of indolence? Shall we not wake, and watch and pray, Ere morn leads on the drowsy day, And midst the shades of night prolong The patient prayer, the cheerful song?
- 3 Come, thou great Shepherd of the sheep, Come, Thou whose mercies never sleep: Descend, as in the showers of spring; Shed holy vigour from Thy wing; Thou swift to hear, and strong to bless, Inspire the grace of watchfulness.

549 Your lights burning. Luke xil

1 YE servants of the Lord, Each in his office wait, Observant of His heavenly word,

And watchful at His gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,

And trim the golden flame;

Gird up your loins, as in His sight,

Err arful is His Name.

For awful is His Name.

2 O happy servant he

In such attention found: He shall his Lord with pleasure see, And be with honour crowned. Watch;—'tis your Master's will; His coming draweth near;

For each faint footfall listen still, And wait with love and fear.

3 Christ shall the banquet spread With His own royal hand, And raise that faithful servant's head

Amidst the angelic band. Be God, the Father, Son, &c.

550 I say unto all, Watch. Mark xiii

1 WHILE life is lent to man below, Whate'er its form, howe'er it flow, One duty stands confessed, To watch incessant, firm of mind, To watch, where'er the post assigned And leave to God the rest.

2 'Twas while they watched, the sher

swains
Heard angels sing in heavenly strain
The new-born Saviour's love;
Blest harmony, that far excels
All music else on earth that dwells,
Or e'er was tuned above.

3 'Twas while they watched, the a traced

The star that every star effaced.
With newly-dawning light;
They followed, and it led the way
To where the infant Saviour lay:
They saw, and blessed the sight.

4 'Twas while they watched with lan hand And oil well stored, the virgin band The bridal pomp descried; They joined it, and the heavenly gat

That oped to them its glorious state, Was closed on all beside.

5 Watch, watch and pray: in suffering hour This rule He gave who knew its power And triumphed in the strife. So let me watch with holy fear, And in my death, O Christ, be near To raise me to Thy life. Amen.

The same of the sa

551 Watch and pray. Mark xiii.

1 CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose; Hear thy guardian angel say: 'Thou art in the midst of foes; Watch and pray:

Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thine unguarded hours:

Watch and pray:
Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day:

Wear it ever, night and day; Near thee lurks the Evil One: Watch and pray.'

2 Hear the warriors who o'ercame,
Marching on their joyful way,
Still with warning voice exclaim.

Still with warning voice exclaim:
'Watch and pray.'
First and chiefest, hear thy Lord,

Him thou vowedst to obey: Hide within thy heart His word:

'Watch and pray.'
Watch, as if on thee alone
Hung the issue of the day:
Pray, as all by God were dome:
'Watch and pray.'

552 Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus. Phil. il.

 LORD, let the love in us abound, Which in Christ Jesus once was found: Create in us our Saviour's mind, Unselfish, sympathetic, kind.

2 He in the form of God abode, Yet that bright fellowship of God He held not with a miser's heart, But laid His glorious state apart.

3 He stooped to wear a servant's mien, And, as a man in fashion seen, Himself He showed amidst mankind The pattern of a lowly mind:

4 Obedient to His Father's will,
He meekly bore all human ill,
A life in sad privation past,
And death, that death the cross, at last.

5 For this by God exalted high, He reigns with power beyond the sky; For this the Father bids Him claim A Name surpassing every name, C

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FOR PASSION WEEK.

555 Pulm iv. Hear me when I call, &c.

- 1 Gon of my righteousness,
 Give ear; to Thee I cry:
 Thou art my Saviour in distress:
 In mercy now reply.
 How long, ye men unwise,
 Mine honour will ye spurn?
 O turn from lying vanities;
 From idle follies turn:
- 2 For know, the faithful heart
 Unto the Lord is dear:
 He sets it for Himself apart:
 My prayer the Lord will hear.
 Abide in holy dread,
 And cease from doing ill:
 With your own heart upon your bed
 Hold converse, and be still.
- 3 Many there be that cry,
 'Who now will show us grace?'
 Lift on us, Lord, Thy loving eye,
 The glory of Thy face.
 Be God the Father, Son, &c.

556 Paulm vil. 9. O let the wickedness of the wicked come to an end, &c.

- 1 O God, subdue the power of sin, And make the just secure: Thou triest the heart and reins within, A righteous God and pure. God is my shield; His saving rod Defends the good man's way; God is an upright Judge, a God Who chastens day by day.
- 2 And turn we not? His sword is whet, His bow is bent in ire, His instruments of death are set, His shafts are tipped with fire, To strike the man who travails long With dark iniquity, Conceiving only guile and wrong, And bringing forth a lie.
- 3 He digged and delved a pit, and lo,
 His feet are in the toils,
 On his own head returns the woe,
 On him his spite recoils.
 For all His goodness I will bless
 The Lord, who heard my cry,
 And evermore with songs confess
 His Name, the Lord Most High.
 Amen.

557 Psalm xxii. My God, my God, 4

- 1 O God, my God, in mercy hear
 The voice of my complaint:
 By day I shed the fruitless tear,
 And in the night I faint.
 Our fathers trusted in the Lord;
 He to their rescue came:
 Art Thou not faithful to Thy word?
 Is not Thy love the same?
- 2 They trusted, and were helped, but I Have none to soothe my pain; The scorners, as they pass me, cry, 'He trusts his God in vain.'
 O Lord, my strength, go not away, Still keep me with Thy love, And raise me, at the last great day, To sing Thy praise above.

558 Psalm xxii. My God, my God, 4

- Mr God, my God. to Thee I cry:
 Ah, why hast Thou forsaken me?

 I cry in vain: no help is nigh;
 My bitter moan I make, uncomfo by Thee.
- 2 All day I call: none answers, none: I groan throughout the unquiet nig Yet Thou art still the Holy One Whom Israel's sons adore, throned Thy heavenly height.
- 3 Our fathers trusted in Thy Word, And swift Thy strong deliverance ca They cried to Thee, their saving Lord To Thee they cried in faith, and v not put to shame.
- 4 For me—a worm, no man am I
 The very abjects on me tread:
 In reckless mood, the passers-by
 Shoot out the flouting lip, and wag
 insulting head:
- 5 'His trusted Lord,' they shout in scor 'Let Him redeem His darling child Yea, Thine I was, while yet unborn, Thine, when upon the breast in sv repose I smiled;
- 6 Thy power, that took me from the wo Shall still support me to the grave; O shine upon me through the gloom, For trouble is at hand, and note nigh to save.

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PART IL

F 9 .. .

- 7 Foes hem me in on every side, And strong as Bashan's bulls are they: Their mouths on me they open wide, As gapes the hungry lion, roaring for his prey.
- 8 My heart is wax, my bones unstrung; Like water glides my failing breath; My strength, a withered sherd; my tongue Cleaves to my jaws: I sink into the dust of death.
- 9 Dogs prowl around me: godless bands Infuriate in my path arise; They pierce my feet, they pierce my hands: My bones I count: on me they glut their eager eyes.
- 10 My plundered raiment they divide, And on my vesture cast the lot; But in Thy succour I confide; Stand not aloof, O Lord; nry Strength, forsake me not.
- 11 Snatch from the sword my lonely soul,
 Saye when the dreaded hounds are
 nigh:

Wrest from the lion's fierce control; Yea, from the oxen's horns Thine ear as heard my cry.

12 So, where my brethren meet, Thy fame The voice of choral joy shall tell: Praise ye the Lord, who fear His Name: Praise Him, O Jacob's seed, adore Him, Israel.

Psalm xli. Blessed is he, &c.

1 Blest he, whose timely mercies heed The poor man's need! His guardian Lord shall save him still

From every ill:
Among the living he shall rest,

And with the land's increase be blest.

Thou wilt not leave him comfortless
When foes oppress;

Low though he lie with pining breath, And nigh to death, Thy hand will prop his sinking head,

And in his sickness smooth his bed. 3 O Lord, I cried, new mercy show,

New health bestow;

For heavy lies the weight of sin

My heart within:
'When will he die,' my foemen say.

And his remembrance fade away?

4 If any see me, they devise
Ensauring lies,
The venom in their bosoms bred
Abroad they shed;
My haters whisper, and contrive

How they may swallow me alive 5 'His many crimes,' they say, 'prov

The deadly stroke; Lo, on his bed of pain he lies, No more to rise.' The very friend, who shared my cu His heel against me lifteth up.

6 But Thou wilt guard with strong d Mine innocence, And keep me still before Thy face With endless grace. Praise we the Lord for evermore, The God whom Israel's sons adore.

560 Psalm xxxv. 17. Lord, bow len Thou look upon this, &c.

- 1 How long art silent, Lord? how lo Regards Thy patient eye my wrong Save from the lion's fierce control, O save my lone afflicted soul. So, where the tribes adore Thy Na My song Thy glory shall proclaim, And listening crowds shall learn to Thy wondrous love and faithfulness
- 2 O suffer not my lying foes
 To glut their hatred with my woes:
 Against the peaceful to prepare
 The bitter scoff, the treacherous san
 Their mouths on me they open wide
 'Aha,' they say, 'our eyes espied:'
 Yea, Lord, Thou seest: Thy silence I
 Stand not aloof; arise, awake.
- 3 Plead Thou for me, my God and Le Maintain me by Thy atedfast word, Give sentence for my righteous suit, And bid the exulting foe be mute. Praise we the Lord with choral hymn

561 Pulm liv. Save me, O God, &

1 SAVE me through Thy Name, O Ga Right me with Thy potent rod: Hear my prayer, in mercy hear, And unto my words give ear. For my foes in anger hot Hunt my life with many a plot; All the proud against me rise: God is not before their eyes.

2 But the Lord upholds my life:
God defeats their impious strife:
Faithful to His promise He
Striketh them who strike at me.
Freely to my God and King
Sacrifice of praise I bring;
God—who saves me from my wees,
God—who treads down all my foes.

562 Paalm Ivi. Thou tellest my flittings, &c.

- 1 Take note, O Lord, of all my fears, And on my restless flittings look; Within Thy bottle store my tears:— Are they not written in Thy book? Full well I know, my foes shall flee What time I call, my God, on Thee.
- 2 For, when grim terrors shake me most, Thy promise is my sure defence: Of God alone I make my boast, In God I place my confidence. If God be nigh, what foe can harm? What fear I from the fleshly arm?
- 3 Thy vows, O Gcd, upon me lie:
 My glad thank-offerings I will pay:
 For Thou hast set my feet on high,
 Nor left my soul to death a prey:
 That I may walk before Thy sight,
 A denizen of living light.

563 Psalm lvil. Be merciful unto me, &c.

- 1 Be merciful to me, O God, Be merciful to me: My soul's sure trust, my safe abode, Thy shading wing shall be:
- 2 Until the wicked cease from wrong, I call on the Most High; I call on God, my Saviour strong, Whose help is ever nigh.
- 3 God will send forth from heaven above, And shame my cruel foes; God will send forth His truth and love, And grant my soul repose.
- 4 A pit is dug, a net prepared
 To trap my careless feet:
 But in their own devices snared
 They rue the vain deceit.
- 5 Arise, and show Thyself, O God, Above the heavenly height; Exalt Thy Name on earth abroad, Thy majesty and might.

564 Psalm lix. Deliver me from mine enemies, 0 God, fc.

- I Gop, avert the deadly blow,
 Save me from the raging foe,
 From the unholy multitude,
 From the men who thirst for blood.
 Mighty powers in leagued strife
 Rise against my guiltless life:
 Unoffended they combine,
 Unprovoked by fault of mine.
- 2 Every eve returning back
 Round the city growls the pack,
 Merest mischief all their words,
 And their tongues are very swords;
 'For who hears?'—The people's pride,
 Lord, Thy scornful eyes deride;
 Stricken by Thy arm I see
 Every foe that strikes at me.
- 3 Thou shalt be my daily song, God the merciful and strong:
 Thou hast been my sheltaring tower,
 Thou my shade in trouble's hour.
 Yea, to Thee at morn I raise,
 O my Strength, a hymn of praise:
 Thou, the God of power and love,
 Watchest o'er me frum above.

565 Pealm luin. Save me, O God, &c.

- 1 SAVE me, O God; the dangerous billows roll
 - About my soul: In the deep mire I sink, wherein is found No standing-ground:
- 2 I am come into the depths, and over me Sweeps the strong sea. My cries have wearied me: my throat is

dry, And fails mine eye;

- 3 So earnestly my waiting heart abode
 In prayer to God.
 Lo, they that watch my steps with causeless hate,
 - Their host how great,
- 4 More than the hairs upon my head, and they Who seek to slay,
 - The lying foes who war against my right,—
- What men of might!

 5 For Thy dear sake alone I bear diagrace;
 Shame hides my face;
- A stranger to my brethren I am grown, A man nnknown

L I

6 To my own mother's children: for the ahrine
Of power divine
My zeal consumes me: daily have I borne
Thy scorner's scorn:

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7 My woes provoke the idler's railing tongue, The drunkard's song.
But Thou art ever nigh to guard the just,
O Lord, my trust.

566 Psalm lxix. 13, Lord, I make my prayer unto Thee, &c.

1 O LORD, in Thine accepted day My prayer is heard above; Thy pitying grace, O God, display, Thy saving truth and love.

2 Hide not Thy face from me, but look Upon Thy servant's woes; Draw nigh, redeem my life; rebuke

My persecuting foes.

3 My shame and foul dishonour stand

Unveiled before Thine eyes,
And numbered on Thy truthful hand
Are all mine enemies.

4 Reproach bath crushed my heart: with

Ontworn and sickening pain, I wait for pity and relief, But ever wait in vain:

5 No friend is nigh with comfort's spell To charm away my care; They give me gall to eat, they quell My thirst with vinegar.

567 Psalm lxxx. 8. Thou hast brought a sine out of Egypt, 4c.

1 O God of hosts, a vine
Thou plantedst in the uprooted heathen's
ground:
For this an ample room was planned;
It struck its roots, it filled the land;

Crept o'er the hills its leafy bine, And curled the mighty codars round: Unto the sea its boughs were spread, Its branches to the river's eastern bed.

2 Why hast Thou rent its fold, That every passer spoils this plant of Thine? The forest boar devours its fruits, The cattle browse upon its shoots: Turn yet, O God of hosts, behold From heaven, and visit this Thy vine:

Sustain Thine own implanted tree, The Son of Thy right hand, made strong for Thee. S Cut down, it feeds the flame;
So perish, who Thy frowning visage see.
Let Thy right hand protect its Son,
The Son of Man, Thy strengthened One:
O raise us up to bless Thy Name;
Revive us,—we will live to Thee.
Lord God of hosts, Thy grace we crave:
Look on us with Thy radiant face, and

568 Psalm lxxxviii. O Lord God of my salvation, &c.

1 O Lord, the God of my salvation, To Thee I cry aloud by day, To Thee by night I humbly pray; Hear Thou my woful supplication.

2 My weary soul is full of sadness, My life is sinking to the tomb, The depths of darkness are my doom, No strength is left, no gleam of gladness.

3 Even as the dead am I discarded; As they that slumber in the ground, No more in Thy remembrance found, Nor by Thy guiding hand regarded.

4 Thou in the nether pit hast bound me, In darkness, in the lowest deep; Thy stormy surges o'er me sweep, Thy angry tempest rages round me.

5 Afar from me my friends are keeping; Thou hast made me hateful in their sight:

I am shut in from morn till night, Mine eyes decay with endless weeping.

PART II.

6 My daily prayers, O Lord, address Thee: To Thee my careful hands I spread: Wilt Thou work wonders for the dead, Or shall the buried rise and bless Thee?

7 Shall the grave speak Thy loving-kindness, Thy truth be seen in realms of death, Thy marvels in the slade beneath, Thy mercies in the land of blindness?

8 I cry to Thee before the morrow,
And seek, O Lord, Thy help alone;
My prayer shall come before Thy throne
Each morn, and show Thee all my sorrow.

9 Ah, why am I so long neglected? Why dost Thou hide Thy loving face? I pine away without Thy grace, I periah, Lord, by Thee rejected. 10 Thy plagues afflict, Thy terrors rend me;
They compass me, like floods, all day;
No kind familiar faces stay,
Black darkness only, to befriend me.

Psalm Ixxxix. 45. O Lord, how long will Thou hide Thyself, &c.

- 1 How long wilt Thou conceal Thy face, How long, O Lord, withdraw Thy grace? For ever burns Thy dreadful ire, A merciless undying fire?
- 2 Reflect, how short my vital span; Why lives in vain Thy creature man? For where is he who sees not death, Or from the touch redeems his breath?
- 3 Where are Thy tender mercies gone, The covenant with Thy chosen one? Thy early love, Thy faithful word To David pledged, where are they, Lord?
- 4 Remember, Lord, Thy servant's woes, How many nations are my foes; How in my bosom I have borne Their long reproach, their bitter scorn.
- 5 Yea, Lord, Thy foes, a scornful crew, The footsteps of Thy Christ pursue. — Blest be the Lord whom we adore, Amen, Amen, for evermore.

570 Paulm exx. In my distress I cried unto the Lord, &c.

- 1 In trouble to the Lord I prayed; A gracious ear He deigned to lend: 'Save me from lying lips,' I said, 'Lord, from the perjured tongue defend.' What gain thy lips, thou lying foe? And what, false tongue, thy vile deceit? Sharp arrows from a giant's bow, Fierce coals that burn with smouldering heat.
- 2 Alas, that I must still abide
 In Kedar's tents, with Mesech's clan,
 That, where the foes of peace reside,
 I pine so long, a friendless man!
 To peace alone I give my heart;
 But, when I speak a gentle word,
 In scornful ire their warriors start,
 And brandish high the gleaning sword.

571 Palm ext. 4. Keep me, O Lord, &c. LORD, save me from the foeman's wrath; Defeat the sons of strife, Who place their ambush in my path, To snare my perilled life:

Their cord is hid and spread their net. Their traps for me the proud have set.

- 2 Unto the Lord I cried at length; 'Thou art my God alone: Lord, hear my cry:' my saving strength From God the Lord is shown; My head Thou coverest in the day When hosts are rushing to the fray.
- 3 The slanderous tongue shall fail, the foe Shall perish in his spite: The Lord upholds the weak, I know, And guards the poor man's right: Thy praise the ransomed just shall tell; Before Thy face the meek shall dwell.

572 Psalm exili. I cried unto the Lord with my voice, &c.

- 1 Unto the Lord I make my moan,
 My prayers unto the Lord arise;
 To Him I pour my frequent sighs,
 And tell my griefs to Him alone.
 liceause my soul is faint and low,
 Because Thine eyes discern my way,
 Their secret snares the godless lay
 Along the path that I should go.
- 2 I look unto the right, and there Behold no sympathising eye, No shelter, whither I may fly, No helper for my soul to care. Before Thy face, O Lord, I stand And say: 'My only trust Then art, The stay and solace of my heart, My portion in the living land.
- 3 'O hearken to my prayer: I pine
 And die away with endless woes;
 O quell my persecuting foes,
 For stronger is their arm than mine.
 My weary soul from thrall release,
 That men may bless Thy name in song:
 Around me will the righteous throng,
 When Thou shalt give me joy and peace.'

573 And being in an agony, He prayed more carnestly. Luke axii.

- 1 Zrox's Daughter, weep no more, Though thy troubled heart be sore. He of whom the Paslmist sung, He who woke the Prophet's tongue, Christ the Mediator blest Brings thee everlasting rest.
- 2 In a garden man became Heir of sin, and death, and shame;

L 3

Jesus in a garden wins Life, and pardon for our sins, Through His hour of agony Praying in Gethsemane.

- 3 There for us He intercedes;
 There with God the Father pleads;
 Willing there for us to drain
 To the dregs the cup of pain,
 That in everlasting day
 He may wipe our tears away.
- 4 Therefore to His Name be given Glory both in earth and heaven; To the Father, and the Son, And the Spirit, Three in One, Honour, praise, and glory be, Now, and through eternity! Amen.

574 Christ suffered, leaving us an example.

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane, Ye that feel the Tempter's power; Your Redeemer's conflict see: Watch with Him one bitter hour; Turn not from His griefs away, Learn of Him to watch and pray.
- 2 See Him at the judgment-hall, Beaten, bound, reviled, arraigned: See Him meekly bearing all: Love to man His soul sustained: Shun not suffering, shame, or loss; Learn of Christ to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain view;
 There the Lord of Glory see
 Made a sacrifice for you,
 Dying on the accursed tree.
 'It is finished,' hear Him cry;
 Learn of Jesus how to die.

575 A Man-of sorrows. Isa. lift.

- 1 To the still wrestlings of the lonely heart Christ doth impart The virtue of His midnight agony, When none was nigh Save God and one good angel, to assuage The tempest's rage.
- 2 Mortal, if life smile on thee, and thou find All to thy mind, Think who did once from heaven to hell descend.

Thee to be friend;
So shalt thou dare forego, at His dear eall,
Thy best, thine all.

3 'O Father, not My will but Thir done!'
So spake the Son.
Be this our charm, mellowing er ruder noise
Of griefs and joys,
That we may cling for ever to breast
In perfect rest. Amen.

576 Who was delirered for our offens. Rom. iv.

- 1 SEE the destined morn arise, See the willing sacrifice, Jesus, to redeem our loss, Hang upon the shameful Cross Jesus, who but Thon had borne, Lifted on that tree of scorn, Every pang and bitter three, Finishing Thy life of woe?
- 2 Who but Thou had dared to drain Mixed with gall the cup of pain, And with tender body bear Thorns and nails and piercing spear From Thy side the water flowed, Mingled with Thy precious blood, Sign to all attesting eyes Of the finished sacrifice.
- 3 Holy Jesu, give us grace In that sacrifice to place All our hope of life renewed, Pardoned sin and promised good. Father, guard us from above, &c

577 Great is the mystery of godline

- Sino, my tongue, the Saviour's triun Tell His glory far and wide;
 Tell aloud the famous story Of His body crucified;
 How upon the Cross a victim, Vanquishing in death, He died.
- 2 Eating of the tree forbidden, Man had sunk in Satan's snare, When our pitying Creator Did this second tree prepare, Destined many ages after That first evil to repair.
- 3 Such the order God appointed,
 When for ain He would atone;
 To the Serpent thus opposing
 Schemes yet deeper than his own;
 Thence the remedy procuring
 Whence the fatal wound had grow:

4 So when now at length the fulness
Of the sacred time drew nigh,
Then the Son, the world's Creator,
Left His Father's throne on high,
From a Virgin's womb appearing
Clothed in our mortality.

PART II.

- 5 All within a lonely manger,
 Lo, a tender babe He lies:
 See His gentle Virgin Mother
 Lull to sleep His infant cries,
 While the limbs of God incarnate
 Round with swathing bands she ties!
- 6 Thirty years among us dwelling, His appointed time fulfilled, Born for this, He meets His Passion, For that this He freely willed; On the Cross the Lamb is lifted Where His life-blood shall be spilled.
- 7 He endured the nails, the spitting, Vinegar, and spear, and reed; From that holy body broken Blood and water forth proceed: Earth, and stars, and sky, and ocean, By that flood from stain are freed.
- 8 To the Trinity be glory
 Everlasting, as is meet:
 Equal to the Father, equal
 To the Son and Paraclete,
 Trinal Unity, whose praises
 All created things repeat. Amen.

578 Truly this was the Son of God. Matt. xxvii.

- 1 THE morning dawns upon the place
 Where Jesus spent the night in prayer:
 Through twilight mists behold His face:
 Nor form nor comeliness is there.
 Last eve, by those He called His own
 Betrayed, forsaken, or denied,
 He met His enemies alone,
 In all their malice, rage, and pride.
- 2 He bears their buffeting and scorn, Mock homage of the lip, the knee, The purple robe, the crown of thorn, The scourge, the nail, the accurable tree. No guile within His mouth is found, He neither threatens nor complains; Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound, Dumb 'midst His murderers He remains.

3 This truly was the Son of God; Though in a servant's mean disguise, And bruised beneath the Father's rod, Not for Himself, for man He dies. One God unseen, the Father, Son, &c.

579 They crucified Him. Mark xv.

- O COME and mourn with me awhile;
 O come ye to the Saviour's side;
 O come, together let us mourn;
 Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 2 Have we no tears to shed for Him, While soldiers scoff and Jews deride? Ah look how patiently He hangs; Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 3 How fast His hands and feet are nailed; His throat with parching thirst is dried; His failing eyes are dimmed with blood; Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 4 Seven times He spake seven words of love: And all three hours His silence cried. For mercy on the souls of men; Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 5 Come, let us stand beneath the Cross So may the blood from out His side Fall gently on us drop by drop; Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 6 A broken heart, a fount of tears, Ask, and they will not be denied; Lord Jesus, may we love and weep, Since Thou for us art crucified. Amen.

580 Behold the Man. John xix.

- I BOUND upon the accursed tree,
 Faint and bleeding, who is He?
 By the eyes so pale and dim,
 Streaming blood and writhing limb,
 By the flesh with scourges torn,
 By the crown of twisted thorn,
 By the side so deeply pierced,
 By the baffled burning thirst,
 By the drooping death-dewed brow,
 Son of Man, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou.
- 2 Bound upon the accursed tree, Dread and awful, who is He? By the sun at noon-day pale, Shivering rocks and rending veil, Earth that trembles at His doom, Yonder saints who burst their tomb,

Eden promised ere He died To the felon at His side, Lord, our suppliant knees we bow; Son of God, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou.

- 3 Bound upon the accursed tree,
 Sad and dying, who is He?
 By the last and bitter cry
 Of expiring agony,
 By the lifeless body laid
 In the chamber of the dead,
 By the mourners come to weep
 Where the bones of Jesus sleep,
 Crucified, we know Thee now,
 Son of Man, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou.
- 4 Bound upon the accurabl tree,
 Dread and awful, who is He?
 By the prayer for them that slew,
 'Lord, they know not what they do.
 By the spoiled and empty grave,
 By the souls He died to save,
 By the conquest He hath won,
 By the saints before His throne,
 By the rainbow round His brow,
 Son of God, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou.

581 Surely He hath borne our gricfs, and carried our sorrows. Isa. Ilii.

- THE Saviour comes; no outward pomp Bespeaks His presence nigh,
 No earthly beauty shines in Him
 To draw the carnal eye.
 Rejected and despixed of men,
 Behold a Man of woe:
 Grief was His heavy burden still
 Through all His life below.
- 2 Yet all the pains He felt were ours, And ours the woes He bore; Pange, not His own, His spotless soul With bitter anguish tore. His sacred blood hath washed our souls From sin's polluting stain; His stripes have healed us, and His death Revived our souls again.
- 3 All we like sheep have gone astray
 In ruin's fatal road:
 On Him were our transgressions laid;
 He bore the mighty load.
 He died to bear the guilt of men,
 That sin might be forgiven;
 He lives to bless them, and defend,
 And plead their cause in heaven.

- 582 They smote Him on the head.

 1 AH Head, so pierced and wounds
 So full of pain and scorn;
 Ah Head, in jest surrounded
 - With a sharp crown of thorn; Ah Head, once wreathed with gi And bright with shining raya, Now mocked and scorned,—befo I bow in silent praise.
- 2 O Lord, my soul's true Lover,
 What bliss dost Thou bestow,
 By making me discover
 My weal in Thy sad woe!
 While all are Thee forsaking,
 I will with Thee abide;
 And when Thy heart is breaking

I will not leave Thy side.

- 3 With all my beart, O Jesua, I thank Thee, best of friends, Whose death and passion frees us From death that never ends: O grant that I may ever Abide, dear Lord, in Thee, Nor, let e'en death dissever My faithful soul from Thee.
- 4 When I depart, be nigh me,
 To strengthen and to save,
 Nor, when I die, deny me
 The comfort that I crava.
 Then will I calm and trustful
 Yield up to Thee my breath,
 Rejoicing, but not boastful;
 O happy, happy death!

583 Who loved me and gave Him me. Gal. i.

- 1 O SACRED Head, surrounded
 By crown of piercing thorn!
 O bleeding Head, so wounded,
 Reviled, and put to scorn!
 Death's pallid hue comes o'er The
 The glow of life decays,
 Yet angel hosts adore Thee,
 And tremble as they gaze.
- 2 In this Thy bitter Passion, Good Shepherd, think of ma, Of Thy most sweet compassion Unworthy though I bs: Beneath Thy Cross abiding, For ever would I rest, In Thy dear love confiding, And with Thy presence blest.

Now there stood by the Cross of Jesus His Mother. John xix.

- 1 AT the Cross her station keeping, Stood the mournful Mother weeping, Where He hung, the dying Lord; For her soul, of joy bereaved, Bowed with anguish, deeply grieved, Felt the sharp and piercing sword.
- 2 O how sad and sore distressed Now was she, that Mother blessed Of the sole-begotten One; Deep the woe of her affliction When she saw the crucifixion Of her ever-glorious Son.
- 3 Who on Christ's dear Mother gazing, Pierced by anguish so amazing, Born of woman, would not weep? Who on Christ's dear Mother thinking, Such a cup of sorrow drinking, Would not share her sorrows deep?
- 4 For His people's sins chastisèd She beheld her Son despisèd, Scourged and crowned with thorny wreath; Saw Him then from judgment taken, Mocked by foes, by friends forsaken, Till He gave His soul to death.
- 5 Jesu, may such deep devotion
 Stir in me the same emotion,
 Fount of love, Redeemer kind,
 That my heart, fresh ardour gaining,
 And a purer love attaining,
 May with Thee acceptance find. Amen.

585 Looking unto Jesus. Heb. xii.

- 1 O'ERWHELMED in depths of woe
 Upon the tree of scorn
 Hangs the Redeemer of mankind
 With racking anguish torn;
 See how those harmless hands
 The nails transfixing rend;
 See down His face, and neck, and breast,
 His sacred blood descend.
- 2 O bear that awful cry Which pierced His Mother's heart, As into God the Father's hands He bade His soul depart. Farth hears, and trembling quakes Around that tree of pain; The rocks are rent; the graves are burst; The veil is rent in twain.

- 3 The sun withdraws his light;
 The mid-day heavens grow pale;
 The moon, the stars, the universe
 Their Maker's death bewail.
 Shall man alone be mute?
 Have we no griefs, or fears?
 Come, old and young, come, all mankind,
 And bathe those feet in tears.
- 4 Come, fall before His Cross,
 Who shed for us His blood;
 Who died, the Victim of pure love,
 To make us sons of God.
 Jesu, all praise to Thee,
 Our joy and endless rest;
 Be Thou our guide while pilgrims here,
 Our crown amid the blest. Amen.

586 The precious blood of Christ. 1 Pet.

- 1 GLORY be to Jesus,
 Who in bitter pains
 Poured for me the life-blood
 From His sacred veins,
 Grace and life eternal
 In that blood I find;
 Blest be His compassion
 Infinitely kind.
- 2 Blest through endless ages
 Be the precious stream,
 Which from endless torments
 Did the world redeem.
 Abel's blood for vengeance
 Pleaded to the skies;
 But the blood of Jesus
 For our pardon cries,
- 3 Oft as it is sprinkled
 On our guilty hearts,
 Satan in confusion
 Terror-struck departs;
 Oft as earth exulting
 Wafts its praise on high,
 Angel hosts rejoicing
 Make their glad reply.
- 4 Lift ye then your voices;
 Swell the mighty flood;
 Louder still and louder
 Praise the precious blood.
 Sing, ye saints redeemed,
 With the heavenly host,
 Glory to the Father,
 Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

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587 The earth did quake. Matt. xxvii.

1 EARTH and heaven bewailing,
The light at mid-day failing,
The sea that sparkled cheerily
Rolling dark waves drearily;
It was an hour of dread,
When the Saviour said
'Eli, Elil' from the tree,
Lord Lynd My and to These

'Lord, I yield my soul to Thee.'

It was an hour of grieving
To angel and to man;
A quick convulsive heaving
Through nature's bosom ran:
Jehovah, the world's Maker,
Of human pangs partaker;
The God that gave us breath,
Dying for us the death:
It is a sight for gazing eyes,
Theme not for words, but tears and aighs,
The Saviour's dying agonies.

588 We are verily guilty concerning our brother. Gen. xiii.

- 1 Yz that pass by, hehold the Man, The Man of griefs and wonders too, The Lamb slain ere the world began, Now on His way to die for you. See how His back the scourges tear, Unto the bloody pillar bound! The ploughers make long furrows there, Till all His body is one wound.
- 2 In scorn they robe Him, crown, adore;
 In spite they rend His robe away:
 They crush Him with that burden sore,
 They drag Him up the accursed way:
 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
 With nails they fasten to the wood:
 His sacred limbs exposed and bare,
 Or only covered with His blood.
- 3 Behold His temples crowned with thorn,
 His bleeding hands spread out so wide;
 His streaming feet transfixed and torn,
 The fountain gushing from His side.
 Where is the King of Glory now?
 The everlasting Son of God?
 The Immortal hangs His languid brow;
 The Almighty faints beneath His load.
- 4 Beneath our load He faints and dies:
 We filled His soul with pangs unknown;
 We caused those mortal groans and cries;
 We slew the Father's only Son.

Yet we through Him who saved the lo Our glorious Prophet, Priest, and Ki To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, With saints and angels praise may si Amen.

1 HARK, the voice of love and mercy Sounds aloud from Calvary:
See, the rocks are rent asunder;
Darkness veils the mid-day sky:
'It is finished'

Hear the dying Saviour cry

2 O what joy to helpless sinners
These triumphant words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us through Christ the Lord
'It is finished:'

Saints, His dying words record.

3 All the types and shadows finished

- Of the ceremonial law,
 Man's redemption now completed,
 Death and hell no more shall awe:
 'It is finished:'
 Sainta, from hence your comfort dra
- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
 Join the triumph to proclaim;
 All on earth and all in heaven,
 Join to praise the Saviour's Name:
 Alleluia!
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb! Ame

500 He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost. John xix.

- 1 Whilk each solemn function high Of that would mystery On the Cross Thou deign'st to bear, Saviour, with most loving care, Finishing the rite of rites, Finishing the last of fights, Finishing life's toilsome race, Finishing the work of grace;
- 2 When death's hour is coming fast, When life's strength is all but past, When the end Thou goest to meet, When the task is just complete; In a word the sum is said; Thou dost cry 'Tis finished:' Yea, the Lord is crucified: Yea, for us the Lamb hath died.
- 3 Now His precious blood is shed, Now our souls are ransomed; Now is Satan's fury braved; Christ hath died, and man is saved.

Christ, by cruel hands betrayed, Christ, for us a captive made, Christ, upon the bitter tree Slain for man, all praise to Thee. Amen.

591 It is finished. Matt. xxvii.

- 1 'Tis finished: O glorious word Last uttered by the dying Lord! Redeemed soul, forget it never, Remember it, O soul, for ever: Who lived to bless, who died to save thee, said Upon the Cross,—'Tis finished.
- 2 'Tis finishèd: upon that tree The Law, the Prophecies, we see In Jesus' bleeding form fulfillèd Even as of old the Father willèd: For this great end the Lord of glory bled, That all might know—'Tis finishèd.
- 3 'Tis finished: the creature owed
 A debt he ne'er could pay to God:
 Our sins had moved the wrath of
 Heaven:

That debt is paid, those sins forgiven. The Son of God hath suffered in our stead, And we are free:—'Tis finished.

- 4 'Tis finished: remains there aught
 For us to finish? Idle thought!
 By Him the work was all completed:
 Its blessings now to all are meted
 Who with their dying Lord to sin are dead
 And live to God:—'Tis finished.
- 5 'Tis finishèd: the mighty Son O'er death and hell the victory won: He died, He lives, for our salvation, And we may say with exultation: 'For me my Saviour's precious blood was ahed, And come what will, 'Tis finishèd.'
- 6 'Tis finished: but ne'er forget
 Thou owest still, my soul, a debt
 Of faith and love to Him who gave thee
 His life to teach, His death to save thee.
 Abide in Him who bowed His fainting head
 With that last word:—'Tis finished.

092 Acquainted with grief. Isa. 1881.

1 Sing we now, our voice apraising, Sing the Cross in mournful strain; Tell the sorrows most amazing, Tell the agonising pain, Which the Saviour, God incarnate, Sinless bore, for sinners slain.

- 2 He the cruel scourge enduring, Ransom for our sins to pay, By His stripes transgressors curing, Raising those who wounded lay, Soothed our griefs, and bore our sorrow And removed our pains away.
- 3 He to freedom hath restored us By the very bonds He bare; And His sacred wounds afford us Each a stream of mercy rare; Piercèd by the nails, He draws us To the Cross, and keeps us there.
- 4 When His painful life was ended,
 From that fount, His wounded side,
 Blood and water straight descended,
 Each a sacramental tide;
 One from stain of sin to cleanse us,
 One to feed our souls applied.
- 5 Je-u, may Thy promised blessing Comfort to our souls afford; May we, now Thy love possessing, And at length our full reward, Ever praise with grateful anthems Thee our ever-glorious Lord! Ame

593 By His stripes we are healed. Isa. $\scriptstyle m II$

- 1 O HEAD and Lord of all creation,
 Yet humbled unto death for me;
 My Lord once slain for my salvation,
 My Saviour, to Thy Cross I flee.
 From Thee the blood and water flowing
 Declare Thy power to cleanse and as
 Thy love, on guilty men bestowing
 Whate'er the pining heart can crave.
- 2 Grant me to thirst for all the blessing Which from Thy wounds so free flows:
 - I come before Thee, Lord, confessing That Thou alone canst heal my woe Lord, through Thy sorrows I inherit Forgiveness, grace, and life above; Whate'er I have is from Thy merit, Thy griefs and pains, Thy dying lov
- 3 Thy tears of mine the consolation,
 Thy death my spirit's peace, I own;
 Thy Name my purest meditation;
 My hope, to bow before Thy throne.
 Thus, Lord, would I be always living,
 In blissful union joined to Thee,
 My Saviour, from Thy fulness giving
 Thy grace to heal and comfort me.

THE SHOW AND ADDRESS OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR

594 The place of a skull. John xx.

- I When on Sinai's top I see God descend in majesty To proclaim His holy law, All my spirit sinks with swe. When in ecstasy sublime Tabor's glorious steep I climb, At the too transporting light Darkness rushes o'er my sight.
- 2 When on Calvary I rest, God, in flesh made manifest, Shines in my Redeemer's face, Full of beauty, truth, and grace. Here I would for ever stay, Weep, and gaze my soul away; Thou art heaven on earth to me, Glorious, mournful Calvary.

595 God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of Christ. Gal. vi.

- In the Cross of Christ we glory:
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake us, Hopes deceive and fears annoy, Never shall the Cross forsake us, Shining bright with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love upon our way, From the Cross the radiance streaming Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the Cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the Cross of Christ we glory: Towering o'er the wrecks of time, All the light of sacred story Gathers round its head sublime.

596 I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. 1 Cor. ii.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous Cross On which the Prince of glory died, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the Cross of Christ, my God; The earthly things that charm me most Are dress beside His precious blood.

- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down; Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were an offering far too small; Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my life, my soul, my all.
- 5 To Him who gave His Son to die, To Him whose dying bids me live, To Him, the Spirit blest, may I My heart, my life, my spirit give!
- 597 Neither death nor life shall be able to separate us from the loop of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Rom. vill.
- 1 JESU, refuge of the weary, Object of the spirit's love, Fountain in life's desert dreary, Saviour from the world above; O how oft Thine eyes offended Gaze upon the sinner's fall; Yet upon the Cross extended Thou didst bear the pain of all.
- 2 Do we pass that Cross unheeding, Breathing no repentant vow, Though we see Thee wounded, bleeding, See Thy thorn-encircled brow? Yet Thy sinless death has bought us Life eternal, peace, and rest; Only what Thy grace hath taught us Calms the ainner's stormy breast.
- 3 Jesn, may our hearts be burning
 With more fervent love for Thee;
 May our eyes be ever turning
 To Thy Cross of agony;
 Till in glory, parted never
 From the blessèd Saviour's side,
 Graven in our hearts for ever
 Dwell the Cross, the Crucified. Amen.

598 The preaching of the Cross. 1 Cor. L.

1 WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the Cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss:
Inscribed upon the Cross we see
In shining letters, GOD IS LOVE;
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

FOR PASSION WEEK.

- 2 The Cross! it takes our guilt away; It holds the fainting spirit up; It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
 - And sweetens every bitter cup;
 - It makes the coward spirit brave, And nerves the feeble arm for fight; It takes the terror from the grave, And gilds the bed of death with
- 3 The balm of life, the cure of woe, The measure and the pledge of love, The sinner's refuge here below, The angels' theme in heaven above. To God the Father lift your voice, &c.

light:

4nd the people stood beholding. Luke xxiii.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the Cross we spend, Life, and health, and prace possessing From the sinner's dying Friend. Rest we here, for ever viewing Mercy's streaming fount of blood; Precious drops, our soul bedewing, Plead and claim our peace with God.
- 2 Truly blessed is this station:
 Low before His Cross we lie,
 While we see divine compassion
 Beaming from His earnest eye:
 Here we feel our sins forgiven,
 While upon the Lamb we gaze,
 And our thoughts are all of heaven,
 And our hearts o'erflow with praise.
- 3 For Thy sorrows we adore Thee,
 For the pains that wrought our peace;
 Gracious Saviour, we implore Thee,
 In our souls Thy love increase:
 Still in ceaseless contemplation
 Fix our hearts and eyes on Thee,
 Till we taste Thy full salvation,
 And unveiled Thy glories see. Amen.

OUU He bare the sin of many. Is, lili.

- 1 ALL we, like wandering sheep, have strayed From fold, from pasture, and from stall; Our guilt on innocence was laid; He bore the burden of us all.
- 2 Though many a secret tear He shed, Yet uncomplaining still He stands, Like the dumb lamb to slaughter led, As the mute sheep in shearer's hands.

- 3 He wept no misdeeds of His own, For others' faults He bore the ro Yet we esteemed Him stricken dow. By the avenging hand of God.
- 4 For our iniquities He bled, A cureed death for sin He died; To make our peace He bowed His I To save us He was crucified.
- 5 To Him who came to save the lost, Who died upon the accurated tree With Father and the Holy Ghost, All honour, praise, and glory be!

601 Peace through the blood of His C

- 1 THE King's bright banners forward The mystery of the Cross to show, Whereon for us life bore death's pair By death to bring us life again: What time the spear transfixed His Whence water flowed in mystic tide With boliest blood, that men thereir Might wash them, and be pure from
- 2 O Tree, how passing fair, how brigh With royal purple richly dight, Elect on honoured stein to bear Those sacred limbs aloft in air! O blest, on which so widely flung His body's priceless weight was hun The world's dear ranson there to pa And bear from hell the spoil away!
- 3 The Cross, our only hope we hail:
 Beneath this sign we must prevail;
 The King through this our strength
 plica,
 Wherein alone our glorving lies.
 Blest Trinity, salvation's spring,
 Thy praise let every spirit sing:
 Thy saving health, O Lord, make ki
 And all Thy saints with victory cro

602 And they that are Christ's have field the flesh with the affection tusts. Gal. v.

1 O Cross, we hail thy bitter reign; O come, thou well-beloved guest, Whose screet sufferings work not pai Whose heaviest burden is but rest For is not our Redeemer bound In closest ties of love to those Who faithful to the Cross are found Through ceaseless tears, through dest wees?

- 2 Pledge of our glorious home afar,
 Thee, holy sign, with joy we take,
 Sign of a peace life cannot mar,
 Of just content death cannot shake:
 The sign, how truth, once crucified
 Now through in majesty doth reign,
 How love is blest and glorified,
 Which here on earth was mocked and
 alain.
- 3 Their names are writ in words of light
 Who here on earth their Lord confersed:
 They hear the Bridegroom's cry at night,
 Come to My marriage feast, ye blest.
 Who then would faint, nor gladly share
 In Christ's reproach, in want or pain?
 The bitterest death who would not dare
 With joy, the martyr's crown to gain?

603 See if there be any sorrow like unio

- 1 Up to the hill of Calvary
 With Christ our Lord ascending,
 We deem the Cross our victory,
 'Neath which His steps are bending.
 What soldier is of generous strain?
 One honour let him cherish;
 With Christ upon that battle plain
 A thousand times to perish.
- 2 On must the faithful warrior go 'Whereso the Chief precedeth; And all true hearts will seek the foe Where'er the banner leadeth. Our highest victory is loss; No cup hath such completeness Of gall, but that remembered Cross Will turn it into sweetness.
- 3 Doth sickness hover o'er thy head,
 In weakness art thou lying?
 Behold upon that dismal bed
 Thy sick Physician dying!
 No member in the holy frame
 That there for thee must languish,
 But what thy pride hath clothed with
 shame,
 But what thy sin with anguish.

PART IL

4 Have wealth and honour spread their wing And left thee all unfriended? See naked on the Cross thy King, And thy regrets are ended:
The fox hath where to lay his head, Her nest receives the sparrow:
Thy Monarch for his latest bed One plank hath, hard and narrow.

- 5 Thy good name suffers from the ton Of tyrants and oppressors? The Lord, as on the Cross He hung Was reckoned with transgressors: More than the nails and than the sp His sacred limbs assailing, Judea's children pierced His ear With blasphemies and railing.
- 6 Fear'st thou the death that comes to And knows no interceder?
 O glorious struggle, thus to fall, The soldier next the Leader!
 Christ went with death to grapple if And vanquished him before thee:
 His darts then, though he do his we Can win no triumph o'er thee.
- 7 And, if thy conscience brand each se With many a past defilement, Here, by the fruits of penitence, Hope thou for reconcilement: For He, who bowed His holy head, In death serenely sleeping, Hath grace on contrite hearts to she And pardon for the weeping.

604 As thou hast b. lieved so be it don thee. Matt. viii.

- 1 As, when the Hebrew prophet raise The brazen serpent high, The wounded looked, and straight healed, The people ceased to die:
 - So from the Saviour on the Cross
 A healing virtue flows;
 And all, who raise the eye of faith,
 Are saved from endless woes.
- 2 Thus may we seek the mercy-seat; O God, the blessing give; Help us in faith to look to Thee, And bid the dying live. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, &c.

605 Obedient unto death. Phil. if

1 O Thou, who in the form of God Didst equal honour claim, Yet, to redeem our guilty souls, Didst stoop to death and shame, Before Thy throne shall every knee Bow down with one accord: Before Thy throne shall every tongu Confess Thee God and Lord.

FOR PASSION WEEK.

2 O may that mind be formed in us, Which shone so bright in Thee, An humbla, meek, and lowly mind, From pride and envy free. May we to others stoop, and learn To imitate Thy love; So shall we bear Thine image here, And dwell with Thee above. Amen.

606 The affering of the body of Jesus Christ. Heb. x.

1 Nor all the blood of beasts
On Jewish alters slain
Could give the guilty conscience rest,
Or wash away the stain.
But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away,
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

2 Our faith would lay its hand On that dear head of Thine, While humbly penitent we stand, And there confess our sin. Oft look we back to see The burdens Thou didst bear, When hanging on the cursed tree;

And hope our guilt was there.

3 To Him we render praise
Who did the curse remove;
We sing the Lamb with cheerful lays,
And bless His dying love.
Be God the Father, Son, &c.

607 In due time Christ died for sinners.

- 1 Hz who once in righteous vengeance
 Whelmed the world beneath the flood,
 Once again in mercy cleansed it
 With His own most precious blood,
 Coming from His throne on high
 On the bitter Cross to die.
- 2 O the wisdom of the Eternal, O the depth of love divine, O the sweetness of that mercy Which in Jesus Christ doth shine! We were sinners doomed to die, Jesus paid our penalty.

When before the Judge we tremble, Conscious of His broken laws, May His blood, in that dread moment, Cry aloud and plead our cause, Bid our fears for ever cease, Be our pardon and our peace! 4 Prince and Author of salvatic Lord of majesty supreme, Jesu, praise to Thee be given By the world Thou didst n Glory to the Father be, And the Spirit, One with The

608 The blood of Christ cleans sin. 1 John i.

- 1 WITH trembling awe Thy pri O high, O uncreated King; For guilt subdues our souls to In Thy mercy, Lord, be ne Have mer
- 2 O Son of God, for sinners slain Let not our prayers ascend in We shrink no more from Sinai On Thy Calvary, Lord, we
- Have mer

 There flows Thy blood, that hea
 Which from the curse doth ma
 O holy Lamb we look to The
- O holy Lamb, we look to The Thy redeemed, Lord, are we Have mer
- 4 Nail to Thy wondrous Cross o Descend, abide, and reign with Forgive, renew, preserve each Grace and mercy, Lord, imp Have men

609 Reviled not again. 1:

- 1 No act of sin our Saviour wro His spirit knew nor rage no His wrongs provoked no angry Nor made Him, when revile To Him whose judgments still His cause He left, and on th In His own body did endure
- The curse of sin to make us

 Then let us bear the cross He
 And tread the path which on
 And climb, as He hath climbee
 The steep ascent which lead
 Nor count it strange, for His d
 To find our good repaid with
 But face the smart and brave i

610 Take My yoke apon you.

Which makes us His more c

1 Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we And plead to be forgiven, So let Thy life our pattern be, And form our souls for heavy Help us, through good report and ill, Our daily cross to bear, Like Thee to do our Father's will, Our brethren's griefs to share.

- 2 Let grace our selfishness expel, Our earthliness refine, And kindness in our bosoms dwell, As free and true as Thine. If joy shall at Thy bidding fly, And grief's dark day come on, We in our turn would meekly cry, Father, Thy will be done.
- 3 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife, Fergiving and forgiven, O may we lead the pilgrim's life, And follow Thee to heaven; Where saints sing praise in unison With all the heavenly host To God the Father, God the Son, And God the Holy Ghost.

611 That rock was Christ. 1 Cor. x.

- l Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee: Let the water and the blood, From Thy wounded aide which flowed, Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse from guilt and keep me pure.
- 2 Should my tears for ever flow, Should my zeal no respite know, All for sin could not atone; Thou must save, and Thou alone: In my hand no price I bring; Simply to Thy Cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath, When mine eyelids close in death, When I soar to workle unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne, Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee.

612 I, if I be listed up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me. John xii.

1 JESU, meek and lowly, Saviour pure and holy, On Thy love relying, Hear us humbly crying. Prince of life and power, Our salvation's tower, On the Cross we view Thee, Calling sinners to Thee.

- 2 There behold us gazing
 At the sight amazing;
 Bending low before Thee,
 Helpless we adore Thee.
 By Thy red wounds streaming
 With Thy life-blood glearning
 Blood for sinners flowing,
 Pardon free bestowing;
- 3 By that fount of blessing,
 Thy dear love expressing,
 All our aching sadness
 Turn Thou into gladness.
 Lord, in mercy guide us,
 Be Thou still beside us;
 In Thy ways direct us,
 'Neath Thy wings protect us.

613 Christ in you, the hope. (

1 O Saviour, may we never rest
Till Thou art formed within;
Till Thou hast calmed our trouble
And crushed the power of sin
O may we gaze upon Thy Cross
Until the wondrous sight
Makes earthly treasures seem bu
And earthly sorrows light:
2 Until, released from carnal ties,
Our spirit upward springs,
And sees true peace above the al
True joy in heavenly things.
There, as we gaze, may we becor
United, Lord, to Thee;

614 To me to live in Christ; an

And in a fairer, happier home

Thy perfect beauty see. Ame

- 1 Man to happiness aspires:
 Let me seek it, Lord, in Thee,
 Whom alone my heart desires,
 Jesu, crucified for ms.
 Thee to praise and Thee to know
 Make the joy of saints below:
 Thee to see and Thee to love
 Make the bliss of saints above.
- 2 Lord, it is not life to live, If Thy presence Thou deny; Lord, if Thou Thy presence give Tis no longer death to die: Source and Giver of repose, Only from Thy love it flows; Peace and happiness are Thine; Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

FOR PASSION WEEK

- 615 They shall look on Him whom they have pierced. John xix.
- 1 O SINNER, lift the eye of faith, To true repentance turning; Bethink thee of the curse of sin, Its awful guilt discerning; Upon the Cross of Calvary look, And thou shalt read, as in a book, What well is worth thy learning.
- 2 Look on that head, that bleeding head, With crown of thorns surrounded; Look on those sacred hands and feet Which piercing nails have wounded: See every limb with scourges rent: On Him, the just, the innocent, What malice hath abounded!
- 3 'Tis not alone those limbs are racked, But friends too are forsaking; And, more than all, for thankless man That tender heart is aching; O fearful was the pain and scorn By Jesus, Son of Mary, borne, Their peace for sinners making.
- 4 None ever knew such pain before, Such infinite affliction; None ever felt a grief like His In that dread crucifixion: For us He bare those bitter throes, For us those agonising woes, In oft-renewed infliction.
- 5 O sinner, mark and ponder well Sin's awful condemnation; Think what a sacrifice it cost To purchase thy salvation; Had Jesus never bled and died, Then what could thee and all betide But uttermost damnation?
- 6 Lord, give us grace to flee from sin And Satan's wiles enanaring, And from those everlasting flames For evil ones preparing. Jesu, we thank Thee, and entreat To rest for ever at Thy feet, Thy heavenly glory sharing. Amen.
- 616 We have an Advocate with the Father. 1 John ii.
- ETERNAL Spirit, God of all, In Thee our hearts confide;
 We listen to Thy loving call In Christ the crucified.

- His love so great, His promise free, May we in truth believe! He died for sinful men, that we Might turn from sin and live.
- 2 For faith, for simple faith we pray To Thee, great God of heaven: And may we feel, this holy day, Ourselves in Christ forgiven! One God, the Father, and the Son, And Holy Ghost, we bless, From whose almighty grace alone We hope for happiness.

617 For your sakes He became poor 2 Cor. viii.

- 1 How vast the debt we owe!
 How rich and free the love
 Which brought Thee, Lord, to share
 woe,
 From Thy bright home above!
 There, ranged in order due,
 Cherub and seraph bright
 All upward gazed, with wondering view,
 Before Thy throne of light.
- 2 Here, through the livelong day, With sinners Thou hast stood,
- Then poured Thy precious life away
 'Mid clamours wild and rude.
 Thine were the shame and loss,
 And ours the lasting gain;
- O may we learn, beneath the Cross, To feel for others' pain!
- 3 Yea, Lord, to Thy dear love Ourselves, our all we owe; Let brethren's woes our pity move, And swift our bounty flow. We, with the angel host, &c.

618 Far above every name. Eph. h

- 1 All other pleas we cast aside,
 We cleave to Jesus crucified,
 And build on Him alone;
 For no foundation is there given,
 On which to place our hopes of heaven
 But Christ the corner-stone.
- 2 Possessing Christ, we all possess, Wisdom and strength and righteousnes And sanctity complete: Bold in His Name we may draw nigh, Nor fear a holy Father's eye, But all His justice meet.

PSALMS AND HYMNS

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, t praise by all the immertal host And mortal saints be given, he reigne alone, one God and Lord, countless worshippers adored, Supreme in earth and heaven.

Will He not with Him also freely give us all things? Rom. viii.

mash be God, our God,
Who gave for us His well-beloved Son,
His gift of gifts, all other gifts in one;
said be God, our God!
hat will He not bestow?
Who freely gave this mighty gift, unbought,
Unmerited, unherded, and unsought,
hat will He not bestow?
spared not His Son:
Tis this that silences each rising fear,
Tis this that bids the hard thought
disappear,

spared not His Son.
10 shall condemn us now?
Since Christ has died, and risen, and

gone above, For us to plead at the right hand of

Love, to shall condern us now?

s God that justifies;

Who shall recall the pardon or the grace,

Or who the broken chain of guilt re-

s God that justifies.

s victory is ours:
For us in might came forth the
Mighty One,

For us He fought the fight, the triumph won;

s victory is ours.

Jesus Christ and Him crucified. 1 Cor. ii.

c ye what great thing I know it delights and stirs me so? at the high reward I win, one the Name I glory in? some Christ the crucified. at is faith's foundation strong? who bore my sinful load, what of for me peace with Gol, esus Christ the crucified.

- 3 Who is He that makes me wise To discern where duty liee? Who is He that makes me true Duty, when discerned, to do? Jesus Christ the crucified.
- 4 Who defeats my fiercest foes? Who consoles my saddest woes? Who revives my fainting heart, Healing all its hidden smart? Jesus Christ the crucified.
- 5 Who is life in life to me? Who the death of death will be? Who will place me on His right With the countless hosts of light? Jesus Christ the crucified.
- 6 This is that great thing I know: This delights and stirs me so: Faith in Him who died to save, Him who triumphed o'er the grave, Jesus Christ the crucified.

621 All through Christ. Phil. iv.

1 O SAVIOUR, who didst come
By water and by blood;
Confessed in earth, adored in heaven,
Eternal Son of God;
Jesus, our life and hope,
To endless years the same,
We plead Thy gracious promises,
And rest upon Thy Name.

2 By faith in Thee we live,
By faith in Thee we stand,
By Thee we vanquish sin and death,
And gain the heavenly land.
O Lord, increase our faith;
Our fearful spirits calm;
Sustain us through this mortal strife,
Then give the victor's palm. Amer

622 He endured the cross. Heb. xil.

- 1 We bless Thee, Jesus Christ our Lord; For ever be Thy name adored: For Thou, the sinless One, hast died, That sinners might be justified.
- 2 O very Man, and very God, Redeem us with Thy precious blood; From death eternal set us free, And make us one with God in Thee.
- 3 From sin and shame defend us still, And work in us Thy stedfast will, The crass with patience to sustain, And bravely bear its utmost pain.

FOR PASSION WEEK.

- 4 In Thee we trust, in Thee alone;
 For Thou forsakest not Thine own:
 To all the meek Thy strength is given,
 Who by Thy Cross ascend to heaven.
- 5 Praise God from whom all blessings flow, &c.
- 623 A fountain for sin and for uncleanness.

 Zoch, xii.
- l From Calvary's Cross a fountain flows
 Of water and of blood,
 More healing than Bethesda's pool,
 Or famed Siloam's flood.
 The dying thief rejoiced to find
 That fountain in his day;
 And there may sinners vile as he
 Wash all their guilt away.
- 2 Nor ever shall that sacred stream
 Its cleansing power forego,
 Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Be free from sin and woe.
 Jesus, the virtue of Thy blood
 To all our souls apply;
 Grant that to Thee henceforth we live,
 Grant that to ain we die:
- 3 Till spotless placed at Thy right hand, In happier realms above, We cast our crowns before Thy throne, And sing Thy boundless love. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, &c.
- 624 The power of God unto salvation.

 Rom. i.
- 1 Salvation, O the joyful sound!
 Tis pleasure to our ears,
 A soverain balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Outworn with sorrow, soiled with sin, In death's dark gloom we lay; But now we rise by grace divine, And see celestial day.
- 3 Salvation! Let the echo fly The spacious earth around, While all the armies of the aky Conspire to swell the sound.
- 4 Salvation! O Thou dying Lamb, To Thee the praise belongs; Salvation shall inflame our hearts, And burn upon our tongues.
- 5 Bejoice, rejoice, with harp and voice, Ye saints in earth and heaven, In grateful lays let power and praise Unto the Lamb be given. Amen.

- 625 Worthy is the Lemb that was slai
- 1 HERE on earth, where foes surround
 While our trembling souls within
 Feel the fetters which have bound us
 Feel the vileness of our sin,
 Lord, on Thee alone relying,
 Strength we crave to burst our chs
 Ever pleading, ever crying,
 'Lord, for us the Lamb was slain.'
- 2 In those high and holy regions
 Where the blest Thy praise prolong
 Cherubs and seraphic legions
 Know no theme of nobler song;
 White-rubed saints, who there adore T
 Throned above the glassy main,
 Sing, and east their crowns before Th
 'Lord, for us the Lamb was slain.'
- 3 Thus Thy Church, whate'er her dwell Heaven above or earth below, One harmonious chorus swelling, Loves her Saviour's praise to show; Here in trial, there in glory, Changeless rings the immortal stra Changeless sounds the wondrous story 'Lord, for us the Lamb was slain.'
- 626 He that hath the Son hath life.
- 1 When death shall close our fleeting d Lord Jesu, still attend us; Be with us to the end, we pray; Still guide and still defend us. Lord, to Thy keeping we intrust Our trembling souls, our feeble dust, Thou Strength of our salvation.
- 2 Tis sin affrights the restless heart: The burdened conscience quivers; O Jesu Christ, our hope Thou art, Thy Name from dread delivers. Our sins are numberless, we know, But o'er them all Thy blood shall flow Thy wounds and death sustain u
- 3 Lord, we are knit to Thee: that link
 Nor time nor change shall sever:
 Our breath may fade, our flesh may sink
 Our souls are Thine for ever.
 Lord, when we die, we die to Thee,
 Whose death upon the bitter tree
 Won for us life undying.
- 4 Te God the Father let us sing, &c. nt 2

627 · Christ Jesus came tuto the world to save sinners. 1 Tim. i.

- 1 LOVER of souls, Thou well canst prize
 What Thou hast bought so dear;
 Come then, and in Thy people's eyes
 With all Thy wounds appear.
 Appear, as when of old confessed
 The suffering Son of God;
 And let them see Thee in Thy vest
 All newly dipt in blood.
 The hardness from their hearts remove,
 Thou who for all hast died;
 Show them the tokens of Thy love,
 Thy feet, Thy hands, Thy side.
- 2 Thy side an open fountain is,
 Where all may freely go,
 And drink the living streams of bliss
 And wash them white as sno.
 Thy blood Thou waitest to apply,
 And prove the record true;
 And all Thy wounds to sinners cry,
 'I suffered this for you.'
 Let all Thy saints, in unison
 With heaven's immortal host,
 Praise God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Holy Ghost.

628 Abide is

Abide in Him. 1 John ii.

- 1 CLING to the Crucified:
 His death is life to thee,
 Life for eternity.
 His pains thy pardon seal;
 His stripes thy bruises heal;
 His Cross proclaims thy peace,
 Bids every sorrow cease.
 His blood is all to thee,
 It purges thee from ain;
 It sets thy spirit free,
 It keeps thy conscience clean.
 Cling to the Crucified.
- 2 Cling to the Crucified:
 His is a heart of love,
 Full as the hearts above;
 Ita depths of sympathy
 Are all awake for thee:
 His countenance is light,
 Even in the darkest night.
 That love shall never change,
 That light shall ne'er grow dim;
 Charge thon thy faithless heart
 To find its all in Him.
 Cling to the Crucified.

629 Ye are complete in Him. Col. 1

3.5

- 1 LORD, we lift our eyes above; Seated on Thy heavenly throne, There in wisdom, might, and love, With the Father Thou art one: Dazzling bright Thy glories ahine, Form and countenance divine.
- 2 Earthward then we turn our eyes:
 Lo, to save us Thou art come,
 Bending from the radiant skies
 To Thy lowly cottage home;
 Humbled to a servant's place,
 Brother to a guilty race.
- 3 Yet a lower deep we see,
 Further still Thy love would go;
 Bound upon the accursed tree,
 Thou hast drained the cup of wee:
 Thine the conflict and the pain,
 Ours the everlasting gain.
- 4 Lord, our pattern here we find;
 Pride and hate be far removed;
 Grant to us Thy heavenly mind,
 Let us love as Thou hast loved;
 Brethren let us truly be,
 Knit in love and unity.
- 5 Father, all-creating Love, &c.

630 Made nigh by the blood of Christ.

- 1 Blest Lamb of God, whose dying low
 We now recall to mind,
 O hear us from Thy throne above,
 And let us mercy find.
 By all Thine agonising pain,
 Thy cruel woes, we pray,
 And by Thy dying love to man,
 O take our guilt away.
- 2 Lord, let Thy blood, by faith applied, Our gracious pardon seal; Pronounce us freely justified, And all our sorrows heal; From sin's dominion set us free: Our prisoned souls release; Raise all our hearts to rest in Thee, And bless us with 1 hy peace. Ame

631 Yield yourselves unto God as those are alive from the dead. Rom. v

1 ALMIGHTY God, the pure and just,
How shall we dare approach ?
throne,
When, humbly prostrate in the dust,
Our guilt with trembling lips we ow

Thy sons by grace, to Thee baptized,
And bleet with Thy paternal care, FOR PASSION WEEK How have our souls Thy love despised, For God is merciful, and a How mocked Thee with a heartless Our souls to save, His Son beloved to the gra-2 But Thou hast bid us turn and live, 3 This thought in every pain And stayed Thy wrath with long delay; Brings comfort sweet and fi And wilt Thou with the sinner strive, That we shall rise when Chi Yet turn the penitent away? No more in tears, O Lamb of God, for sinners slain, As now, in these our pilgrim Renew our hearts, our sins forgive; 4 O Jesu Christ, the Son of Go So, cleansed from all unholy stain, Who hast redeemed us with 1 Our grateful souls to Thee shall live. Thy precious wounds our refu We have seace with God through Christ, Rom. v. 6 For rest we flee, 632 O Lord, our only hope, to The 1 JESU, Thou our chief delight, The love of Christ constrai Gracious Jesu Most beloved, though hid from sight, 1 Lund, be Thy Cross before our Our hope, our joy by day and ni Ever let us praise Thy Name, Whate'er we do, where'er we : And gazing let us gather thence Blessèd Jesu: Heaven and earth adore Thee. The form of spotless innocence, 2 Endless thanks to Thee are due, The seal of faultless truth and 2 And from Thy sorrows may we le Gracious Jesu, How fiercely doth God's anger but For Thy grace is ever new, How terrible His thunders roll, Holy Jesu; For the wonders of Thy love, How sorely this our loving God Can smite with His avenging rod, Blessèd Jesu, Heaven and earth adore Thee. How deep His floods can whell 3 Whatsoe'er we need Thou art, 3 And let us study to adorn Gracious Jesu; Our hearts with meekness under soon Thou all blessings dost impart, With patience in all earthly woe, Holy Jesu; With faithful love, that yearning clear Saints and angels sing Thy praise, Blessed Jesu: To those o'er whom to death it grieve Heaven and earth adore Thee. And pardons every cruel fue. 4 And let us hang upon Thy Cross, 4 Solace in all weariness, And learn to count all things but drom Gracious Jesu, Wherein the flesh doth pleasure take We Thy truth and mercy bless, Whate'er is hateful in Thy sight, Holy Jesu; For Thy dear love, and in Thy might, And may we, when earth shall fail, May we put from us and forsake. 5 Thy heavy groans, Thy bitter sighs, Still in heaven adore Thee. The tears that from Thy dying eyes 63. Redeemed with the precious blood of Christ. 1 Pet. 1. Amen. Were shed when Thou wast sore i FEW are our days and sad below, May these be with us, when at last Our daily bread is toil and woe: Our parting souls on Thee we cast, But God in His good time will send And enter with Thee into rest. Death from a foe is made a friend. 635 2 And though our sins against us rise, To heaven we lift our trusting eyes;

Christ is our life. Col. iv. 1 LET us now with Christ be dying; He for us endured the grave, All, who live themselves denying, From eternal death to save.

× 3

Unto death the flesh be given;
Let us die whilst here we live.
So to us will Jesus give
Life above, the life of heaven.
Lord, for Thee on earth we die;
Grant us endless life on high.

2 Forth from us His life be shining, Who rose for us from the dead: Death, our buried dust resigning, Yields to Thee our risen Head.

Thou wilt never, never leave us:
Where Thou art, Thy saints shall be:
Own us in eternity:

As Thy brethren, Lord, receive us.
Thee we love and trust alone:
Make us evermore Thine own. Amen.

636 Wee unto him that striveth with his Maker. Iss. xlv.

1 FATHER, O hear me, Pardon and spare me, Quench all my terrors, Blot out my errors,

That by Thine eyes they may no more be scanned.

Order my goings,
Direct all my doings,
As it may please Thee,
Retain or release me,

All I commit to Thy fatherly hand.

Wilt Thou, to try me, With all supply me Nature requireth, Or heart desireth,

Whisper this counsel of love in my breast, God is the greatest,

The fairest, the sweetest, God is the purest, The truest, the surest,

And of all treasures the noblest and best.'

3 Or shouldst Thou give me Wormwood to grieve me, Griefs to distress me, Burdens to press me,

Welcome whatever Thy word hath decreed!

My kind Physician

Knows well my condition, That which will hurt me,

Or heal and convert me; God will not chasten us more than we need.

4 Griefs of God's sending All have an ending; Clouds may be pouring, Wind and wave roaring, Sanshine will come when the tempest it past:
Joys still increasing,
And peace never ceasing,
Faith lost in vision,
And hope in fruition,

These are the joys which I look for at last 637 Lord both of the dead and living.

Ross. Riv.

1 The Son of David bowed to die,
For man's transgression stricken;
The Father's arm of power was nigh
The Son of God to quicken:
Praise Him, that He died for men,
Praise Him, that He rose again.

2 Death seemed all-conquering when 1 bound

The Lord of life in prison;
The might of death was nowhere found
When Christ again was risen;
Wherefore praise Him night and day,
Him who took death's sting away.

3 His saints with Him must bow to death,
With Him are raised in spirit;
With Him they dwell above by faith,
Accepted through His merit;
Who o'er death would victory win,
Live to Christ and die to sin.

4 Death may awhile his victims slay,
Though of his terrors minished;
But he shall perish in the day
When God His wars has finished:
Heaven and earth resound the strain,
'Death by Jesus Christ is alain.'

OS Remember me, O God. Neb. xiv.

1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.

2 When on my aching, burdened heart My sins lie heavily, My pardon speak, new peace impart; In love, remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way, And ills I cannot fiee, Lord, let my strength be as my day;

For good, remember me.

4 If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;

Hear, and remember me.

FOR PASSION WEEK.

5 When, in the solemn hour of death, I wait Thy just decree, Saviour, with my last parting breath I'll cry, Remember me.

639 He said, My presence shall go with thee. Ex. xxxiii.

- 1 O Thou great Jehovah, lead us,
 Pilgrims through the barren land;
 Thou, who hast from bondage freed us,
 Guard us with Thy mighty hand:
 Bread of heaven,
 - Nourished by Thy grace we stand.
- 2 As Thou didst in wondrous manner Guide Thy chosen flock aright, Let Thy presence be our banner. Cloud by day and fire by night: Thy protection

Be our shield, Thy word our light.

3 When we reach the cold dark river,

Should we dread the swelling tide,
Death of death, life's Source and Giver,
Bid the narrow stream divide:
Joyful praises
We will sing on Canaan's side.

640 I am the Lord that healeth thee.

- 1 O Lord, when, like Thy sons of old, We wander through a barren waste, Where hope is faint, and love is cold, And bitter to our earthly taste The stream that in the desert flows, The daily bread Thy hand bestows;
- 2 When haunting dreams of pleasant things Make the lone wilderness more drear, Where every hour in passing brings Some present pain, some threatening fear,

And stretched before our shrinking eyes, Like a dark sea the Future lies;

3 Then, Lord, be Thou at hand to gnide;
Thy Cross be there our path to mark:
Though high may swell the stormy tide,
In heaven is light, though earth be
dark:

Like those who crossed that eastern sea, We shall be safe who trust in Thee.

4 O Father, all-creating Love, &c.

641 There is none on earth I deep. Thee, Ps. ixxii.

- 1 Let me bear the heaviest cross, To the world be crucified; If Thou, Lord, amid all loss Art but found whate'er betide, Loss or injury cannot be; All is overpaid in Thee.
- 2 Take whate'er I most have loved,
 Joy of heart or pride of eye;
 If of Thee I am approved,
 If I feel that Thou art nigh,
 All I calmly can resign;
 Only Thou, dear Lord, be mine.
- 3 Father, all-creating Love,
 Son, the Saviour ever blest,
 Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.
 Harbinger of peace and rest,
 Thee my grateful songs adore,
 God, my God, for evermore.

642 Drink ye all of this. Matt.

- 1 He filled the cup with wine, and 'O drink ye all of this; For thus My life-blood shall be si To ransom souls for bliss. I will not drink thereof again, Until I drink it new, Where tears its brightness shall n In glory and with you.
- 'Ere then, ten thousand thousand My table shall be spread,
 And countless souls in distant cli
 Be comforted and fed;
 Grace, mercy, peace, be multiplie
 To those who commune there,
- Their mansion I prepare.

 3 'But now these lips a different or
 For you must taste and drain,
 And unrepiningly drink up
 The dregs of bitter pain.

While, seated by My Father's aid

The griefs ye know not that are
Nor yet My glories see;
But break the bread and drink the
And thus remember Me.

643 They continued in breaking q

1 Mr God, and is Thy table spread And doth Thy cup with love o Thitter be all Thy children led, And let them all Thy sweetner remains and a common

- 2 Hail sacred feast, which Jesus makes, Rich banquet of His flesh and blood! Thrice happy he, who here partakes That holy stream, that heavenly food!
- 3 Why are its dainties all in vain Before unwilling hearts displayed? Was not for you the Victim slain? Are you forbid the children's bread?
- 4 O let Thy table honoured be, And furnished well with joyful guests; And may each soul salvation see, That here its sacred pledges tastes!
- That here its sacred pledges tastes!

 5 To God the Father lift your voice, &c.

644 We show forth the Lord's death.

- 1 BREAD of heaven, on Thee we feed, For Thy flesh is meat indeed; Ever may our souls be fed With this true and living bread; Day by day with strength supplied Through the life of Him who died.
- 2 Vine of heaven, Thy blood supplies This blest cup of sacrifice; Lord, Thy wounds our healing give; To Thy Cross we look and live: Jesu, may we ever be Grafted, rooted, built in Thes. Amen

645 I will take the cup of salvation.

- 1 To feed on Christ the living bread,
 In faith and deep humility,
 To live in Him, my living head,
 Who died and rose again for me:
 Be this my joy and comfort here;
 This pledge of future glory mine;
 Jesus, in spirit now appear,
 And break the bread, and pour the
 wine.
- 2 From Thy dear hand may I receive The tokens of Thy dying love, And, while I feast on earth, believe That I shall feast with Thee above. One God alone, the Father, Son, &c.

646 Elessed are they that are called to the marriage supper. Rov. xix.

1 ALL ye who faithful servants are Of our almighty King, Both high and low, and small and great, His praise devoutly sing:

- Let us rejoice and render thanks To His most boly Name; Rejoice, rejoice, for now is come The marriage of the Lamb.
- 2 His Bride herself has ready made How pure and white her dress, Which is her saints' integrity, And spotless holiness! O therefore blest is every one, Who to the marriage feast

And holy supper of the Lamb

Is made a welcome guest. 647 Let us keep the feast. 1 Co

- 1 Lo, the feast is spread to-day; Jesus summons, come away, From the vanity of life, From the sounds of mirth or strift To the feast by Jesus given Come, and taste the bread of heav
- 2 Why, with proud excuse and vain Spurn His mercy once again? From amidst life's social ties, From the farm and merchandise, Come, for all is now prepared; Freely given, be freely shared.
- 3 Blessèd are the lips that taste Our Redeemer's marriage-feast; Blessèd, who on Him shall feed, Bread of life, and drink indeed; Blessèd, for their thirst is o'er; They shall never hunger more.

648 This is My body . . . this is blood. Matt. xxvi.

- 1 Bread of the world, in mercy shed Wine of the soul, in mercy shed By whom the words of life were s And in whose death our sins ar
- 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broke Look on the tears by sinners sh And be Thy feast to us the token That by Thy grace our souls as

649 Lord, to whom shall we go? J

1 FORTH from the dark and stormy Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly Forth from the world, its hope an Saviour, we seek Thy shelter here Weary and weak Thy grace we pen Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests awa

FOR PASSION WEEK.

- 2 Long have we roamed in want and pain, Long have we sought Thy rest in vain; Wildered with doubt, in darkness lost, Long have our souls been tempest-tost: Lo, at Thy feet our sins we lay; Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away.
- 3 All adoration be to Him, &c.

This do in remembrance of Me. Luke axii. 19.

- 1 According to Thy gracious word, In deep humility This will I do, my dying Lord; I will remember Thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake, My bread from heaven shall be; The cup, Thy precious blood, I'll take, And thus remember Thee.
- 3 Can I Gethsemane forget, Or there Thy conflict see, Thine agony and bloody sweat, And not remember Thee?
- 4 When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,
 And gaze on Calvary,
 O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
 I must remember Thee:
- 5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains, And all Thy love to me: Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains, I will remember Thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb, And mind and memory flee, When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come, O Christ, remember me.
- 7 To Thee, O Son, the Light of light, All praise and glory be, To God the Father infinite, And, Holy Ghost, to Thee. Amen.

651 He that eateth of this brend shall live for ever. John vi.

- 1 JESUS, then joy of loving hearts, Thou fount of life, Thou light of men, From the best bliss that earth imparts
 - We turn unfilled to Thee again.

 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
 Thou savest those that on Thee call;
 To them that seek Thee Thou art good,
 To them that find Thee, all in all.

- 2 We taste Thee, O Thou living E And long to feast upon Thee: We drink of Thee, the fountain-And thirst our souls from fill.
 - O Jesus, ever with us stay;
 Make all our moments calm an
 Chase the dark night of sin awa
 Shed o'er the world Thy holy

652 I will compass Thine allar.

- 1 No, when He bids me seek His Away I will not turn, Nor His appointed means of grac With proud self-wisdom spurn The pathway to remember Him, Which He vouchsafes to show I will not leave, and lightly deel That I may blameless go.
- 2 True: I'm a sinner: but His bk For sinners once was shed: For sinners now this heavenly ft His mystic feast, is spread; For sinners, who their sins woul And to His succour fly, Their past offences to remit, And future strength supply.
- 3 Forgive me, Lord; my heart incl To ran the Christian race, And first beneath Thy stated ai To seek Thy promised grace; Thy grace with thankful heart t With faith that soars above, Repentance true, obedience meek And universal lova.
- 4 Though much unworthy, Lord, (
 Yet no presumptuous guest,
 May these my wedding-garment
 To deck me for Thy feast!
 The willing heart Thou wilt rec
 Who didst for sin atone,
 And not for our deserts forgive,
 But, Saviour, for Thine own.

653 I am the bread of life. Jo

1 JESUS, at Thine invitation We draw nigh with supplication Thou who hast Thy table spe Lord, with Thyself may we be fe

- 2 Be Thy Cross our meditation; Be Thy Name our consolation: While Thy death we call to mind, O may we here its blessings find.
- 3 Here in all revive contrition; Here renew to all remission; Here increase our love of Thee; Here let us Thy salvation see.
- 4 Visit us, O Bread of heaven; Life from Thee to us be given, Life divine that never ends, Life that from Thee alone descends.
- 5 Bless the Lord of all creation, And with songs of adoration, Saints on earth and heavenly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

654 I will take the cup of salvation.

- O Chkist, unseen yet ever near,
 Thy presence may we feel,
 And thus inspired with holy fear
 Before Thy table kneel.
 Here may Thy faithful people know
 The blessings of Thy love,
 The streams that through the desert flow,
 The manna from above.
- 2 We come, obedient to Thy word, To feast on heavenly food; Our meat, the body of the Lord, Our drink, His precious blood. Thus may we all Thy words obey, For we, O God, are Thine, And go rejoicing on our way, Renewed with strength divine.
- 655 Christ our passover is sacrificed for us: therefore let us keep the feast. 1 Cor. v. 7.
- 1 AT the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our victorious King, Who hath washed us in the tide Flowing from His piercèd side; Praise we Him, whose love divine Gives His guests His blood for wine, Gives His body for the feast, Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.
- 2 Where the Paschal blood is poured, Death's dark angel sheathes his aword; Israel's hosts triumphant go Through the wave that drowns the foe. I'raise we Christ whose blood was shed, Paschal victim, Paschal bread; With sincerity and love Eat the manns from above.

- 3 Mighty Victim from the aky,
 Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
 Thou hast conquered in the fight;
 Thou hast brought us life and light;
 Now no more can death appal,
 Now no more the grave enthral;
 Thou hast opened Paradise,
 And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.
- 4 Easter triumph, Easter joy, Sin alone can this destroy; From sin's power do Thou set free Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee. Hymns of glory and of praise, Father, unto Thee we raise; Risen Son, all praise to Thee. With the Spirit, ever be. Amen.

656 Let us come boldly to the throne q grace. Heb. iv.

- 1 Lord, when before Thy throne we meet, Thy goodness to adore, From heaven, the eternal mercy-seat, On us Thy blessings pour, And make our immost souls to be A holy temple meet for Thee.
- 2 Thy body for our ransom given, Thy blood in mercy shed, With this immortal food from heaven Lord, let our souls be fed; And as we round Thy table kneel, Grant us Thy quickening grace to feel.
- 3 Be Thou, O Holy Spirit, nigh,
 Accept our humble prayer,
 The contrite soul's repentant sigh,
 The sinner's heartfelt tear;
 And let our adoration rise
 As fragrant incense to the skies. Amen.

657 As thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee. Matt. viii.

- 1 DIVINE Physician of the soul,
 We wait Thy touch to feel;
 Draw near, O Lord, and make us whole,
 Have mercy, Lord, and heal.
 Our faith is feeble, we confess,
 We faintly trust Thy word;
 But wilt Thou pity us the less?
 Be that far from Thee, Lord!
- Remember him who once applied,
 All trembling, for relief;
 Lord, I believe, with tears he cried,
 O help mine unbelief.

And she who touched Thee in the press And healing virtue stole, Was answered, 'Daughter, go in peace,

Was answered, 'Daughter, go in peace, 'Thy faith hath made thee whole.'

3 Deep hidden by the gathering throng, She would have shunned Thy view; And, if her faith was firm and strong, Her doubts were many too: Like her, with hopes and fears we come, And wait Thy touch to feel: O send us not despairing home,

658 The love of Christ constraineth us.

 Sow of God, we kneel before Thee, All our lope in Thee begins;
 Helpless else, we now implore Thee To redeem us from our sins.

But pity, Lord, and heal.

- 2 Let Thy mighty arm sustain us, For the sinner's help art Thou; Saviour, let Thy love constrain us To believe Thy mercy now.
- 3 Soothe the fears of conscience in us; Thine the Table we would share, Thine the Spirit that must win us, Thine the white robe we would wear.
- 4 Be this sacred wine the token
 Of Thy blood for sinners shed,
 Be Thy flesh, for sinners broken,
 Tasted in this holy bread.
- 5 By the grace which Thou art giving In this banquet of Thy love, Let us here to Thee be living, Hope with Thee to dwell above.

659 He first loved us. John iv. Love faltering not nor failing

In trial's dreadest hour,
O'er death and hell prevailing
And Satan's utmost power;
This is the love that sought us,
This is the love that brought us,
This is the love that brought us
To gladdest day from saddest night,
From deepest shame to glory bright,
From depths of death to life's fair
height,

From darkness to the joy of light:
This is the love that leadeth
Us to His table here,
This is the love that spreadeth
For us this royal cheer.

660 Eat My Seek and drink My blood.

- 1 HERE I sink before Thee lowly,
 Filled with gladness deep and holy,
 As with trembling awe and wonder
 On Thy mighty works I ponder,
 On this banquet's mystery,
 On the depths we cannot see;
 Far beyond all mortal sight
 Lie the secrets of Thy might.
- 2 Sun, who all my life dost brighten, Light, who dort my soul enlighten, Joy, the sweetest man e'er knoweth, Fount, whence all my being floweth, Humbly draw I near to Thee; Grant that I may worthily Take this blessed heavenly food, To Thy praise, and to my good.
- 3 Jesus, Bread of life from heaven,
 Never be Thou vainly given,
 Nor I to my hurt invited;
 Be Thy love with love requited;
 Let me learn its depths indeed,
 While on Thee my soul doth feed;
 Let me, here so richly blest,
 Be hereafter too Thy guest.

661 If a man love Me, My Pather will low him. John xiv.

- 1 I LOVE Thee, O my God and Lord, And not for hope of Thy reward Of bliss above; And not for fear of endless wees, And endless torments due to those Who slight Thy love.
- 2 Didst Thou for me the Cross embrace?
 Alas the shame, the sore disgrace
 I brought on Thee!
 O lance, O nails, O thorny wreath,
 O cruel pains, endured till death,
 And all for me!
- 3 Then why not love Thee from my heart?
 Why, Jesu, not love Thee, who art
 All love for me?
 And not for hope of endless joys,

Or fear of endless miseries,

But all for Thee.

4 'Twas love, O Saviour, made Thee mine; And love alone can make me Thine; Then Jesu, then Thee will I love, and Thee adore, My King and God. for evermore, Amen, Amen.

662			_		
UU&	A ereal	Righ	Priest.	Heb.	IT.

- 1 O FIRST in sorrow, first in pain, Thou Lamb of God for sinners slain; Messiah, Jesu, Lord of life, Thou mighty Victor in the strife, Our everlasting Priest art Thou, And plead'st Thy death for sinners now.
- 2 Eternal Victim, from Thy side
 Thy love did pour a crimson tide:
 And still Thy vesture dyed in blood
 Gives token of the cleansing flood:
 The Lamb for ever slain art Thou,
 And plead'st Thy death for sinners now.
- 3 O Lord of lords, and King of kings,
 Thou Sun with healing in Thy wings,
 Pour down upon our darkened sight
 The brightness of Thy living light;
 So we may know Thee, Victim, Priest,
 And find Thee in Thy heavenly feast.
- 663 Christ hath suffered for us. 1 Pet. iv.
- 1 O Triou, who, through this holy week, Didst suffer for us all, The sick to heal, the lost to seek, To raise up them that fall;
- 2 We cannot tell the bitter wee Thy love was pleased to bear: O Lamb of God, we only know That all our hopes are there.

Amen.

- 3 Thy feet the path of suffering trod, Thy hands the victory won; What shall we render to our God
- For all that He hath done?

 4 O grant us, Lord, with Thee to die,
 With Thee to rise anew;
 Grant us the things of earth to fly,

The things of heaven pursue.

- 5 To God, the blessed Three in One, All praise and glory be! Crown, Lord, Thy servants who have won The victory through Thee. Amen.
- 664 That they may be one, even as We are one. John xxvii.
- 1 One baptism, and one faith, One Lord below, above: The fellowship of Zion hath One only watchword—love.

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FOR PASSION WEEK.

Thou knowest, Lord, to give relief To Thine in every cross and grief; O hear when I implore Thee.

666 God is the strength of my heart.
Ps. lxxiii.

- 1 Lord, be Thou our strength in weakness; Thou art ever strong to save, Conqueror o'er the Cross and grave; Grant us to endure with meekness; Lord, to us Thy patience give: With Thy strength our spirits staying, With Thy love our griefs allaying, Lord, in death behold we live.
- 2 Faith of Thee her sufferings taketh As the tokens of Thy grace, Faith in all Thy hand doth trace, Nor in darkness Thee forsaketh. Lord, with faith our spirits bless, Faith, Thy love in all confessing, Faith, Thy perfect peace possessing, Faith, our light in all distress.
- 3 Lord, to Thee we yield our spirits;
 O prepare them as Thou wilt;
 Only save from shame and guilt,
 Cleansing us by Thy dear merits.
 Short, we know, is all our pain,
 But the crown for aye endureth
 Which Thy Cross for us procureth:
 Lord, through Thee, to die is gain.

667 Thou shall not leave My soul in hell. Pa. xvi.

- 1 ALL is o'er, the pain, the sorrow, Human taunts and Satan's spite; Death shall be despoiled to-morrow Of the prey he grasps to-night; Yet once more, to seal his doom, Christ must sleep within the tomb.
- 2 Fierce and deadly was the anguish, Which on yonder Cross He bore; How did soul and body languish, Till the toil of death was o'er! But that toil, so fierce and dread, Bruised and crushed the serpent's head.
- 3 Close and still the cell that holds Him, While in brief repose He lies, Deep the slumber that enfolds Him, Veiled awhile from mortal eyes, Slumber such as needs must be After hard-won victory.

4 All night long with plaintive voicing
Chant His requiem soft and low;
Loftier strains of loud rejoicing
From to-morrow's harp shall flow:
Death and Hell at length are slain:
Christ hath triumphed, Christ
reign.

1 In the night of death He lies
Who the dead awaketh:
Christ, our stricken Sacrifice,
Of the grave partaketh.
Fear we then no more the gloom
Of that narrow dwelling:
Jesus died, the startled tomb
Of His praise is telling.
Vainly shall His foes rejoice;
Vainly death detain Him:
Lazarus heard His wakening voice;
What shall then restrain Him?
What shall bind His conquering arm
Who the mountains rendeth,

669 My life draweth nigh to the grav

And that He may death disarm,

Into Hell descendeth?

So rest, my Rest,
For ever blest,
Thy grave with sinners making
By Thy precious death from sin
My dead soul awaking.

Here hast Thou lain,
After much pain,
Life of my life, reposing:
Round Thes now a rock-hewn grave,
Rock of ages, closing.

Breath of all breath,
I know, from death
Thou wilt my dust awaken;
Wherefore abould I dread the grave,
Or my faith be shaken?

I To me the tomb
Is but a room
Where I lie down on roses;
Who by death hath conquered death,
Sweetly there reposes.

5 The body dies
(Nought else) and lies
In dust, until victorious
From the grave it shall arise
Beautiful and glarious.

6 Meantime I will,
My Jesus, atill
Deep in my boson lay Thee,
Musing on Thy death: in death
Be with me, I pray Thee.

670 And there was Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, sitting over against the sepulchre. Mark xv.

- 1 RESTING from His work to-day In the tomb the Saviour lay; Still He slept, from head to feet Shrouded in the winding-sheet, Lying in the rock alone, Hidden by the sealed stone.
- 2 Late at even there was seen Watching long the Magdalene; Early, ere the break of day, Sorrowful she took her way To the holy garden glade Where her buried Lord was laid.
- 3 So with Thee, till life shall end, I would solemn vigil spend; Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine In this rocky heart of mine, Where, in pure embalmèd cell, None but Thou may ever dwell.
- 4 Myrrh and spices I will bring,
 True affection's offering,
 Clees the door from night and sound
 Of the busy world around,
 And in patient watch remain
 Till my Lord appear again. Amen.
- 671 Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that we should follow His steps. 1 Pot. II.
- 1 O Lord, with awe the path we trace, Which Thou on earth hast trod, To man of wondrous love and grace, Of faithfulness to God. Thy love, by men so sorely tried, Was stronger than the grave, The very spear that pierced Thy side, Drew forth the blood to save.
- 2 Faithful amidst unfaithfulness, In darkness Light aloue, Thy Father's name Thou didst confers, And make His will Thine own: Beset by Satan's subtlest wiles, By suffering, shame, and loss, Thy path, uncheered by earthly smiles, Led only to the Cross.

3 Give us Thy meek and lowly mind; Obedient may we be, And all our rest and pleasure find In learning, Lord, of Thee. Give glory to the Three in One, &c.

672 And I will give Him the Morning & Rov. ii.

1 How beautiful the Morning Star
Shines from the firmament afar!
Night's shadows are departed:
Each creature, casting sleep away,
Now drinks the light's refreshing ray;
And rests the broken-hearted.
The deep, the steep,
Ocean's treasure, Heaven's azure,
Sing the story,
Lord, of Thine exceeding glory.

2 Rise, Sun of Righteousness, and shine E'en in this shadowy heart of mine, Where sin yet strives with duty: Drive back dark passion's cloud anew; On godly tears, abed forth as dew, Pour down Thy golden beauty:

Whose beams, in streams,
As they brighten, shall enlighten
Every feature

Of the fallen new-born creature.

3 You sun, that lights these nether skies.

Shall set in flames, no more to rise:

Thou shinest on for ever:
Kindle each Christian bosom here:
Gleam brightly through each mourner
tear:

That, from Thee turned never, We may, Thy ray Gladly hailing, after wailing, Meet to praise Thee In that heaven whose light arrays Thee

673 Psalm ii. Why do the heathen so furiously rage together, &c.

1 Why do the heathen rage?
What are the nations dreaming?
In vain sgainst the Lord
And His Anointed scheming,
Kings of the earth arise,
And leagued rulers say:
'Come let us break their bands,
And cast their cords away.'

2 He who is throned in heaven Derides their preparation; The Lord upon them pours His accornful indignation:

Amen.

Soon shall His voice of wrath
Their souls with terror thrill:
'Yet have I set my King
On Zion's holy hill.'—

- 3 'Now will I cry aloud
 And tell the Lord's great token:
 "Thou art My Son," He saith:
 To Me the word was spoken:
 "Yea, Thee have I this day
 Begotten: ask of Me,
 And Thine the heathen, Thine
 Earth's utmost parts shall be:
- 4 "Beneath Thine iron rod
 Thy foemen shall be shattered,
 As by the potter's hand
 The broken sherds lie scattered."
 Be wise, then, O ye kings,
 Ye earthly judges, hear;
 Serve ye the Lord with awe,
 Rejoice with trembling fear.
- 5 Bow down and kiss the Son,
 Lest, if His wrath awaken,
 Ye fall and fade away,
 For evermore forsaken.
 Soon may His anger burn,
 A lightly kindled flame;
 Then blessed are all they
 That trust His Holy Name.

674 Psalm xvi. Preserve me, O God, &c.

- 1 SAVE me, O God; for Thou alone
 My tower of refuge art;
 Thou art my Lord, my only good;
 I bless Thee from my heart.
 The Lord alone shall be my cup,
 And mine inheritance:
 And Thou art He that guards my lot
 From every evil chance.
- 2 The fields wherein my lot is cast
 In leveliness excel,
 And in her pleasant heritage
 My soul delights to dwell.
 I thank the Lord who teacheth me
 To read His will aright;
 Yea, by His blessing do my reins
 Correct me every night.
- 3 I set the Lord before my face, And trust in Him alone: At my right hand the Lord doth stand; I shall not be o'erthrown.

- Therefore my heart is very glad;
 My spirit shall rejoice;
 My flesh in tranquil hope shall rest;
 For Thou wilt crown Thy choice:
 4 Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell,
 Lord, for Thou levest me:
 Nor wilt Thou yield Thine Holy One
 Corruption's taint to see.
 The path of life Thou wilt display,
 And keep for me in store
 The fulness of Thy joy, and peace
- 1 LORD, I have called on Thee, 4
 LORD, I have called on Thee: for Thot
 Wilt hear Thy servant's humble vow,
 Thy grace my heart's desire will give
 O with Thy willing mercy now
 My undissembled words receive.

With Thee for evermore.

- 2 Show forth the wonders of Thy love, Whose healthful succour from above Still waits to set Thy captives free: Whose arm from every foe that strove Hath saved the souls that hoped in Thee.
- 3 O hear and save: my prayer shall be, Thy presence, Lord of Life, to see, And, after sleep from mortal pain, To Thee to wake, and like to Thee In Thy full joy to live and reign.

676 Psalm zvili. I will love Thee, a

- How truly do I love Thee, Lord, My strength, my confidence:
 The Lord is near in peril's hour, My castle and defence.
 My God, the rock in whom I trust, The worker of my wealth, My saving refuge and my shield, The horn of all my health.
 When pain and grief beset me sore,
- I prayed to Gud for grace,
 And He in mercy heard my plaint
 From out His holy place:
 He heard my cry, and in His wrath
 He made the earth to shake,
 The deep foundations of the hills
 To totter and to quake.
- 3 Forth from His nostril came the smoke Of His enkindled ire; Forth from His mouth the lighted coals Of hot consuming fire;

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The Lord descended from above, And bowed the heavens on high, And underneath His feet He cast The darkness of the sky:

- 4 On cherub pinions charioted
 Full royally He rode,
 And on the wings of mighty winds
 Came flying all abroad.
 As in the shadow of a den
 He chose His secret place,
 With waters black and piled clouds
- He canopied His face:

 5 But when His beaming countenance
 Far round its brightness spread,
 Clouds were no more, but coals of fire
 And hailstones in their stead.
 Mid the wild uproar stooped the Lord
 To raise me from below,
 To pluck me out of waters vast,
 That would my soul o'erflow.
- 6 Strong were my foes, against my life
 Their hatred fiercely strove;
 But stronger in my day of need
 The Lord's protecting love.
 He brought me to an open place
 From fear and peril free,
 And kept me safe; the Lord my God
 Such favour had to me.

PART II.

- 7 The Lord Himself will light my lamp,
 And it shall glisten bright;
 The Lord my God is He that makes
 My darkness to be light.
 Be Thou my strength, an host of men
 Before mine arm shall fall,
 Be God my help, I shall o'erleap
 The high embattled wall.
- 8 The way of God is undefiled,
 His word is purely tried;
 He is a buckler sure to all
 Who in His faith abide.
 For who is God beside the Lord?
 In heaven and earth is none;
 Or who a ruck invincible
 Except our God alone?
- 9 Thou showest, O Lord, unto the good The goodness of Thy grace, And to the pure and perfect man Thy pure and perfect face.

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In song before the Lord rejoice,
His praise let all His saints proclaim,
And still with thankful heart and voice
Give honour to His holy Name.

- 3 In prosperous times I dared to say

 'My mountain stands for ever sure;'
 But Thou didst turn Thy face away;—
 O grief too heavy to endure!
 And then I raised my voice in prayer:

 'Lord, to my humble suit attend:
 In pity yet Thy servant spare,
 And be my Helper and my Friend.
- 4 What profit in my blood is found?
 What voices from the tomb are heard?
 Can dust to distant years resound
 The mercies of Thy faithful Word?'
 Gladness for mourning Thou hast given,
 That I may thank Thee all my days,
 And every saint in earth and heaven
 Swell the loud anthem of Thy praise.

679 Psalm xl. I wasted patiently for the Lord, &c.

- 1 I WAITED for a gentle word
 Of comfort from the Lord:
 Ere long a gracious ear He lent
 Unto my sad lament,
 And from the pit of ruin dire,
 And from the whelming mire
 My feet he lifted on a rock,
 Secure from every shock.
- 2 A joyful song He bade me raise,
 A song of holy praise:
 Many shall see it, and revere
 The Lord with pious fear.
 Happy, who makes the Lord his trust,
 Nor wanders with the unjust
 In slippery paths, where vain deceit
 Beguiles his allding feet.

PART IL

- 3 O Lord my God, how bright they shine,
 Thy works of power divine!
 Thine acts how wondrous we behold,
 Thy love how manifold!
 With Thine what deeds shall we compare?
 What mortal tongue may dare
 The unimagined to express,
 Or count the numberless?
- 4 Among the tribes I will proclaim
 Thy mercy-loving Name:
 Yea, Lord, Thou know'st I will not close
 My lips in mute repose,

Nor in my aluggish heart suppress
Thy saving righteousness,
But tell Thy love, Thy truth, abroad,
O good and faithful God.

- 1 EARTH, with all thy thousand voices. A larth, with all thy thousand voices Praise in songs the eternal King; Praise His Name, whose praise rejoices Ears that hear, and tongues that sin Lord, from each far-peopled dwelling Earth shall raise the glad acclaim; All shall kneel, Thy greatness telling, Sing Thy praise, and bless Thy Nam
- 3 Come and hear the wondrous story,
 How our mighty God of old.
 In the terrors of His glory
 Back the flowing sea-streams rolled,
 Walled within the threatening waters;
 Free we passed the fettered wave:
 Then was joy to Israel's daughters;
 Loud they sang His power to save.
- 3 Bless the Lord, who ever liveth;
 Sound His praise through every land
 Who our dying souls reviveth,
 By whose arm upbeld we stand.
 Now upon this cheerful morrow
 We Thine altars will adoru,
 And the gifts we vowed in sorrow
 Pay in joy's returning morn.
- 4 Come, each faithful soul, who fearest
 Him who holds the eternal throne:
 Hear, rejoicing while thou hearest,
 What our God for us hath done.
 When we made our supplication,
 When our voice in prayer was strong.
 Straight we found His glad salvation,
 And His mercy fills our tongue,
- 681 Pealm laxi. In Thee, Q Lord, do . put my trust, &c.

My trust is in Thy holy Name: Lord, let me never come to shame; But save me in Thy righteousness, Incline Thine ear, redeem, and bless. Be Thou my never-failing fort, My home of rest, my sure resurt: Thou art my plighted help of yore, My rock of strength for evermore.

2 Def.nd me from the godless foe; Shield from the smiter's cruel blow; O Lord my God, from earliest youth My hope has been Thy steadfast truth.

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On Thee my new-born weakness leaned; Thee, from my mother's bosom weaned, I followed still: of only Thee My ever-counding praise shall be.

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3 While crowds aghast behold my wees,
I look to Thee, and find repose:
Thy Name alone is on my tongue,
Thy glory claims my daily song.
Be with me too in later days,
When eyes grow dim and strength decays:
Still guide my steps, still guard my lot:
In life's last stage forsake me not.

PART II.

- 4 My ruthless foes against me speak;
 My life the busy plotters seek:
 'Forsaken of his God,' they cry,
 'Seize, slay him quick: no aid is nigh.'
 Haste Thee to help, O God: control
 The furious haters of my soul:
 Who plot my fall, confound, consume;
 Let shame and ruin be their doom.
- 5 So shall I still in Thee confide:
 So shall Thy praise be multiplied:
 Thy saving truth my mouth shall bless,
 Thy mercies vast and numberless.
 O Lord my God, Thy might alone,
 Thy righteous acts my song shall own:
 Three acts my childhood learnt from Thee,
 And men shall hear them, told by me.
- 6 In age, O God, and hoary hair
 Forsake me not, till I declare
 To other times Thy power and grace,
 Thy greatness to the coming race.
 High as the highest heaven above
 Extends, O God, Thy righteous love;
 Whom shall we liken unto Thee,
 O God, who workest wondrously?
- 7 Thy hand, which dealt me wee and pain, Now turns to quicken me again:
 Yea, to a new and brighter birth
 It lifts me from the depths of earth.
 My ringing harp Thy praise shall swell,
 Thou Holy One of Israel:
 My lips shall shout their loudest glee,
 My soul shall sing, redeemed by Thee.

682 Psalm 1xxvii. I will remember the works of the Lord, &c.

I muse upon Thine ancient praise,
 Thy marvels done in olden days,
 O Lord, reviewing all Thy ways.

- Holy art Thou; what god may be For mighty works compared with Thee, O God who doest wondrously?
- 2 The nations felt the dreadful stroke, When Jacob's chain Thy strong arm broke, And rescued Joseph from the yoke. The waters saw Thee, God of might, The waters trembled at the sight, The sea-caves shuddered with affright.
- 3 Amidst the sky's tempestuous wail
 Flashed through the gloom Thy flery
 hail,
 Thy thunder-voice was on the gale:
 Earth started at Thy lightning's ray,
 Thy march through rolling ocean lay,
 O'er mountain-waves Thy wondrous wav:
- 4 No eye Thy printless footsteps scanned: Thy flock Thou ledd'at from land to land By Muses' staff and Aaron's hand. Let Israel then his song upraise, Henceforth, through never-ending days, His Saviour and his God to praise.

683 Psalm exiv. When Israel went out of Egypt, &c.

- 1 When Israel came from Egypt's strand, And Jacob from the stranger's land, In Judah's camp the Lord abode, And Israel was the realm of God.
- 2 The sea beheld and shrank with dread; Back to his fountains Jordan fide. Bounded the mountain-heights like rams, The little hills as skipping lambs.
- 3 What ails thee that thou field'st, O sea? Say, Jordan stream, what startled thee? The mountain-crags what terror thrills? What quivering shook the lesser hills?
- 4 Tremble, thou earth, and quake for fear:
 'Tis Jacob's God:—the Lord is here:
 The melting rock obeys His spell:
 The flint becomes a springing well.

Psalm CXV. 9. O Israel, trust thou in the Lord. &c.

1 ISRAEL of God, be Christ your guide, He is your help, your strong defence: O Church of Christ, in Him abide, Your shield, your stay, your confidence. The Lord, all ye that fear Him, trust: He is your champion in distress: The Lord is merciful and just His faithful worshippers to bless,

FOR EASTER.

- 2 To prosper Israel, to create New blessings for His chosen race, To help the lowly and the great, Who love Him, and await His grace. A mighty people they shall grow; Their children happy from the birth; Increasing gifts will He bestow, Whose power created heaven and earth.
- 3 He in the heaven! height resides;
 Supreme oer all the world He reigns,
 And to the sons of men divides
 This earth, and all that it contains.
 They praise Him not, the vaults of
 death,
 Nor can the silent ghosts adore;
 But praise we Him who gave us breath,
 Praise we the Lord for evermore.

685 Psalm exvi. I love the Lord, &c.

- I LOVE the Lord; for He is nigh
 My suppliant voice to hear;
 To Him shall rise my life-long cry,
 Who never shuts His ear.
 The snares of death, the pains of hell
 Drew near; and anguish on me fell.
- 2 His Name I called: 'O Lord my trust, My captive soul unbind.' The Lord is merciful and just; Our God is very kind. The Lord preserves the meek: in grief I languished, and He brought relief.
- 3 Return and rest, my soul: the Lord Deals bountcously with thee: For lo, my life from death restored, Mine eyes from tears are free, My feet from falling: I shall stand Before Him in the living land.
- 4 My faith was strong, and so I spake:
 But oft a troubled cry
 From out my throbbing bosom brake:
 I murmured, 'All men lie.'
 For these His bounties what reward
 Shall I present before the Lord?
- 5 Be mine from His redeeming hand
 The cup of health to claim,
 Amidst His worshippers to stand,
 And bless His holy Name,
 My vows unto the Lord to pay,
 And with His people sing and pray.

- 686 Psalm cxvii. O protee the Lord, &
 1 Praise ye the Lord all nations:
 Ye people, praise the Lord:
 For great His loving-kindness,
 And faithful is His Word;
- 2 His truth and mercy to us
 Endure for evermore:
 Then praise Him, all ye nations,
 O praise Him and adore:
- 3 Exalt we God the Father,
 And bless we God the Son,
 And worship God the Spirit,
 The Holy Three in One. Amen.

687 Psalm cavill. O give thanks unto a

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord, for good is He, And loving to eternity: Let Israel cry, with Asron's race, 'For evermore endures His grace;' Let all the saints who fear Him say: 'His mercy never shall decay.'
- 2 The Lord in trouble heard my prayer, And freed me from the deadly anare. The Lord is with me, shall not I The fear of mortal man defy? The Lord is on my side; He shows Prone in the dust my baffled focs.
- 3 Better to trust the Lord's defence
 Than place in men my confidence;
 Safer the shadow of His wings
 Than all the embattled might of kings:
 The Lord shall be my grateful song,
 My Saviour merciful and strong.
- 4 I shall not die, but live to praise
 The Lord, whose love prolongs my days,
 The Lord, who sorely punisheth,
 Yet saves me from the grasp of death.
 Praise ye the Lord, for good is He,
 And loving to eternity.

PART II.

- 5 Fling wide the gates of righteousness, And enter in, the Lord to bless: This is the portal of the Lord: Flock here, ye saints who love His word Haste we to sing His glorious Name, From whom our strong salvation came.
- 6 The stone the builders cast away Stands the chief corner-stone to-day:

180	•	PSALMS	AND

This work is from the Lord: to us How great it seems, how marvellous! This is the day the Lord hath made; Rejoice we in it and be glad.

7 The Lord alone is God: His light Shines through the darkness of our night. Thou art our God; we praise Thy Name: Our God; we will exalt Thy fame. Praise ye the Lord; for good is He And loving to eternity.

688 Psalm exxiv. If it had not been the Lord, &c.

 Is our God had not befriended, Now may grateful Israel say, If the Lord had not defended, When with foes we stood at bay, Madly raging,

Deeming our sad lives their prey:

- 2 Then the tide of vengeful slaughters O'er us had been seen to roll, And their pride, like angry waters, Had engulfed our struggling soul, Those loud waters, Proud and spurning all control.
- 3 Praise to God, whose mercy-token
 Beamed to still that raging sea:
 Lo, the snare is rent and broken,
 And our captive souls are free.
 Lord of glory,
 Help can come alone from Thee.

689 Psalm CXXXVI. O give thanks unto the Lord, &c.

- 1 Praise the Lord, for good is He: Praise Him to the ringing chords, Praise Him with melodious glee, God of Gods and Lord of lords: For His mercy full and free Lasteth to eternity.
- 2 Rich in wisdom, rich in love, Are the wooders of His hand; Thus He reared the heaven above, Thus He spread the sea-girt land: For His mercy full and free Lasteth to eternity.
- 3 O'er the heavenly vault on high
 Lamps He hung in order bright,
 Sun to rule the daily sky,
 Moon and stars to reign by night:
 For His mercy full and free
 Lasteth to eternity.

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FOR EASTER.

691 The Lord is King, and hath put on glorious apparel. Ps. xellis

- 1 LIGHT's glittering dawn bedecks the aky, Heaven thunders forth its victor cry; Earth answers with exulting glee, And groaning hell despairingly: While He, the King, the mighty King, Despoiling death of all its sting, And trampling down the powers of night, Brings forth His ransomed saints to light.
- 2 His tomb of late the threefold guard Of watch and stone and seal had barred; But now, in pomp and triumph high, He comes from death to victory. The pains of hell are loosed at last; The days of mourning now are past; An angel robed in light hath said, 'The Lord is risen from the dead.'
- 3 With gentle voice the angel gave
 The women tidings at the grave;
 'Fear not, your Master ye shall see,
 He goes before to Galilee.'
 Then hastening on their eager way
 The juyful tidings to convey,
 Their Lord they met, their living Lord,
 And falling at His feet adored.

PART IL

- 4 That Easter-tide with joy was bright,
 The sun shone out with fairer light,
 When, to their longing eyes restored,
 The Apvatles saw their risen Lord.
 He bade them see His hands, His side,
 Where yet the glorious wounds abide,
 The tokens true, which made it plain
 Their Lord indeed was risen again.
- 5 O Jesu, King of gentleness,
 Do Thou Thyself our hearts possess,
 That we may give Thee all our days
 The tribute of our grateful praise.
 O Lord of all, with us abide
 In this our juyful Easter-tide;
 From every weapon death can wield
 Thine own redeemed for ever shield, Amen.

692 He is risen, as He said. Mark xvi.

1 Hz is risen, He is risen;
Tell it with a joyful voice;
He has burst His three days' prison;
Let the whole wide earth rejoice:
Death is conquered, man is free,

Christ has won the victory.

- 2 Tell it to the sinners weeping
 Over deeds of darkness done,
 Weary fast and vigil keeping:
 Brightly breaks their Easter sun;
 Blood can wash all sins away,
 Christ hath conquered hell to-day.
- 3 Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted, With glad smile and radiant brow: Lent's long shadows have departed, All His woes are over now, And the Passion that He bore: Sin and pain can vex no more.
- 4 Come, with high and holy gladness
 Chant our Lord's triumphal lay;
 Not one touch of twilight sadness
 Dims you glorious morning ray
 Breaking o'er the purple east;
 Brighter far our Easter feast.
- 5 He is risen, He is risen; He hath oped the eternal gate: We are free from sin's dark prison, Risen to a holier state; Soon a brighter Easter beam
- On our longing eyes shall stream.

 6 Three in One, let all adore Thee,
 Saints on earth and saints in heaves
 Every creature bow before Thee,
 Who hast all their being given;
 Who by grace dost us restore.

693 Christ both died and rose and revise Rom, xiv.

Praise to Thee for evermore.

- 1 The Sun of righteourness appears,
 To set in blood no more;
 The sight which scatters all your fears
 Your rising God, adore.
 The saints, when He resigned His brea
 Unclosed their sleeping eyes:
 He breaks again the bands of death,
 Again the dead arise.
- 2 Alone the dreadful race He ran,
 Alone the wine-press trod;
 He groans, He dies; behold the Man:
 He lives; behold the God.
 In vain the stone, the watch, the scal
 Forbid Him to arise:
 Behold, He breaks the gates of hell,
 And opens paradise.
- 3 Arise, O Sun of righteousness.
 With healing in Thy wing,
 Our souls with life and pardon bless,
 And full salvation bring.
 Give glory to the Three in One.

694 Worthy is the Lamb. Rev. xil.

1 JESUS, our risen King, Glory to Thee we sing, Praising Thy Name, Thy love and grace adore, Which all our sorrows bore, Crying for evermore 'Worthy the Lamb.'

2 O haste, ye ransomed race,
For all His gifts of grace
To praise His Name:
He wondrous things hath done,
Triumph o'er death hath won,
Heaven's gate open thrown:
' Worthy the Lamb.'

- 3 Come, all ye hoste above,
 Mingle one song of kive,
 Praising His Name:
 To Him ascribed be
 Honour and majesty
 Through all eternity:

 ' Worthy the Lamb.'
- 4 Blessed and Holy Three, Glorious Trinity, Praised be Thy Name. Father, Thy love we bless; Spirit of Holiness, Thee we praise: and confess 'Worthy the Lamb.'

Amen.

195 I am the resurrection and the life.
John xi.

- 1 'CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,'
 Sons of men and angels say;
 Raise your songs of triumph high,
 Shout ye heavens, and earth reply.
 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
 Death in vain forbids to rise;
 Christ hath opened paradise. Alleluia!
- 2 Lives again our glorious King;
 Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
 Once He died our souls to save;
 Where thy victory, O Grave?
 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
 Following our exalted Head;
 Made like Him, like Him we rise;
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. All.
- 3 What though once we perished all, Partners of our parents' fall? Second life we now receive, When in Jesus we believe.

Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven Praise to Thee by both be given: Thee we greet triumphant now: Hail the Resurrection Thou! All.

Now is Christ risen from the dead. 1 Cor. 27.

- This day be grateful homage paid,
 And loud hosannas sung;
 Let gladness dwell in every heart,
 And praise on every tongue.
 O what a night was that which wrapt
 The heathen world in gloom,
 O what a Sun, which broke this day
- Refulgent from the tomb!

 Ten thousand thousand tongues shall join
 To hail this welcome morn,
 Which scatters blessings from its beams
 On nations yet unborn.
 The powers of darkness leagued in vain
 To bind our Lord in death:
 He shook their kingdom, when He fell,
 With His expiring breath.
- 3 And now His conquering chariot wheels
 Ascend the lofty skies,
 While rent beneath His powerful Cross
 Death's iron sceptre lies.
 Exalted high at God's right hand,
 And Lord of all below,
 Through Him is pardoning love dispensed,
 And boundless blessings flow.

697 The Lord is risen indeed. Luke xxiv.

- 1 HEAVENLY choirs with anthems sweet
 Haste the risen Lord to greet;
 He hath vanquished death and hell;
 Let us all His praises tell. Alleluia!
- 2 Vain the stone, the soldiers vain; Life laid down He takes again, First-born of the Virgin's womb, First-fruits from the silent tomb. All.
- 3 Thus our triumph He achieves, Dving, and behold He lives; Rising from His dark abode, Hail Him Christ, the Son of God. All.
- 4 Grant us, Lord, with Thee to die, Earth's temptations to defy; Grant us, Lord, with Thee to rise To our mansions in the skies. All.
- 5 Hymns of glory, songs of praise, Father, unto Thee we raise; Risen Lord, all praise to Thee, With the Spirit, ever be. All. Amen.

698 We declare unto you glad tidings. Acts xiii.

- 1 FAR be sorrow, tears, and sighing, Waves are calming, storms are dying, Moses hath o'erpassed the sea, Israel's captive hosts are free. Life by death slew death and saved us, In His blood the Lamb hath laved us, Clothing us with victory. Alleluia!
- 2 Hark, the deep abyses thunder, Hark, the chains are snapped in sunder, And the unfettered fathers rise, Soaring toward the opened skies. God and Man, our ransom paying, And in light Himself arraying, Claimeth now the victory. Alleluia!
- 3 Jesus Christ from death has risen:
 'Twas His Godhead burst the prison,
 'Twas His blest Humanity
 Struggled with our misery:
 God's long patience, God's rejection,
 Brought to pass our resurrection,
 Brought to pass our victory. Alleluia!
- 4 This the law the Saviour teaches,
 This the call His triumph preaches;
 Sinner, from the grave of sin
 Rise, eternal joy to win;
 From the death our sins decreed us
 Jesus Christ by death has freed us;
 Sing we then His victory. Alleluia!

699 Through the faith of the operation of God. Col. ii.

- 1 O CHRIST, the heaven's eternal King, Creator, unto Thee we sing, With God the Father ever One, Co-equal co-eternal Son. Thy hand, when first the world began, Made in Thine own pure image man, And linked to fleshly form of earth A living soul of heavenly birth.
- 2 And when the envious, crafty foe Had marred Thy noblest work below, Thou didst our ruined state repair By deigning flesh Thyself to wear. Once of a Virgin born to save, And now new-born from death's dark grave,
 - O Christ, Thou bidd'st us rise with Thee From death to immortality.
- 3 Jesu, do Thou to every heart Unceasing Paschal joy impart: From death of sin and guilty strife Set free the new-born sons of life.

All praise be Thine, O risen Lord, From death to endless life restored: All praise to God the Father be And Holy Ghost eternally. Amen.

700 The First-begotten of the dead. Rev. i

- 1 COME see the place where Jesus lay, And hear angelic watchers say, 'He lives, who once was slain: Why seek the living 'midst the dead? Remember how the Saviour said That He would rise again.'
- 2 O joyful sound, O glorious hour, When by His own almighty power He rose, and left the grave! Now let our songs this triumph tell, Who burst the bands of death and hell, And ever lives to save.
- 3 The First-begotten of the dead,
 For us He rose, our glorious Head,
 Immortal life to bring;
 What though the saints like Him shall
 die.

They share their Leader's victory, And triumph with their King.

4 No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their slumbering dust.
O risen Lord, in Thee we live,
To Thee our ransomed souls we give,
To Thee our bodies trust. Amen.

701 Behold I make all things new. Rev. xxi.

- 1 WHEN first the world sprang forth Arrayed in beauty rare,
- Bathed in its flood of new-born light, What power divine was there! But O, what love divine, When, from His three days' gloom, Christ, by the Father wakened, burst
- Christ, by the Father wakened, burs The fetters of the tomb! 2 His new-created world
- The Almighty Maker viewed, So wondrous in its loveliness, And called it very good.
- And called it very good.

 But goodlier far the sight
 That to the Sire it gave,
 Washed by the Lamb, and rising fresh
- From His atoning wave.

 3 Grant us, O Christ, with Thee
- To die, with Thee to rise,
 That we may dwell with Thee on high,
 In bliss that never dies.

• x 4

PSALMS AND

Praise to the Father be. Praise to the Son, who rose, Praise to the blessed Comforter, While time unending flows.

The first-fruits of them that slept. 1 Cor. xv. 702

1 CHRIST is risen; the Lord is come, Bursting from the sealed tomb: Death and hell, in mute dismay, Render up their mightier prey. Christ is risen, but not alone: Death, thy kingdom is o'erthrown: We shall rise as He hath risen From the deep sepulchral prison. Alleluia!

2 Heira of death and sons of clay, Long in death's dark thrall we lay, And went down in trembling gloom To the unawakening tomb. Heirs of life, and sons of God,

On the path our Captain trod Now we hope to soar on high To the everlasting sky. 3 Mortal once, immortal now,

Our vile bodies off we throw,

Glorious bodies to put on Round our great Redeemer's throns. Lofty hopes; and theirs indeed Who the Christian life shall lead: Christ's below in faith and love, Christ's in endless bliss above. Alleluia! Amen.

703 That mortality might be evaluated up of life. 2 Cor. v. 1 I say to all men, far and near,

That He is risen again, That He is with us now and here, And ever shall remain. And what I say, let each this morn Go tell it to his friend,

That soon in every place shall dawn His kingdom without end. 2 Now first to souls who thus awake Seems earth a fatherland:

A new and endless life they take With rapture from His hand. The fears of death and of the grave Are whelmed beneath the sea And every heart now light and brave

May face the things to be. 3 The way of darkness that He trod To heaven at last shall come, And he who hearkens to His word Shall reach His Father's home.

1

3

9

Alleluia!

1

2

3 His the fight, the arduous toil,
His the honour of the day,
His the glory and the spoil,
Jesus bears them all away.
Now proclaim His deeds afar;
Fill the world with His renown,
His alone the victor's car,
His the everlasting crown.

706 If God be for us. who can be against us? Rom. viii.

1 Ler faith's triumphant power dispel The fears of guilt and woe: If God be for us, God the Lord, Who then shall be our foe? He who resigned His only Son To death, that we might live, Shall He not all things freely grant, That boundless love can give?

2 Who now His people shall accuse? Will God who justified? Who now His people shall condemn? Will He, the Lamb who died? And He who died arose again Triumphant from the grave: At God's right hand for us He pleads, Omnipotent to save.

707 Who is this that cometh from Edom?

1 Who is this that comes from Edom, All His raiment stained with blood, To the captive speaking freedom, Bringing and bestowing good, Glorious in the garb He wears, Glorious in the spoil He bears? Alleluis!

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Travelling onward in His might,
'Tis the Saviour; O how glorious
To His people is the sight!
Satan conquered and the grave,
Jesus now is strong to save. Alleluia!

3 This the Saviour has effected By His mighty arm alone: See the throne for Him erected; 'Tis an everlasting throne; 'Tis the great reward He gains, Glorious fruit of all His pains. Alleluia!

4 Mighty victor, reign for ever;
Wear the crown so dearly won:
Never shall Thy people, never
Cease to sing what Thou hast done;
Thou hast quelled Thy people's foes,
Thou hast healed Thy people's woes.

Alleluia!

708 From this day will I bless you. Hag.

GLAD on the mountains,
Bright o'er vales and fountains.
Dawns the fair day of peace and love;
Nations are waking,
Where the day breaking
Chases the clouds that brood above.

Welcome, bright morning,
All the earth adorning:
Gentile and Jew shall own thy sway:
Kings have confessed thee,
Prophets have blessed thee,
But never lived to see the day.

3 To us is given,
Like a glimpse of heaven,
Light of that glory promised long;
O may it brighten,

Till it shall lighten
All earth with radiance full and strong.

4 O God most holy, Fain would we, though lowly, Send up our mingled praise to Thee; Thine is the giving, Ours the receiving: Thine shall the endless glory be. Ame:

709 The God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Icaus. Hell kill.

1 FATHER of peace, and God of love, We own Thy power to save, That power by which our Shepherd ross Victorious from the grave.

2 Him from the dead Thou broughtest back When, by His sacred blood, Confirmed and sealed for evermore The eternal covenant stood.

3 O may Thy Spirit seal our souls, And mould them to Thy will; That our weak hearts no more may straj But keep Thy precepts still:

4 That to perfection's sacred height
We nearer yet may rise,
And all we think and all we do
Be pleasing in Thine eyes.

710 Now is Christ risen from the dead.

1 CHRIST is risen: o'er His foes He reigneth;
Head o'er all things, He the worlds sustaineth:
Sing hallelujah,

Hallelujah! Christ the Lord is risen.

Philips process

2 Christ is risen: now to us is given Through His sorrows peace, His peace from heaven: Sing hallelujah,

Hallelujah! Christ the Lord is risen.

- 3 Christ is risen: Now His Church inherits Life eternal through her Saviour's merits: Sing hallelujah,
 - Hallelnjah! Christ the Lord is risen.
- 4 Christ is risen: praise and adoration, Lord, we bring Thee, and with exultatation

Sing hallelujah, Hallelujah! Christ the Lord is risen.

711 A spirit hath not Aesh and bones, as ye see Me have. Luke xxiv.

- 1 CALM they sit with closed door Shutting out the city's din; Tenant of the tomb no more, See the Saviour enter in; Spirit-like behold Him glide To each saintly, wondering guest, Show His pierced hands and side, Breathe His peace in every breast.
- 2 What though years have rolled away, Since, triumphant from the tomb, Jesus, at the close of day, Sought that quiet upper room? Oft from Zion's heavenly hill Seeks He yet His faithful few. Bides with them in spirit still, Shows each glorious wound anew.
- 3 Mighty Lord, descend, we pray, Where Thy fond disciples meet; Many a Magdalene to-day Fain would her Deliverer greet: Many a Thomas scarce can dare Own Thee for his God and Lord; Come and banish doubt and care With Thy true almighty Word.

712 Paalm xi. In the Lord put I my trust, &c.

1 My trust is in the Highest Name: Then wherefore to my soul exclaim, 'Fly like a sparrow to the hill;' For lo, their bow the wicked try, Their arrow to the string apply, By stealth the true of heart to kill. The firm foundations are o'erthrown, And what can by the just be done?

- 2 The Lord abides in heaven on high, The temple of His sanctity, The throne of His supreme command: His eyes survey mankind below; The sons of men His eyelids know: He guides the just with gentle hand: But him, who fraud and strife affects, His soul abhors, His word rejects.
- 3 From heaven on high the Lord shall rain In judgment upon guilty men Sharp snares and coals that hotly glow: Brimstone and flame and fiery blast, And terror of the scorching waste, He mingles in their cup of woe. All-holy God, 'tis sweet to Thee Thy likeness in Thy works to see.
- 713 Psalm lxviii. 7. O God, when Thou wentest forth, &c.
- I WHEN through the dismal waste The favoured nation past, Thy fiery shape, O God, before them rode: The trembling earth was riven;
- The meek adoring heaven Stooped to the mighty presence of its God. 2 Then Sinai shook for dread.
- And bowed his hoary head: God, Israel's present God, the mountain knew: Then on Thy chosen race Was showered Thy plenteous grace: Weary and faint they drank Thy freshening dew.
- 3 Soon dwelt they in the land, Where, by Thy guiding hand, O God, their many sorrows found repose: Where, at Thy sign, O Lord From virgin voices poured, Frequent and full the choral triumph
- 4 Kings with their armies fled, Dismayed, discomfited; While Israel's peaceful homes, with spoil bedight, Showed as the dove, whose wing With silver glittering, Shoots through its plumes a woof of golden light.

FOR EASTER

714 Poslm Exili. 14. When the Almighty scattered kings, &c.

1 Opr as to scatter kings
The Almighty's anger rose,
The tents of Israel shone with spoil,
Like Salmon's gleaming snowa.
Great Basan's mount is high;
But why, ye mountains great,
Wrong ye the hill which God hath loved,
The Lord's eternal seat?

With twice ten thousand cars,
With angel myriads bright,
God wars for us; the Lord is here,
As erst on Sinai's height.
Thou hast gone up on high,
And captive dragged the foe;
Thou takest gifts, Lord God, to dwell
With sinners here below.

The Lord, who dwells with us,
From day to day we bless;
Bless we the God, whose love is nigh
To save, when men oppress.
Yea, He, who is our God,
A saving God is known;
God is the Lord who wins from death
Redemption for His own.

715 Declared to be the Son of God with power. Rom. i.
1 O Thou, the heaven's eternal King,

Lord of the starry spheres,
Who with the Father equal art
From everlasting years:
All passe to Thy most Holy Name,
Who, when the world began,
Joining the soul to clay, didst form,
In Thine own image, man.

2 All praise to Thee, who, when the foe Had marred Thy work sublime, Clothing Thyself in flesh, didst mould Our race a second time; When from the tomb new-born, as from A Virgin born before,

Thou didst renew our fallen state,
And life to man restore;
3 Eternal Shepherd, who Thy flock

In Thy pure font dost lave, Where souls are cleansed, and all their guilt Entombed as in a grave

Entombed as in a grave;
Jesus, who to the cross wast nailed,
Our countless debt to pay;
Jesus, who didst so freely pour
Thy blood for us away,

4 Preserve us from the death of ain; So Thou, dear Lord, shalt be The everlasting Easter joy Of all new-born in Thee. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, &

716 The year of my redeemed is con

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow;
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest, Has full atonement made; Ye weary spirits, rest; Ye mournful souls, be glad: The year of jubilee is come; Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by His blood
Through all the world proclaim.
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransoned sinners, home.

4 Ye who have sold for nought Your heritage above, Receive it back unbought, The gift of Jesn's love: The year of jubilee is come: Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

717 The dead shall rise incorruptible.
1 Cor. xv.

1 When the last trumpet's awful voice
The rending earth shall shake,
When opening graves shall yield t
charge,
And dust to life awake,
The bodies which corrupted fell
Shall incorrupt arise,
And mortal forms shall spring to life
Immortal in the skies.

2 Behold, what heaven-taught prophets a
Is now at last fulfilled,
That death should yield his ancient rei
And quit the fruitless field.
Let faith rejoice and lift her voice,
And thus in triumph sing:
O grave, where is thy victory now,
And where, () death, thy sting?

3 Salvation and immortal praise
To Christ our risen King,
Let heaven and earth exultingly
With alleluiss ring.
To Him belong the highest notes
The Church on earth can raise;
The highest heaven, in which He reigns,
Shall give Him nobler praise.

718 I am alive for evermore. Rev. i.

- 1 JESUS lives, no longer now
 Can Thy terrors, Death, appal us;
 Jesus lives: and this we know,
 Thou, O Grave, canst not enthral us.
 Alleluis!
- 2 Jesus lives: henceforth is death But the gate of life immortal; This shall calm our trembling breath, When we pass its gloomy portal. Alleluia!
- 3 Jesus lives: for us He died: Then, alone to Jesus living, Pure in heart may we abide, Glory to our Saviour giving.

Allaluia!

- 4 Jesus lives: these hearts of ours
 From His love no time shall sever:
 Life, nor death, nor hellish powers
 Part us from His keeping ever.
 Alleluis!
- 6 Jesus lives: to Him the throne
 High o'er all the world is given:
 May we go where He is gone,
 Best and reign with Him in beaven.
 Alleluis!

719 A Saviour, Jesus. Heb. f.

- 1 THE Son of God, in mighty love, Came down to Bethlehem for me, Forsook His throne of light above, An infant upon earth to be. In love, the Father's sinless Child Sojourned at Nazareth for me; With sinners dwelt the undefiled, The Holy One in Gallies.
- 2 Jesus, whom angel hosts adore, Became a man of grief for me; In love, though rich, becoming poor, That I through Him enriched might be. The ever-blessed Son of God Went up to Calvary for me; There paid my debt, there bore my load, "- tita own body on the tree.

3 Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
Went down into the grave for me;
There overcame my enemies,
There won the glorious victory.
Tis finished all: the veil is rent,
The welcome sure, the access free;
Now then we leave our banishment,
O Father, we return to Thee.

720 Behold the place where they laid Him. Mark xvi.

- 1 Come, see the place where Jesus lay,
 For He hath left his gloomy bed;
 What angel rolled the stone away?
 What spirit brought Himfrom the desd?
 By His cunnipotence He rose,
 By His own Spirit lived again,
 To crush for ever all His foes,
 To raise for ever ruined men.
- 2 Those who His image here partake,
 Though worms in dust their flesh consume,
 Shall sleep in Jesus, and awake
 To life eternal from the tomb.
 What shall restore a world from death,
 Where Satan holdshis murderous reign?
 Spirit of Jesus, with Thy breath
 Rouse the dry bones, revive the slain.
- 3 Dead while they live are Adam's race
 By nature, since their father's fall;
 But lo, the messengers of grace
 Proclaim the gospel hope to all.
 Hear it, ye dead, of every clime,
 Before the second death begins:
 Come forth to this new life in time,
 This resurrection from your sins.

721 The man Moses was very meek, Numb. zii.

- 1 Go where a foot hath never trod,
 Through unfrequented forests flee;
 The wilderness is full of God,
 His presence dwells in every tree.
 To Israel and to Egypt dead,
 Moses the fugitive appears:
 Unknown he lived, till o'er his head
 Had fall'n the snows of four-score years.
- 2 But God the wandering exile found In his appointed time and place; The desert-sand grew holy ground, And Horeb's rock a throne of grace.

The lowly bush a tree became,
A tree of beauty and of light,
Involved with unconsuming flame,
That made the noon around it night.

3 Thence came the eternal Voice that spake Salvation to the chosen seed;
Thence went the almighty Arm, that brake Proud Pharaoh's yoke, and Israel freed.
By Moses, old and slow of speech,
These mighty miracles were shown,
Jehovah's messenger, to teach

722 To the upright ariseth light in the darkness. Ps. cxii.

That power belongs to God alone.

1 WHEN darkness once, by God's command, Enveloped Egypt's haughty land, Throughout that long and fearful night In Israel's dwellings all was light. So to the righteous light shall rise, Though clouds and tempests wrap the akies; And faith shall triumph o'er the gloom, That gathers round the silent tomb.

2 Then grant us, Lord, while here we rove, Thy will to know, Thy ways to love, To prove the riches of Thy grace, And see the brightness of Thy face: Till, guided thus in all our way, And cheered by Thy celestial ray, We reach at last that heavenly height, Where all is peace, and joy, and light.

723 He hath triumphed gloriously.

1 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah has triumphed, His people are free;
Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken:

His chariots, his horsemen, so splendid and brave,

How vain was their boasting, the Lord hath but spoken,

And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.

Found the loud timbrel &c.

Praise to the conqueror, praise to the Lord;
His word was our arrow, His breath was our sword.
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride;
For the Lord hath looked out from His pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.

Sound the loud timbrel, &c.

724 They seek a country. Heb. xi.

 THE house of bondage we have left, Redeemed from sin and sharee
 By water and the Holy Ghost Baptised into Christ's name.

2 Our manna is the living Bread, Which hath come down from heaven; The Rock that follows, Christ the Lord, By whom our Cup is given.

3 We journey to the promised land Along a toilsome way;
0 may our faith be strong, that we May never go astray.

4 Grant. Lord, when we have past the flood
This earth and heaven between,
We there may taste eternal joys
No mortal eye hath seen.

5 Christ is our Manna and our Rock, Whom heaven's exulting host Co-equal with the Father owns, And with the Holy Ghost.

725 The Lord is my strength and song, and He is become my salvation. Exod. xv.

1 LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guide us, guard us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us; All our weakness Thou dost know; Thou didst tread this earth before us, Thou didst feel its keenest woe: Lone and dreary, faint and weary, Through the desert Thou didst go

PSALMS AND HYMNS

irit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
avenward as our steps are tending,
Pleasures give that never cloy;
use provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

D This is of a truth that Prophet. John vi.

OPHET of the elder day,
w thy lustre waned away,
hen the greater Prophet came,
sh-veiled, from His throne of flame!
ou on earth hadst peerless been,
d not earth Jehovah seen.

phet of the latter days, aming with unfading rays, ightness of the Father's light, age of His love and might, I my soul with purer awe an dark Sinai's fiery law.

inkle with Thy Paschal blood; id me through each hostile flood, reten Marah's bitter spring, r my path Thy manna fling; ach the flint-rock's crystal wave, ongly succour, promptly save. the the passions of my breast, ide me to the promised rest,

nde me to the promised rest,
p Thy bleeding Cross in sight,
ed o'er the shades of night;
me fear and doubt no more,
I I land on Canaan's ahore. Amen.

Let me die the death of the rightcous
Numb. xxiii.

Iow blest the righteous are, Then they resign their breath; marvel Balaam wished to share be joy of such a death. O let me die, said he, The death the righteous do; m life is ended let me be ound with the faithful few.

ut ab, the wish was vain; is heart was insincere; thirsted for unlawful gain, and cought his portion here. e dared not curse the tribes, et stood not on their side; et by the sordid heathen's bribes, or these he fought and died. 3 He feared the Lord to lose,
He wished to keep his gain:
Or God, or Mammon? sinner, choose,
Thou canst not serve the twain.
O give me grace, that I
This warning may receive,
If like the righteous I would die,
Like them, O Lord, to live. Amen.

728 Thou wentest forth before the people. Ps. lxviii.

l When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
From out the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful Guide, in smoke and flame.
By day along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the flery pillar's glow.

2 Then rose the choral hymn of praise, And trump and timbrel answered keen; And Zion's daughters poured their lays, With priest's and warrior's voice between.

No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

3 Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer ryund our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump and
horn.

But Thou hast said, 'The blood of goat, The flesh of rams, I will not prize; A centrite heart, an humble thought, Are Mine accepted sacrifice.'

729 Psalm xx. The Lord hear thee, &c.

1 THE Lord in Thy distressful day
Attend and hear thee still:
The mighty Name of Jacob's God
Deliver thee from ill:
The Lord from out His holy shrine
Discern thy needful hour,
And send thee help from Zion's height,
To stablish all thy power,

2 In thy salvation we will haste Our banner to display, And praise the goodness of our God On thy triumphal day;

FOR EASTER.

For He will His Anointed hear (We trust His promised grace) And help him with His own right hand From out His holy place.

3 In chariots some repose their hope,
On horses some rely:
But we bethink us of His Name,
The Lord our God most High.
They slide, they fall: but we shall rise,
And lift the dauntless brow,
If Thou wilt save, O Lord our King,
If Thou wilt hear us now.

730 Psalm xxt. The king shall rejoice. &c.

1 Title king, O Lord, with hymns of praise
Shall in Thy strength rejoice,
And, crowned with Thy salvation, raise
To heaven his thankful voice.
For Thy consent has ever bles
The wishes of his heart,
And still, whate'er his lips request
Thy gracious hands impart.
Thy deeds of love are manifold,
And all his hopes outshine:
He wears a crown of purest gold;
The gift, O Lord, was Thine.

2 Victorious by Thy mighty aid
His glory shines on high:
And Thou upon his head hast laid
Honour and majesty.
He walks in joy before Thy face,
The king whom Thou hast loved;
Thou art his trust, and from Thy grace
He never shall be moved.
O Lord, exalt on high Thy Name,
Arise, our stalwart tower:
So shall our songs declare Thy fame,
And magnify Thy power.

731 Psalm exliv. Blessed be the Lord, my strength, 4c.

- 1 Praised be the Lord, my rock of might, Who trains my fingers for the fight, My Saviour kind, my fort, my tower, My trusty shield in peril's hour, Whose guiding hand confirms my sway, And makes my people to obey.
- 2 Lord, what is man, that in Thy mind His works and ways remembrance find? Or what the mortal's son, to share Thy tender love, Thy guardian care? His scanty days, as shadows, fice, And man is like to vanity.

3 O Lord, Thy cloudy pillars bend, And in Thy majesty descend: Descend with pealing thunder-stroke And touch the mountains, till they su Confound them with Thy flashing in And rend them with Thy shafts of f

PART II.

- 4 A new-made song to God we raise;
 The chorded harp shall swell His pr
 Spared from the peril of the sword,
 Let prince and people bless the Lord
 The God of hosts, by whom alone
 Our fields are fought, our victories w
- 5 Lord, save us from the stranger's wr The glozing lip, the perjured tongue As youthful saplings, rear our sons; Fair as the temple's polished stones, So fair, so strong, our daughters be, And taught to love and worship The
- 6 O fill our garners o'er and o'er With corn and wine, a plenteous stor Let thousand and ten thousand lamt Leap in the field beside their dams: Preserve in strength the labouring a And bless our toil from year to year.
- 7 No widow's shriek, no orphau's moan No captive's deep despairing groan Afflict our streets! O happy case! O blessèd and thrice-blessèd race, Whose trust is in their Saviour's wo Whose God is none but Zion's Lord!

732 Pealm extv. I will estal Thee, t

- 1 Even. O my God and King,
 1 will exalt Thy fame,
 Evermore Thy praises sing,
 And celebrate Thy Name.
 Thee my voice shall magnify,
 My songs of daily worship bless;
 Glorions is the Lord and high,
 His power is measureless.
- 2 Race to race shall still recite,
 And land proclaim to land
 All Thy fearful acts of might,
 The wonders of Thy hand.
 I will praise Thy majesty,
 The beauty of Thy beaming face
 Ne'er forgotten let them be,
 Thy righteousness and grace.
- 3 Slow to anger, rich in love, The Lord is ever good: O'er His creatures from above His tender mercies brood.

All Thy creatures bless Thee, Lord;
All godly men Thy power proclaim;
All Thy mighty deeds record,
And glorify Thy name.

PART IL

- 4 Through the world the just make known,
 O Lord, Thy power and might;
 Everlasting is Thy crown,
 Thy kingdom infinite.
 Feeble backs and sinking knees
 The Lord upholds with gentle hand;
 He the o'erthrown with pity sees,
 And bids them rise and stand.
- 5 Every living eye to Thee
 Looks up for timely food;
 And Thy hand is opened free
 To fill them all with good.
 Just in all His ways the Lord,
 And in His doings ever kind,
 Loves the saints who trust His word,
 And pray with upright mind.
- 6 Who with humble fear draw nigh, He meets them with His grace, Saves the loving when they cry, But smites the godless race. Ever shall my mouth adore The Lord, and magnify His fame; All my flesh for evermore Shall bless His holy Name.

733 The king shall rejoice in the Lord. Ps. xxi.

- 1 Lond of heaven, and earth, and ocean, Hear us from Thy bright abode, While our hearts, with deep devotion, Own their great and gracious God: Now with joy we come before Thee; Countless have Thy mercies been; Lord of life, and strength, and glory, Guard Thy Church, and guide our Queen.
- 2 Thee, with humble adoration, Lord, we praise for mercies past; Strength of this most favoured nation, May Thy mercies ever last; May our sons appear before thee; In Thy Church Thy love be seen; Lord of life, and light, and glory, Bless Thy people, bless our Queen.

734 The Lord shell give strength to His king. 1 Sam. ii.

 O King of kings, Thy blessings shed On our anointed soverain's head;

- And, looking from Thy throne in heaven, Protect the crown Thyself hast given.
- 2 Her, for Thy sake, may we obey; Uphold her right and love her sway; Remembering, all the powers that be Are ministers ordained by Thee.
- 3 By her this favoured nation bless;
 To her wise counsels give success;
 In peace, in war, Thine aid be seen;
 Confirm her strength, and save our Queen.
- 4 And when all earthly thrones decay, And earthly glories fade away, Give her a nobler throne on high A crown of immortality.

735 I will feed My flock, and I will cause them to lie down. Ezek. XXXIV.

- 1 FROM fees that would the land devour,
 From guilty pride, and lust of power,
 From wild sedition's lawless hour,
 From blinded seal by faction led,
 From giddy change by fancy bred,
 From poisonous error's serpent head,
 Good Lord, preserve us free.
- 2 Defend, O God, with guardian hand, The laws and ruler of our land, And grant our Church Thy grace to stand

In faith and unity.
The Spirit's help of Thee we crave,
That Thou, whose blood was shed to save,
May'st, at Thy second coming, have
A flock to welcome Thee.

736 Help us, Q God of our salvation.

- 1 As for Thy giftes we render praise, So, Lorde, we crave still blessed dayes: Let Thy sweets worde and gospell pure, With us, deare God, for aye endure: With prosperous reigne increase it still, That its sweet sound the world may fill. Save, Lorde, and blesse with good increase Thy Church, our Queene and realme, in
- 2 That Vine thy right hande planted hath Preserve, O Lorde, from fremen's wrath, And those that practise Zion's spoylo With mighty arme, O Saviour, foyle.

Deace.

Thy Church and Kingdome, Christ, we pray,

Enlarge and build from day to day.

Save, Lord, and blesse with good increase,

Thy Church, our Queene and realme, in peace.

3 Like as Thy grace our Queene hath sent, So blease her rule and government Thy glorie chiefly to maintaine; And graunt her long and prosperous

reigne:
All foes confound and rebels eke,
That Queene's or Church's harme would

seeke. Save, Lord, and blesse with good increase.

Thy Church, our Queene and realme, in peace.

4 This English isle, and people all,
Preserve, for Christès blood we call.
Graunt peace to enjoy Thy blessings now,
Because none fyghtes for us but Thou;
So shall we live to praise Thee then,
Which likewise graunt: Amen, Amen.
Sare, Lord, and blesse with good increase,
Thy Church, our Queene and realme,

737 That prayers be made for kings. 1 Thess. ii.

1 LORD God, to Thee we pray; Save our Queen, bless her sway Over our land: Guard Thou her royalty, Keep us her people free, True to her, true to Thee, In heart and hand.

in peace.

2 On all her royal race Shed Thou Thy special grace, At home, abroad. May she upon her throne, As queen and mother, own In Thee her trust alone, Her hope in God.

3 Bless Thou her realm with health, With plenty, power, and wealth; Let troubles cease. Strike from each slave his chain, Bid Thy pure gospel reign, And spread through her domain Knowledge and peace. 4 Govern her counsels, Lord;
Trace her path, wield her sword,
If foces be seen:
So shall her warfare be
Justice and victory;
Our shout o'er land and sea,
'God save the Queen!'

738 O praise the Lord, land ye the Name of the Lord: praise if, O ye servants if the Lord. Ps. exxix.

1 REJOICE to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath wrought salvation;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His Name;
For He is God alone
Who hath His mercy shown;
Let all His saints adore Him.

2 When in distress to Him we cried,
He heard our sad complaining;
O trust in Him, whate'er betide,
Whose love is all-sustaining:
Triumphant songs of praise
To Him our hearts shall raise;
Now every veice shall say,
O praise our God alway;
Let all His saints adore Him.

3 Rejoice to-day, &c. Amen.

739 All that is within me, praise His holy Name. Ps. cill.

1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing:
Alleluia, Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.

2 Praise Him for His grace and favour To our fathers in distress; Praise Him still the same as ever, Slow to chide, and swift to bless; Alleluia, Alleluia! Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Bescues us from all our foes;
Alleluia, Alleluia!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

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4 Angela, in the height adore Him; Ye behold Him face to face; Saints triumphant, bow before Him, Gathered in from every race: Alleluia, Alleluia!

Alleluia, Alleluia!

Praise with us the God of grace. Amen.

AND THE PERSON NAMED IN COLUMN TWO IS NOT THE OWNER, NAMED IN

- 740 Psalm cxivi. Fraise ye the Lord, &c.
- 1 Phase the Lord, His people: raise, O my soul, the note of praise: I will praise the Lord till death, Spend in praise my latest breath.
- 2 Not in princes put thy trust, Not in man, the child of dust: Unavailing he to save Hastens to the silent grave,
- 3 And in dark oblivion laid All his projects with him fade. Blest, whom Jacob's God defends, On the Lord whose hope depends;
- 4 For the heavens, the earth, the sea, And all things that in them be, He created with His hand, He whose laws unshaken stand.
- 5 He will right the injured head, Feed the hungry soul with bread: He unties the captive's chain, Gives the blind his sight again:
- 6 He the widow's cause protects, Nor the orphan's suit rejects; Lifts the trampled from the dust, Guards the stranger, loves the just.
- 7 Smiting sinners with His rod Ever reigneth Zion's God, Lord of all: with glad acclaim Let us praise His hallowed Name.

741 Can these bones live? Ezek. xxxvii.

- 1 Wno shall roll away the stone
 From the sepulchre?
 God, the almighty God alone,
 Is almighty here.
 Who remoulds the mortal earth
 Wrapt in cold decay?
 Who recalls to second birth
- That forgotten clay?

 Buried heaps of mortal men
 'Neath the senseless sod,
 Who shall call them forth again,
 But the almighty God?

3 Where the ailent waters flow, It shall multiply its root; It shall blossom, it shall grow, It shall bear immortal fruit. Sown in weakness, raised in power, Sown in suffering, raised in peace, It shall brave the blighting hour, In the year of drought increase.

4 Never hurt by sun or storm. Blest its every stage shall be, Dying in its mortal form, Living evermore in Thee. God the Father let us bless, &c.

744 God hath both raised up the Lord, and will also raise us up by Ilis own power. I Cor. vi.

1 Thou wilt raise our bodies from brief rest,

And place them with the blest; True life in heaven, Lord, to Thy saints is given.

2 He who rose will bid His servants rise To dwell beyond the skies: O Lord, in glory

May we that hour adore Thee. 3 There Thy people wail and weep no more, Such joy hast Thou in store.

Whose endless praises The Church triumphant raises. 4 All, who place their faith and hope in

Thee, Shall there united be; Though now we sorrow, Soon dawns the glorious morrow.

5 Yea, though now awhile in tears we sow. There comes an end of woe, When he that weepeth His blessed harvest reapeth.

745 And I saw a new heaven and a new carth. Rev. xxi.

I DEATH in all this world prevaileth: Human life, a summer flower, Blooms at morn, at even faileth But there comes a brighter hour. Men o'er death shall rise victorious. And appear in forms more glorious, .To a better lite restored, Who have loved and served their Lord. 2 Jesus yielded up His spirit,

And His ransonned people gain Life eternal by His merit; Death has armed his sting in vain.

For the unfettered soul ascendeth To the world which never endeth, There without a veil to see God's true face eternally.

3 There is life that knows no sadness, There, a numberless array White-robed denizens of gladness Unto God their homage pay: Choir aloud to choir rejoices, Seraphs with delighted voices Holy, holy, holy, sing To their triune God and King.

4 There the patriarchs abiding, There the prophets all have rest, There the noble Twelve residing In their Master's love are blest; There the saints in holy splendour To the Lamb their praises render, Harping sweet in solemn strains 'Hallelujah! Jesus reigns.'

An house not made with hands. 2 Cor. v. 746

Soon to the dust we speed, Our homes in ruins lie: But goodlier mansions are decreed To all who faithful die. Reared by no mortal hand, Fashioned by skill divine, Secure their strong foundations stand And bright their beauties shine. 2 Now, burdened with their load, The saints look up and sigh, And slowly tread the narrow road That leads them to the sky. But soon they burst their chain, And, free as angels are,

Their Saviour's kingdom share. 3 Then be the silent dust Our home when God shall call; Death strikes, but cannot slay, the just; His arrows blunted fall. Serve we the Lord of life:

Released from earthly care and pain,

Then we but seem to die, And pass from mortal toil and strife To peace and rest on high.

747 Thou shalt surely die. Gen. ii.

1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head Is equal warning given, Beneath us lie the countless dead, Above us is the heaven.

- 2 Their names are graven on the stone, Their bones are in the clay, And, ere another day is done, Ourselves may be as they.
- 3 Death rides on every passing breeze, He lurks in every flower; Each season has its own disease, Its peril every hour.
- 4 Our eyes have seen the rosy light Of youth's soft cheek decay. And fate descend in sudden night On manhood's middle day.
- 5 Our eyes have seen the steps of age Halt feebly towards the tomb; And yet shall earth our hearts engage, And dreams of days to come?
- 6 Turn, mortal, turn, thy danger know, Where'er thy foot can tread, The earth rings hollow from below, And warns thee of her dead.
- 7 Turn, Christian, turn, thy soul apply To truths divinely given; The bones, that underneath thee lie, Shall live for hell or heaven.

748 Lord of the dead and the living.

- 1 EARTH to earth and dust to dust; Lord, we own the sentence just; Head and tongue and hand and heart All in guilt have borne their part; Righteous is the common doom, All must slumber in the tomb.
- 2 Like the seed in spring time sown, Like the leaves in autumn strown, All these guodly frames must lie, All our pomp and glory die; For the *p iler seeks his prey, Soon he bears us all away.
- 3 Yet the seed, upraised again, Clothes with green the smiling plain; Onward as the seasons move, Leaves and blossoms deck the grove; And shall we forgotten lie, Lost for over when we die?
- 4 Lord, from nature's gloomy night Turn we to the Gwpel's light: Thou didst triumph o'er the grave, Thou wilt all Thy people save; Ransomed by Thy blood, the just Rise immortal from the dust.

749 He died for all. 2 Cor. v.

- 1 O SAVIOUR of the faithful dead, With whom Thy servants dwell, Though cold and green the turf is sprea Above their narrow cell:
- 2 No more to mortal weeds we cling, We doubt and fear no more, Nor shun the path of suffering Which Thou hast trod before.
- 3 When, soon or late, this feeble breath No more to Thee shall pray, Support me through the vale of death, And in the darksome way.
- 4 When, clothed in fleshly weeds again, I wait Thy dread decree, Judge of the world, bethink Thee then That Thou hast died for me.

750 That they may rest from their labours Rov. xiv.

- 1 HARK, a voice divides the sky,
 Blessèd are the faithful dead,'
 Blessèd, in the Lord who die;
 They from all their toils are freed;
 Them the Spirit hath declared
 Blest, unutterably blest:
 Jesus is their great reward,
 Jesus is their endless rest.
- 2 Lo, the prisoner is released, Lightened of his fie-hly load; Where the weary are at rest, He is gathered unto God. Lo, the pain of life is past, All his warfare now is o'er; Death and hell behind are cast, Grief and suffering are no more.
- 3 Blessing, honour, thanks, and praise,
 Gracious God, we give to Thee;
 Thou the drooping heart dost raise,
 Thou dost grant the victory;
 True and faithful to Thy word,
 Thou hast glorified Thy Son,
 Jesus Christ our dying Lord,
 Who for us the fight hath won.

751 Death is small word up in victory.

1 How blest the righteons when he dies; When sinks his weary heart to rest, How mildly beams the closing eye, How gently heaves the expiring breast! 2 So fades a summer cloud away. So rests the gale when storms are o'er, So gently close the lids of day. So dies a ware along the shore.

8 A holy quiet reigns around, A calm which life nor death destroys; No pang disturbs that peace profound. Which now the chainless soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, ye battling hopes and fears, Ye lights and shades that sink and swell;

How bright the unchanging morn appears!

Farewell, thou fickle world, farewell.

5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay, Light from its load the spirit flies, While heaven and earth conspiring say, 'How blest the righteous when he dies!'

752 Their works do follow them.

l HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims

For all the pious dead: Sweet is the savour of their names, And soft their sleeping bed.

- 2 They die in Jesus, and are blest; How mild their slumbers are, From sufferings and from sins released, And freed from every snare!
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife, And present with the Lord, For all the woes of mortal life They reap a rich reward.
- 4 Around the everlasting throne, The saints, a ransoned host, Sing God the Father, God the Son, And God the Holy Ghost.

753 The dead shall be raised incorruptible.

1 GATHER up, O earth, thy dead, Grass, thy peaceful pillow spread, Add another mortal's bed
To the room where mortals sleep, Where they sleep, but not to rise
When the sunlight clears the skies;
No: to rest while centuries
Their long-during watches keep.

2 Centuries shall pass away; Earth shall hasten to decay: Days will bring of days the day, When the exhausted cycles end; Then earth's utmost fugitive
Shall appear: the grave shall give
Up its spoil; the dead shall live,
And the eternal Judge descend.

3 Day of wonder, day of woe,
Day of evil's overthrow,
Day of joy, when all shall know,
Know, and see the Lord of heaven!
Then, O then, shall hope appear,
Faith our fainting souls shall cheer,
Love shall dry the trembling tear,
Whispering sweetly, Sin forgiven!

754 He shall enter into peace. Isa. Ivil.

1 How sweet the hour of closing day, When all is peaceful and serene, And the broad sun's retiring ray Sheds a mild lustre o'er the scene!

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour, So peacefully he sinks to rest; And faith, rekindling all its power, Lights up the languor of his breast.

3 There is a radiance in his eye,
A smile upon his wasted cheek,
That seems to tell of glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.

4 O Lord, that we may thus depart,
Thy joys to share. Thy face to see,
Impress Thine image on our heart,
And teach us now to walk with Thee.

$755\,$ Till the shadows flee away. Cant. ii.

1 BEHOLD the western evening light;
It melts in deepening gloom;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.
The winds breathe low, the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree;
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

2 How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed;
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.
How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sumet beam is cast;
'Tis like the memory left behind.

When loved ones breathe their last.

3 And now above the dews of night
The vesper star appears;

So faith springs in the heart of those Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light Its glory shall restore, And eyelids that are sealed in death Shall wake to close no more.

the state of the s

756 The dead praise not the Lord. Ps. cxv.

- 1 WHERE are the dead? In heaven or hell Their disembodied spirits dwell, Their buried forms in bonds of clay Reserved until the judgment day.
- 2 Who were the dead? The sons of time, In every age and state and clime, Renowned, dishonoured, or forgot; The place that knew them knows them not.
- 3 Where are the living? On the ground Where prayer is heard and mercy found; Where, in the period of a span. The mortal makes the immortal man.
- 4 Who are the living? They whose breath Draws every moment nigh to death: Of bliss or woe eternal heirs; O what an awful choice is theirs!
- 5 Then, timely warned, may we begin To follow Christ and flee from sin, Grow daily up to Him our Head, Lord of the living and the dead.

757 The Lord shall be thine everlasting light. 122. 1x.

- 1 For ever with the Lord!
 Amen, so let it be;
 Life from the dead is in that word,
 And immortality.
 Here in the body pent,
 Absent from Him I roam,
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.
- 2 My Father's house on high, Home of my soul, how near At times, to faith's illumined eye, Thy golden gates appear! My thirsty spirit faints To reach the land I love, The bright inheritance of saints, Jerusalem above.
- 3 Yet clouds will intervene, And all my prospect flies; Like Noah's dove I flit between Rough seas and stormy akies.

Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er the gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

758 Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, n ther have entered into the heart of m the things which G of hath prepair for them that love Ilim. 1 Cor.

- 1 What no human eye hath seen,
 What no mortal ear hath heard,
 What on thought hath never been
 In its loftiest flights conferred,
 This hath God prepared in store
 For His people evennore.
- 2 When the shaded pilgrim-land
 Fades before the closing eye,
 Then, revealed on either hand,
 Heaven's eternal realms shall lie:
 Then the veil of flesh shall fall,
 Now concealing, darkening all.
- 3 Heavenly landscapes, calmly bright,
 Life's pure river, murmuring low,
 Forms of loveliness and light,
 Lost to earth long time ago,
 Yea our own, lamented long,
 Shine amid the angel throng.
- 4 Many a joyful sight was given,
 Many a lovely vision here;
 Hill and vale and starry even,
 Friendship's smile, affection's tear,
 These were shadows sent in love
 Of realities above.

PART II.

- 5 When upon the wearied ear
 Earth's last echoes faintly die,
 Then shall angel harps draw near,
 All the chorus of the sky;
 Long-hushed voices blent again
 Sweetly breathe that welcome-strain.
- 6 Earth has rich and varied tones,
 Air and breeze and fountain's fall:
 Yet creation's travail-groans
 Ever sadly sound through all.
 There no discord jars the air;
 Harmony is perfect there.
- 7 When the aching heart shall rest, All its busy pulses o'er, Then from mortal robes undrest Shall the spirit upward soar; Then shall unimagined joy Every thought and power employ.

- 8 Here devotion's healing balm
 Often came to soothe the breast;
 Hours of deep and holy calm,
 Earnest of eternal rest:
 But the bliss was here unknown
 Which shall there be all our own.
- 9 Jesus reigns, the Life, the Sun Of that wondrous world above: All the clouds and storms are gone; All is light and all is love: Every shadow melts away In the blaze of perfect day.

759 But my believed had withdrawn and was gone. Cant. v.

- 1 Weep we sore for friends departed, In this world-waste, heavy-hearted. While we draw our weary breath? From life's struggle short and glorious They have soared, through Christ victorious.
 - They with Christ have conquered death.
- 2 Weep not, wail not; sigh more lightly; We are speeding daily, nightly, To the rest our friends have won, Bound upon a troubled ocean, Yet with sure and ceaseless motion, To the land where they are gone.
- 3 To a happier home invited,
 Haste we to be reunited
 In a holier bond than here;
 Reunited there for ever!
 Joyous hope, Torsake us never:
 E'en thy dimmest light is dear.
- 4 Lo, the path is shining clearer,
 Near as we approach and nearer
 To that everlasting home:
 Friends, who wait to bless our landing,
 Saints, who round the throne are standing,
 We salute you: lo, we come.

760 All go unto one place. Eccl. iil.

- 1 Willy mourn the dead? Why shed a tear?
 They rest upon a peaceful shore:
 Relieved from all that pained them here,
 They are not ket, but gone before.
- 2 How many tearful days on earth Their saddened spirits numbered o'er! Now they enjoy a blest new birth: They are not lost, but gone before.

- 3 Calm is the grave where now they aleep; The wicked trouble them us more; O why should we in anguish weep? They are not lost, but gone before.
- 4 A little while, life's journey done,
 We too shall reach that heavenly
 shore,
 And share an everlasting home
 With those not lost, but gone before.
- 761 Blessed are the dead that die in the
- 1 LET Reason vainly boast her power To teach her children how to die; The sinner, in a dying hour, Needs more than Reason can supply: A view of Christ, the sinner's friend, Alone can cheer him in the end.
- 2 When nature sinks beneath disease, And every earthly hope is fled, What then can give the sinner ease. And make him bless a dying bed? Jesus, Thy love his heart can cheer; Blest is he then, if Thou art near.
- 3 O let me die the death of those Whom Jesus washes in His blood, Who on His faithfulness repose, And know that He indeed is God. Around His throne we all shall meet, And cast our crowns beneath His feet

762 Neither can they die any more. Luke XX.

- 1 Call them not dead the faithful whom Green earth closed lately o'er, Nor search within the silent tomb For those, who die no more. The cold earth hides them from our love, But not from His who rules above.
- 2 They passed, as all must pass, the deep Dread portal of the grave: But not in dull decay they sleep, Whom Jesus died to save. To mortal eye their path is dim, But 'tis enough, they rest with Him.
- 3 We saw the momentary cloud, The pale eclipse of mind, From earthly sight that came to shroud The ray of thought behind. A moment more—the shade is gone, The sun, the spirit, burneth on.

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PART II.

Marie 1

lie—tie but to pass, all free rom death's dominion here, burst the bonds of earth, and fice From every mortal fear; plange within that gulf untried, id stand beyond it, glorified. non weep'st; perchance they weep for

If heavenly tears can flow o think of all the ills that be In this sad world below.) not for all its stores contain, Would they return to earth again. Yet weep, for earth's a vale of care, And they who mourn are blest, If He who beeds the mourner's prayer Send comfort to the breast. If hallowed hope dispel the gloom,

Earth has no teacher like the tomb. 763 Gone away from men. Job xxviii.

ONE more place is void By the bright hearth and in the house of

One more link destroyed Of the soft chain which binds us everywhere; A sigh is blended with the morning's

For in the midst of life we are in death.

Into the kingdom of the Church asleep; We see thy glory, and thou seest us

When will the sound of tears on earth be When, Lord, the number of Thy saints

fulfilled? One more prayer bath ceased To mingle in the incense of our shrine, Where the weeping priest Gives to one less the mystic bread and The alter lacks a lamp, the wall a wreath, For in the midst of life we are in death.

One more voice to swell The anthem of the everlasting quire, Touching our lips with their celestial fire, Lifting our hopes above this mortal strife; Lo, in the midst of death begins our life.

PSALMS AND HYMNS 764 Hell delivered up the dead. Rev. xiii.

1 Spirit, leave thy house of clay; Lingaring dust, resign thy breath; Spirit, cast thy chains away; Dust, be thou dissolved in death: Thus the almighty Saviour speaks, While the faithful Christian dies: Thus the bonds of life He breaks, And the ransomed captive flies.

2 Prisoner long detained below, Prisoner, now with freedom blest, Welcome from a world of woe, Welcome to a land of rest; Thus the choir of angels sing As they bear the soul on high; While with hallelujahs ring All the regions of the sky.

3 Grave, the guardian of our dust, Grave, the treasury of the skies, Every atom of thy trust Rests in hope again to rise. Hark, the judgment-trumpet calls: Soul, rebuild thy house of clay, Immortality thy walls, And eternity thy day.

765 They mount up to heaven. Ps. cvii.

1 CALM on the bosom of thy God, Fair spirit, rest thee now: Even while with ours thy footsteps trod, His seal was on thy brow.

2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath, Soul, to its place on high! They, that have seen thy look in death, No more may fear to die.

Entered into his rest. Heb. iv. 766

1 AT length released from many woes, How sweetly dost thou sleep! How calm and peaceful thy repose While Christ thy soul doth keep!

2 In earth's wide field thy body now We sow, which lifeless lies, In sure and certain hope that thou More glorious shalt arise.

3 Then rest thee in thy lowly bed, Nor let our hearts repine; Thy toils and wars are finished; A happy lot is thine. Amen. 767 – I shall not die but live. Ps. exviii.

1 Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,

Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;

Thy Saviour has passed through its portal before thee,

And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave: we no longer behold thee,

Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;

But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee, And sinners may hope, for the Sinless

has died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave, and, its mansion forsaking,

Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered long; But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on

but the mild rays of Paradise beamed on thy waking,

And the sound which thou heard'st was the Seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,

Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide:

He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee;

And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

768 Suffer the little children to come unto Mc. Mark x.

1 FAREWELL, my child: the Lord thy spirit calls

To leave a world of woe:

Sad on my heart the heavenly summons falls,

Yet, since He wills it so,
I calm the rising agitation,
And say, with humble resignation,
Farewell, my child.

2 Farewell, my child, lent for a little while Our drooping hearts to cheer; Dear was thy loving voice, thy gentle smile,

Ah who can tell how dear?
The sands are run, too quickly falling;
The Giver comes, His own recalling;
Farewell, my child.

3 Farewell, my child; soon may we meet again

In the good land of rest:

Thou goest, happy one, ere grief and pain Have reached thy gentle breast. Go where the flowers have never faded, Where love may smile unchilled, un-

shaded:

Farewell, my child.

4 Farewell, my child, angels are bending down

To set thy spirit free;

Thy Saviour guards in heaven the golden crown

He won on earth for thee; Young warrior, go; in Him victorious,

Go, share His rest and triumph glorious;
Farewell, my child.

769 There the wicked cease from troubling Job ini.

1 BROTHER, thou art gone before;
Thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown,
From the sore burden of the flesh,
From care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,

Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest.

Thou hast trod the toilsome way,

And borne the heavy load;
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
To reach His blest abode;
Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus,
Upon His Father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

3 Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail;
And there thou'rt sure to meet the friends
On earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

4 'Earth to earth,' and 'dust to dust,'
The solemn priest hath said;
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And seal thy narrow bed:
But thy sprit, brother, soars away
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

5 When the Lord shall summon us
Whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a welcome find;
May each, like thee, depart in peace,
To be a happy guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

770 0 grave, where is thy victory? 1 Cor. xv.

1 Lay down the shield and quit the sword,
For now thy work is done,
And swiftly towards the glowing east
Ascends the rising sun.
Angelic guards wait with the day
Thy crown of light to bring;
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

2 Bravely hast thou upheld the shield,
The path of conquest trod,
And followed in the battle-field
The banner of thy God.
The hour of rest approaches nigh,
And waiting heralds sing,
O grave, where is thy victor??

O death, where is thy sting?

3 They come, they come, (and high in air Is borne the victor's wreath,)
Who overthrew, in glorious war,
The world, the grave, and death.
There, there they wait to welcome thee,
And high their triumphs ring,
O grave, where is thy victory?

O death, where is thy sting? 771 Servents of Jesus Christ. Phil. 1.

1 SERVANT of God, go forth, Clad in thy Saviour's name: Like Him, must thou endure the cross; Like Him, despise the shame.

2 Servant of God, hope on,
Through tempests and through tears:
The pillar of His presence see,

3 Servant of God, farewell; Thy bed of death is made: Go, with His glorious countenance To light thee through the shade.

Lightening the waste of years.

4 Servant of God, all hail; The bright-haired army waits; And greeting angels round thy path Throng from the jasper gates. 5 'Servant of God, well done;' The judgment is His own: Pass to the inner light and sit With Him upon His throne.

772 Thou hast ordained them for judgment. Hab. i.

1 THERE comes an hour when I must part
With all I hold most dear;
And life, with its best hopes, will then
As nothingness appear.

2 There comes an hour when I must stan Before the judgment-seat, And all my sins, and all my foes, In awful vision most

In awful vision meet.

3 There comes an hour when I must land

U.an the eternal abore,
And nameless pain or blissful life
Be mine for evermore.

4 O Saviour, then, in all my need, Be near, be near to me; And let my soul, by stedfast faith, Find life and heaven in Thee.

773 And the deeps of the river shall dry up. Zech, x.

1 DARK river of death, that art flowing Between the bright city and me, Thou boundest the path I am going; O how shall I pass over thee?

2 When the cold stormy waters rise o'er me, And earth disappears from my sight; When the cloud rises thickly before me, And veils all my spirit in night;

3 O death, thou last portion of sorrow, The prospect of heaven is bright; And fair is the dawn of the morrow; But stormy and dreadful thy night.

4 O Thou who hast broken his power, Death's Conqueror, Saviour of men, Be with me in that solemn hour, And grant me deliverance then.

774 Whom I shall see for myself. Job xix.

1 Life is a shade: my days
Apace to death deel ne:
But my dear Lord will raise
My flesh again, even mine.
Sweet truth to me,
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

- 2 My peaceful grave shall keep My bones till that blest day, When I shall wake from sleep And leave my bed of clay. Sweet truth to me, &c.
- 3 My Lord's good angels shall
 Their golden trumpets sound,
 At whose most solemn call
 My grave shall be unbound.
 Sweet truth to me, &c.
- 4 What means my beating heart
 To be afraid of death?
 From life I shall not part,
 Though I resign my breath.
 Sweet truth to me, &c.
- 6 Then welcome, harmless grave; By thee to heaven I go: My Lord's own death shall save My life from endless woe. Sweet truth to me, &c.

775 Arise, depart; this is not your rest.

- I shall not in the grave remain, Since Thou death's bonds hast severed;
 I hope with Thee to rise again, From fear of death delivered.
 I hope to find Thee where Thou art,
 Dwell with Thee, from Thee never part;
 Therefore to die is rapture.
- 2 And so to Jesus Christ I go,
 My longing arms extending,
 So fall asleep in slumber deep,
 Slumber that knows no ending;
 Till Jesus Christ, the Son of God,
 Sliall ope the gate, and point the road
 To life and bliss eternal. Amen.

776 This is my rest for ever. Ps. exxxii.

To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit,
Who break'st in love this mortal chain;
My life I but from Thee inherit,
And death becomes my chiefest gain.
In Thee I live, in Thee I die,
Content, for Thou art ever nigh. Amen.

777 Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good? 1 Pet. iii.

- 1 My spirit to Thy care,
 Blest Saviour, I resign;
 Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
 For Thou art Love divine.
 In Thee I place my trust,
 On Thee I calmly rest,
 I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
 And count Thy choice the best.
 - 2 Whatever things betide,
 Thy will they must perform;
 Safe in Thy shelter I abide,
 Nor fear the coming storm.
 Let good or ill befall,
 It must be good for me,
 Secure of having Thee in all,
 Of having all in Thee.

778 We who have believed do enter into rest. Heb. iv.

- I Go to thy rest, my soul,
 Thy welcome summons hear:
 E'en now the passing bell doth toll
 For thy deliverance near.
- 2 Go to thy rest, my soul, Nor weep thy sickness more; The Great Physician makes thee whole, And heals each rankling sore.
- 3 Go to thy rest, my soul,
 Nor let thy courage fail;
 Though round thee death's dark waters roll,
 Their flood shall not prevail.
- 4 Go to thy rest, my soul; This earthly race is run, And thou hast reached the eternal goal, And all thy work is done.
- 5 Go to thy rest, my soul; Loosed is the silver cord, And broken is the golden bowl; Go forth to meet thy Lord.
- Go to thy rest, my soul;
 Pass through life's opening gate;
 My name is on the accepted roll,
 My crown in faith I wait.
- 7 Go to thy rest, my soul; Go, learn the unspoken song, Which, round the throne, from pole to pole, The hosts redesmed prolong. Amen.

779 In my flesh shall I see God. Job xix.

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives, In this my faith is fast; And whatsoe'er against Him strives Will surely fall at last. He lives, the mighty One, I know, Whose arm o'ercomes the strongert foe, Who death and hell hath vanquished.
- 2 He lives, He lives: though dust shall lie Upon my mouldering head, Yet He will call me, by and by, To quit my earthy bed; And I shall waken at His voice, Rise re-embodied, and rejoice To look on my Redeemer.
- 3 His promise, who hath ne'er deceived,
 In life and death I trust;
 The Lord in whom I have believed
 Will raise my sleeping dust:
 In this my very flesh that dies
 I shall revive, and with these eyes
 Shall see the God who made me.
- 4 Myself shall see Him in my flesh, With all His glory bright; His presence shall my heart refresh, And fill my soul with light. Myself shall ever on Him gaze, Myself shall ever sound His praise, Myself, and not another.
- 5 Rise then, my soul, e'en now, and live In hope's divine abode:
 Let earth and Satan vainly strive To tear thee from thy God.
 The bier, the coffin let them show,
 The grave, the gloom, the worm:—'I know
 That my Redeemer liveth.'

780 Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better. Phil. 1.

- 1 I JOURNEY forth rejoicing
 From this dark vale of tears
 To heavenly joy, and freedom
 From earthly bonds and fears;
 Where Christ our Lord shall gather
 All His redeemed again
 His kingdom to inherit:
 Goodnight, till then.
- 2 Go to thy quiet resting, Poor tenement of clay; From all thy pain and weakness I gladly haste away;

- But still in faith confiding
 To find thee yet again
 All glorious and immortal:
 Goodnight, till ther
- 3 Why thus so sadly weeping,
 Beloved of my heart?
 The Lord is good and gracious,
 Though now He bids us part:
 Oft have we met in gladness,
 And we shall meet again,
 All sorrow left behind us:
 Goodnight, till then
- 4 I hear the Saviour calling;
 The joyful hour has come,
 The angel guards are ready
 To guide me to our home.
 Where Christ our Lord shall gather
 All His redeemed again
 His kingdom to inherit:
 Goodnight, till then

781 The glory of God did lighten it.

- 1 Axr let this feeble body fail,
 And let it faint or die,
 My soul shall quit the mournful val
 And soar to worlds on high;
 Shall join the disembodied saints,
 And find its long-sought rest,
 That only bliss for which it pants,
 Upon the Saviour's breast.
- 2 In hope of that immortal crown,
 I would not now complain,
 But gladly wander up and down,
 And smile at toil or pain;
 Still suffer on my three-acore years,
 Till my Deliverer come
 To wipe away His servant's tears,
 And take His exile home.
- 3 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
 Before my ravished eyes
 Rivers of life divine I see,
 And trees of paradise.
 I see a world of spirits bright,
 Who taste the pleasures there;
 They all are robed in spotless white,
 And conquering palms they bear.
- 4 O what are all my sorrows here, If, Lord, Thou mak'st me meet With that bright army to appear, And worship at Thy feet?

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain, Take life or friends away; But let me find them all again In that eternal day.

782 0 death, where is thy sting? 1 Cor. xv

VITAL spark of heavenly flame, Quit, O quit this mortal frame; Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying, O the pain, the bliss of dying! Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife, And let me languish into life.

- 2 Hark, they whisper, angels say,

 'Sister spirit, come away.'

 What is this absorbs me quite,

 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,

 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?

 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
- 3 The world recedes, it disappears;
 Heaven opens on my eyes, my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring:
 Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly:
 O grave, where is thy victory,
 O death, where is thy sting?

783 Yet a little while, and her harvest shall come. Jer. li.

1 A LITTLE while, and every fear,
That o'er the perfect day
Throws shadows dark and drear,
Shall fade like mist away:
The silent tear, the weary sigh,

Shall pass into a smile: Time melts into eternity; We only wait a little while.

2 A little while, and all is o'er
That steals the heart away:
Life's joys and cares no more
Shall lure our steps astray:

No clouds our heavenward view shall dim; The world shall not beguile

- The world shall not beguile
 Our ever faithful thoughts from Him
 Who bade us wait a little while.
- 3 A little while, and all around,
 This earth and air and sea,
 Yon sunny light, the sound
 Of nature's minstrelsy,
 Shall have an end: but we shall rise,
 And change these bodies vile
 For the Lord's likeness in the skies: —
 We only wait a little while.

784 They that endure to the end shall be saved. Matt. z.

- 1 BREAST the wave, Christian,
 When it is strongest;
 Watch for day, Christian,
 When night is longest:
 Onward and award still
 Be thine endeavour:
 Seek the rest that remains
 To thee for ever.
- 2 Fight the fight, Christian,
 Jesus is o'er thee;
 Run the race, Christi 1.
 Heaven is before thee:
 He who hath promised it,
 Faltereth never;
 He who hath loved so well,
 Loveth for ever.
- 3 Lift thine eye, Christian,
 Just as it closeth;
 Raise thy heart, Christian,
 Ere it reposeth;
 Thee from the love of Christ
 Let not death sever;
 And, when thy work is done,
 Praise Him for ever.

785 Is not God in the height of heaven? Job zxil.

- l High in yonder realms of light,
 Far above these lower skies,
 Fair and exquisitely bright,
 Heaven's unfading mansions rise;
 Glad within these blest abodes
 Dwell the raptured saints above,
 Where no anxious care corrodes,
 Happy in Emmanuel's love.
- 2 All is tranquil and serene,
 Calm and undisturbed repose:
 There no cloud can intervene,
 There no angry tempest blows.
 Every tear is wiped away,
 Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
 Night is lost in endless day,
 Sorrow in eternal rest.

786 There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God. Ps. xlvi.

1 A LIVING stream, as crystal clear, Welling from out the throne Of God and of the Lamb on high, The Lord to man hath shows. This stream doth water paradise, It makes the angels sing; One precious drop within the heart Is of all joy the spring, Joy past all speech, of glory full, But stored where none may know, As manns hid in dewy heaven, As pearls in ocean low.

2 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor to man's heart hath come
What for those loving Thee in truth
Thou hast in love's own home.
But by His Sprint, He to us
The secret doth reveal;
Faith sees and hears: but O for wings
To touch, and taste, and feel,
Wings like a dove to waft us on
High o'er the flood of sin!
Lord of the ark, put forth Thine hand,
And take Thy wanderers in. Amen.

787 Psalm xxiii. The Lord is my shepherd,

- 1 My shepherd is the Lord: no care Or craving want I know: In pastures green He feeds me, where The soothing waters flow:
- 2 He calls my wandering spirit back From paths of sin and shame, And leads me in the righteous track, So holy is His Name.
- 3 I fear no evil, though my way Through death's dark valley lie; Thy rod and staff are all my stay; Thy guiding hand is nigh:
- 4 Thy table for my feast is spread In aight of all my foes: Thy cheerful oil anoints my head; My cup of joy o'erflows.
- 5 Still with Thy love and goodness blest Till life's last days are o'er, Within Thy dwelling I shall rest, O Lord, for evermore.

788 Psalm xxiii. The Lord is my shepherd,

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His presence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watchful eye; My noon-day walks He shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend.

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint, Or on the thirsty mountain pant, To fertile vales and dewy meads My weary wandering steps He leads, Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow, Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
 Thy friendly creok shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade

789 O Shepherd of Israel. Ps. 1xxx.

- 1 SEE the good Shepherd Jesus stands, And calls His sheep by name; Gathers the feeble in His arms, And feeds each tender lamb.
- 2 He leads them to the gentle stream Where living water flows, And guides them to the verdant fields Where sweetest herbage grows.
- 3 The weakest lambs in all the flock His tender mercies share; While folded in our Saviour's arms, We are free from every snare.
- 4 Thus may we safely venture through, Beneath our Shepherd's care, And keep the gates of heaven in view Till we shall enter there.

790 I will feed my flock, and I will cause them to lie down, saith the Lord God. Esek. xxxiv.

- Yas, our Shepherd leads with gentle hand, Through the dark pilgrim-land, His flock so dearly bought, So long and fondly sought. Hallelujah!
- 2 When in cloud and mist the weak ones stray, He shows again the way, And points to them afar A bright and guiding star. Hallelujah!
- 3 Tenderly He watches from on high
 With an unwearied eye:
 He comforts and sustains
 In all their fears and pains. Hallelujah!
- 4 Through the dreary desert He will guide To the green fountain-side, Through the dark, stormy night To a calm land of light. Hallelujah!

5 Yes, His little flock is ne'er forgot, His mercy changes not; Our home is safe above, Within His arms of love. Halleluiah!

791 Lord, save us. Matt. viii.

- 1 Jesu, meek and gentle, Son of God most high, Pitying, loving Saviour, Hear Thy children's cry.
- 2 Pardon our offences, Loose our captive chains, Break down every idol Which our soul detains.
- 3 Give us holy freedom,
 Fill our hearts with love;
 Draw us, gentle Jesu,
 To the realms above.
- 4 Lead us on our journey, Be Thyself the Way Through this earthly darkness To celestial day.
- 5 Jesu, meek and gentle, Son of God most high, Pitying, loving Saviour, Hear Thy children's cry. Amen.

792 Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. 2 Cor. 1v.

- 1 O LET him, whose sorrow No relief can find, Trust in God, and borrow Ease for heart and mind.
- 2 Where the mourner weeping Sheds the secret tear, God His watch is keeping, Though none else be near.
- 3 God will never leave thee; All thy wants He knows, Feels the pains that grieve thee, Sees thy cares and wees.
- 4 Raise thine eyes to heaven When thy spirits quail, When, by tempests driven, Heart and courage fail.
- 5 When in grief we languish, He will dry the tear, Who His children's anguish Soothes with succour near.

- 6 All our wos and sadness, In this world below, Balance not the gladness We in beaven shall know.
- 7 Jesus, holy Saviour,
 In the realms above
 Crown us with Thy favour,
 Fill us with Thy love. Amen.

793 Where I am, there shall also My ser-

- 1 CHRIST will gather in His own To the place where He is gone, Where their heart and treasure lic, Where our life is hid on high.
- 2 Day by day the voice saith, 'Come, Enter thine eternal home;' Asking not if we can spare Each dear soul it summons there.
- 3 Had He asked us, well we know We should cry, 'Withhold the blow,' Yea, with streaming tears should pray. 'Lord, we love him, let him stay.'
- 4 But the Lord doth nought amiss, And, since He hath ordered this, We have nought to do, but still Rest in silence on His will.
- 5 Many a heart no longer here Was, alas, too inly dear; Yet, O Love, 'tis Thou dost call; Thou wilt be our all in all.

794 Sorrow shall be turned into joy. John xvi

- 1 No seas again shall sever, No desert in:ervine; No deep sad-flowing river Shall roll its tide between.
- 2 No bleak cliffs upward towering Shall bound our eager sight; No tempest darkly lowering Shall wrap us in its night.
- 3 Love, and unsevered union
 Of soul with those we love.
 Nearness and glad communion
 Shall be our joy above.
- 4 No dread of wasting sickness, No thought of ache or pain, No fretting hours of weakness, Shall mar our peace again.

5 No death our homes o'ershading Shall e'er our harps unstring, For all is life unfading In presence of our King.

795 Our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep. Heb. xiii.

- 1 One alone hath power to give
 Solare in our earthly way:
 One alone can bid us live
 In the light of endless day;
 He who, worlds and hearts o'erseeing,
 All we do and bear decreeing,
 Speeds us on our heavenward road,—
 Christ our Saviour, Christ our God.
 Christ our Saviour, Christ our God.
- 2 Christ alone, His people's hope,
 Vanquisher of death and sin,
 Lends them strength with fees to cope,
 Foes without and foes within.
 Christ, the shepherd of the weary,
 Through this life-waste dim and dreary
 Guides His own with gentle hand
 To their long-lost Fatherland.
- 3 They, the sheep He tends so well, Drink the fountains of His love, Trusting evermore to dwell In His peace and joy above. If His blessing here is sweetness, What will be the rich completeness, When in never-ending bliss He is theirs, and they are His?
- 4 Soldiers, for your Captain fight; Servants, work your Master's will: Fear not Satan's hellish might: He who conquered, conquers still. Forth to every heathen nation Bear His banner of salvation; Spread His name, His truth abroad— Christ your Saviour, Christ your God.

796 That they may continue Thine for ever. Confirmation Prayer.

- 1 THIME for ever! God of love, Hear us from Thy throne above; Thine for ever may we be, Here and in eternity!
- 2 Thine for ever! Lord of life, Shield us through our earth!y strife; Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way, Guide us to the realms of day.
- 3 Thine for ever! O how blest They who find in Thee their rest; Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend, O defend us to the end.

- 4 Thine for ever! Saviour, keep These Thy frail and trembling aheep; Safe alone beneath Thy care Let us all Thy goodness share.
- 5 Thine for ever! Thou our Guide, All our wants by Thee supplied, All our sins by Thee forgiven, Led by Thee from earth to heaven!

797 To die is gain. Phil. L

- 1 When musing sorrow weeps the past,
 And mourns the present pain,
 How sweet to think of peace at last,
 And feel that death is gain!
 Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise
 And dread a Father's will;
 Tis not that meek submission flies,
 And would not suffer still.
- 2 It is that heaven-taught faith surveys
 The path to realms of light,
 And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
 And lose herself in sight.
 It is that hope with ardour glows
 To see Him face to face,
 Whose dying love no language knows
 Sufficient skill to trace.
- 3 O let me wing my hallowed flight From earth-born woe and care, And soar above these clouds of night, My Saviour's bliss to share. Give glory to the Three in One, &c.

798 Here we have no continuing city.

- 1 We have no abiding city here: This may distress the worldling's mind But should not cost the saint a tear, Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 We have no abiding city here: Then let us live as pilgrims do; Let not the world our rest appear, But let us haste from all below.
- 3 We have no abiding city here: We seek a city out of sight: Zion its name! the Lord is there; It shines with everlasting light.
- 4 Ah sweet abode of peace and love, Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest; Hal I the pinions of a dove, I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.

5 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine; The time my God appoints is best; While here, to do His will be mine, And His to fix my time of rest.

799 I will that they may be with Me where I am. John xvii.

1 Soon, and for ever! this promise we trust, Though ashes to ashes and dust sink to dust,

Soon, and for ever, our union shall be Made perfect, our glorious Redeemer, in

When the sins and the sorrows of time shall be o'er,

Its pangs and its partings remembered no more,

Where life cannot fail, and where death cannot sever.

Christians with Christ shall be soon, and for ever.

2 Soon, and for ever, the breaking of day Shall drive all the night-clouds of sorrow away;

Soon, and for ever, we see as we're seen, And learn the deep meaning of things that have been;

When fightings without us, and fears from within,

Shall weary no more in the warfare of ain,

Where tears, and where fears, and where death shall be never,

Christians with Christ shall be soon, and for ever.

800 My Father's house. Job xiv.

1 Ome sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever was before.
Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be,
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.
Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down,
Nearer to lose the cross,
Nearer to gain the crown.

2 But lying dark between, And winding through the night, Is the deep and unknown stream That leads me to the light. Saviour, confirm my trust,
Strengthen the hands of faith,
Be nigh me when I stand
On the dismal abore of death:
Nigh when my fearful feet
Are slipping o'er the brink: —
O I may be nearer home
This moment, than I think.

801 The sufferings of Christ abound in us. 2 Cor. 1.

- 1 WHEN our heads are bowed with woe, When our bitter tears o'erflow, When we mourn the lost, the dear, Jesu, born of woman, hear.
- 2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn, Thou our earthly griefs hast borne, Thou hast shed the human tear; Jesu, born of woman, hear.
- 3 Thou hast bowed the dying head, Thou the blood of life hast shed, Thou hast filled a mortal bier; Jesu, born of woman, hear.
- 4 When the heart is sad within With the sense of all its sin, When the spirit shrinks with fear, Jesu, born of woman, hear.
- 5 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known; Though the sins were not Thine own, Thou hast deigned their load to bear; Jesn, born of woman, hear.

802 Treasures in heaven. Matt. vi.

- 1 LIFT thy longing eyes to heaven; There thy truest treasure lies, Hid in Christ beyond the skies. He the glorious hope hath given, That where He is thou shalt be, Blessed in eternity.
- 2 Here thy days, amid temptation, Swiftly hasten to their end: Thou must to the grave descend: Oft be this thy meditation: Now, my soul, prepare to die: Now prepare to live on high.
- 3 All things to their doom are tending;
 But thou shalt new worlds explore,
 High above these clouds shalt soar.
 O that with the angels bending
 Low before their Lord and mine,
 I may share the rest divine!

The second secon

4 Jesu, now uphold my spirit:

Make my soul Thy constant care:
Save me from each deadly snare,
And prepare me to inherit
That true life, that holy peace,

803 Set thy house in order. Isa. xxxviii.

Those pure joys that ne'er shall cease.

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come;
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more storms shall beat On this wild rocky shore: And we shall be where tempests cease, And surges swell no more.

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more struggles here, A few more partings o'er; A few more toils, a few more tears, And we shall weep no more. Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that blest day; O wash me in Thy precious blood,

And take my sins away.

A few more sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our road,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The sabbath of our God.
Then, O my Lord, prepare

The saboath of our God.

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

Tis but a little while,

And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

804 Behold, we die. Num. xvii.

1 Thou inevitable day, When a voice to me shall say, 2

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806 Jesus is our hope. 1 Tim. i.

1 Lo the mid-day beam of life
Death with clouds o'ercasteth;
And to close this mortal strife
Man each moment hasteth.
To whom shall we our spirits
Commend, but to Thy care alone,
Who didst for our sins atone?
Most holy Lord and God,
Holy, almighty God,
Holy and most merciful Saviour,
Thou eternal God,
Let Thine help sustain us
In the bitter pains of death:
O Lord, have mercy.

Man sinks down before Thee;
Scarcely, while that weight he feels,
Daring to implore Thee.
O what shall be his refuge?
Thou art the sinner's trust alone,
Who didst for the world atone.
Most holy Lord and God,
Holy, almighty God,
Holy and most merciful Saviour,
Thou eternal God,
Grant that we may never

2 When Thy light his guilt reveals,

O Lord, have mercy. 807 The hope of the promise. Acts xxvi.

Fall from pious hope in Thee:

- 1 'WHOSOE'ER in Me believeth, Everlasting life receiveth: Whosoe'er to Me doth fly, Never shall his spirit die.'
- 2 Hear His word who ever liveth: Life and peace to us He giveth: Weep not as the heathen weep: He shall wake His saints from sleep.

808 The hour is coming. John v.

1 BEYOND the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home,
Sweet hope;
Lord, tarry not, but come.

2 Beyond the blooming and the fading I shall be soon; Beyond the shining and the shading, Beyond the hoping and the dreading I shall be soon. Love, rest, and home, &c.

3 Beyond the rising and the setting I shall be soon, Beyond the calming and the fretting, Beyond remembering and forgetting I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home, &c.

4 Beyond the gathering and the strowing
I shall be soon,
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going
I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home, &c.

5 Beyond the parting and the meeting I shall be soon,
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond this pulse's fever-beating
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home, &c.

809 Psalm v. Give car to my words, &c.

1 Lord, hear the voice of my complaint, Accept my secret prayer;
To Thee alone, my King, my God, Will I for help repair.
Thou in the dawn my voice shalt hear, To Thee my watchful eyes
Shall turn, and ordered vows ascend, Before the day-star rise.

2 For Thou hast joy in saints alone, No evil dwells with Thee; The boastful scorner, proud and vain, Shall from Thy presence flee. But I will come where in Thine house Thy countless mercies flow; Upon Thy mount of holiness

With fear will meekly bow.

3 Lord, guide me in Thy righteous truth,
For fees beset my way;
If Thou make plain the path I seek,
I cannot go astray.
To Fither See and Hele Chart for

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, &c.

810 I myself will awake right early. Ps. 1vii.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun Thy daily stage of duty run,

r 2

Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Improve thy talent with due care,
For the great day thyself prepare.
Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
By influence of the light divine
Let thy own light in good works shine.

2 Glory to Thee who safe hast kept
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall
wake,
I may of endless light partake.
Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art;
O never then from me depart;
For to my soul 'tis hell to be
One little moment void of Thee.
Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and
will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill. Amen.

S11 O Lord, be Thou our arm every morning. Isa. xxxiii.

- 1 God of mercy and of might, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Who hast made the day and night, Sun and moon and starry host, By whose all sustaining hand Worlds and systems ordered stand:
- 2 Praise to Thee, that we have slept Free from peril, fear, and pain, Through the darkness safely kept To enjoy the light again; And the malice of the foe Hath not wrought our overthrow.
- 3 With the shadows that are gone, Let the night of sin depart; Jesu, Lord, thy wounds alone Fill with balm the wounded heart; Only Thou to all our woes Bringest solace, strength, repose.
- 4 Help us all this morning-tide
 New in spirit to arise;
 Keep us still, defend and guide,
 That, when on our startled eyes
 The great judgment-dawn shall break,
 We to enclose light may wake.

5 Let Thine holy angels, Lord,
Ever through the daylight hours
Holding round us watch and ward,
Baffling all the tempter's powers,
Guard our souls, and when we die,
Waft them to Thy throne on high.

812 Because he hath set his love upon therefore will I deliver him. xci.

- 1 New every morning is the love
 Our wakening and uprising prove,
 Through sleep and darkness safe
 brought,
 Restored to life and power and though
 New mercies each returning day
 Hover around us while we pray;
 New perils past, new sins forgiven,
 New thoughts of God, new hopes
 heaven.
- 2 If, on our daily course, our mind Be set to hallow all we find, New treasures still, of countless price, God will provide for sacrifice. The trivial round, the common task, Will furnish all we need to ask, Room to deny ourselves, a road To bring us daily nearer God.
- 3 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
 Fit us for perfect rest above;
 And help us, this and every day,
 To live more nearly as we pray.
 Praise God from whom all blessings fi

813 God called the light Day. Gen. L.

- 1 Source of light and power divine, Making day with brightness shine, Who, ere earth was framed, didst call Light from darkness first of all, Morn and eve in meet array Who didst join, and name them Day, Now night's gloomy shades draw near, To our suppliant cries give ear.
- 2 Let us not, by guilt deprest, Lose the way to endless rest; Let not thoughts impure and vain Down to earth our spirits chain. Rather lift them to the skies, Where our dearest treasure lies; Help us in our daily strife, Help to win the prize of life.

3 Now with prayers importunate
Knocking hard at heaven's high gate,
May we find admission there,
And Thy blissful presence share.
Holy Father, holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Praise and glory be to Thee,
Now and through eternity. Amen.

814 Stand corry morning to thank the Lord. 1 Chron. xxiii.

1 The golden sunbeams with their joyous gleams

Are kindling o'er earth her life and her mirth.

Shedding forth lovely and heart-cheering light;

Through the dark hours chill I lay silent and still;

But, risen at length to gladness and strength,

I gaze on the heavens all glowing and bright.

2 O come, let us raise our voices, and praise The Maker of all, at His feet let us fall, Offering to Him again all He hath given,

The best that is ours, our hearts and our powers;

Glad songs that we sing, glad thanks that we bring,

These are the incense most grateful to Heaven.

3 Evening and morning thus ever He cares for us,

Bringing good still and warding off ill; These are His works, thus His kindness we prove:

When the world sleeps His watch still He keeps,

When we arise, He gladdens our eyes
With the snushine of mercy, the glow
of His love.

4 Crosses and sorrow may end with the dawning day,

Stormiest seas shall sink into peace; The wild winds are hushed, and the

sunshine returns:
So fulness of rest, and the calm of the

blest, Are waiting me there in that garden most fair.

That home for which daily my spirit now yearns.

815 The Lord's mercies are new every morning. Lam. iii.

1 Yz who have spent the silent night In sleep and quiet rest,

And joy to see the cheerful light That riseth in the east,

Now lift your hearts, your voices raise, Your morning tribute bring,

And pay a grateful song of praise To heaven's almighty King.

2 And as this gloomy night did last But for a little space,

As heavenly day, now night is past, Doth show his pleasant face,

So let us hope, when faith and love Their work on earth have done, God's blessed face to see above

God's blessèd face to see above, Heaven's better, brighter sun.

3 God grant us grace that height to gain, That glorious sight to see,

And send us, after worldly pain,
A life from trouble free;
Where cheerful day shall ever shine,

And sorrow never come:
Lord, be a place, a portion mine
In that bright blissful home. Amen.

816 He setteth an end to darkness. Job xxviii.

- 1 BEHOLD it shines, the golden light;
 Haste, nightly shadows, haste your flight,
 That we through danger's devious way
 No more may blindly, darkly, stray.
 Shine, blessed light, serenely shine,
 And show our brightness pure as Thine,
 Obscured in lips or heart by nought
 Of crafty word or evil thought.
- 2 So pass the daylight hours along,
 Nor treacherous hand, nor lying tongue,
 Nor roving eye, betray to sin
 The outward walk or soul within.
 Behold above the Watchman's eye:
 To Him our days all open lie:
 By Him are all our deeds surveyed,
 From early dawn to evening shade.

817 Thou shall cry, and He shall say, Here I am. Isa. Ivili.

1 LORD, again we meet before Thee, Spared to see another day; Help us, humbly we implore Thee, Worthily to praise and pray;

P 3

Worldly cares and thoughts dispelling, May Thy Spirit, in us dwelling, Teach us rightly to adore Thee, Learn Thy will, and keep Thy way.

The second section with the second section of the

2 Hear, O Lord, our full confession,
When to Thee we lift our cry:
Pardon speak for each transgression;
To our suppliant souls draw nigh:
Thy pure Word our hearts directing,
Thy good grace our steps protecting,
Through the Saviour's intercession,
All we need, O Lord, supply. Amen.

- 818 That was the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.
- 1 O JESU, Lord of heavenly grace,
 Thou brightness of the Father's face,
 Thou fountain of eternal light,
 Whose beams disperse the shades of night;
 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
 Pour down Thy radiance from above,
 And to our inward hearts convey
 Thy Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.
- 2 Do Thou our actions deign to bless, And loose the bands of wickedness; From sudden falls our feet defend, And bring us to a prosperous end. May faith, deep-rooted in the soul. Subdue our flesh, our minds control: May guile depart, and discord cease, And all within be joy and peace.
- 3 And Thou shalt be our daily food, Our daily drink Thy precious blood: And thus the Spirit's calm excess Shall fill our souls with holiness. O hallowed be each coming day; Let meekness be our morning ray, And faithful love our noontide light, And hope our sunset calm and bright.
- 4 O Christ, on each returning morn
 Thy image in our hearts be born,
 And may we ever truly see
 Our Saviour and our God in Thee.
 Praise we the Lord with choral hymn,
 &c.
- 819 I laid me down and slept, and rose up again, for the Lord sustained me. Ps. iii.
- 1 Come, my soul, thou must be waking: Now is breaking O'er the earth another day: Come, to Him, who made this splendour, See thou render All thy feeble strength can pay.

2 Gladly hail the light returning: Ready burning Be the incense of thy powers: For the night is safely ended; God hath tended

With His care thy helpless hours.

3 Pray that He may prosper ever Each endeavour,

When thine aim is good and true; But that He may ever thwart thee, And convert thee,

When thou evil would'st pursue.

4 Think that He thy ways beholdeth, He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within.
Every stain of shame glossed over
Can discover,

And discern each deed of sin.

5 Fettered to the fleeting hours, All our powers, Vain and brief, are borne away: Time, my soul, thy ship is steering, Onward veering,

To the gulf of death a prey.

6 May'st thou then, on life's last morrow,

Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And, released from death's dark sadnes
Rise in gladness,

That far brighter Sun to greet.

7 Only God's free gifts abuse not, Light refuse not, But His Spirit's voice obey; Soon shall joy thy brow be wreathing, Splendour breathing

Fairer than the fairest day. Amen.

820 Joy cometh in the morning. Ps. xxx.

- 1 Christ, whose glory fills the skies, Christ, the true, the only Light, Sun of Righteousness, arise, Triumph o'er the shades of night: Day-spring from on high, be near; Day-star, in our hearts appear.
- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn, Lord, if it be reft of Thee; Joyless is the day's return, Till Thy mercy's beams we see; Till they pour their gladdening light Through the darkness of our night.

FOR EASTER

3 Visit, then, these souls of Thine, Pierce the gloom of sin and grief; Fill us, Lord, with light divine; Scatter all our unbelief: More and more Thyself display,

- Shining to the perfect day. 4 Father, glory be to Thee, Glory to the blessed Son Glory to the Spirit be,
 - Glory to the Three in One, As it was, is now, shall be, Filling all eternity. Amen.
- 821 Early in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up. 1 Now that the daylight fills the sky,
- We lift our hearts to God on high, That He, in all we do or say, Would keep us free from harm to-day. 2 May He restrain our tongues from strife,
- And shield from anger's din our life, And guard with watchful care our eyes From earth's absorbing vanities. 3 0 may our inmost hearts be pure, From thoughts of folly kept secure,
- And pride of sinful flesh subdued Through sparing use of daily food. 4 So we, when this day's work is o'er, And shades of night return once more, Our path of trial safely trod, Shall give the glory to our God. 5 All praise to God the Father be;
- All praise, eternal Son, to Thee: Whom, with the Spirit, we adore For ever and for evermore. Amen.
- 822 In Him is no darkness at all. 1 John i. 1 O GRACIOUS Father, who the day hast
 - To mark our progress on the road to Hear us, Thy sinful children, who from
 - So oft have turned, yet to Thy mercy
- 2 O Son of God, true Sun our day adorning. Whose beams prepare for us the eternal Take not away Thy light, our hope
 - By day, by night, upon our spirits

- 3 O Holy Ghost, abide our consolation When all around is gloom and tr. The night of sorrow soon shall If Thy pure lamp our mourning ap
- 4 O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, n One glorious God by all our hearts o Lead us to Thee through life's uncerta
- Through this world's night to This A light to them that sit in darkness. Luke 1. 823
- 1 Now to Christ our life and light, Who hath made the day and night, Let our grateful praise ascend,
- Grateful praise that ne'er shall end. Thou who mad'st the grave Thy bed, May our sins in Thee be dead : May we rise with Thee to live, Who dost life eternal give. Suddenly the earth to rend,
- 2 Thou who shalt again descend Suffer not our souls to be Unprepared to welcome Thee. Holy Father, Holy Son, Holy Ghost, in glory One, God most blest, with gracious eyes Own our daily sacrifice.
- Amen. The Light shineth in darkness. 824
- 1 DAYSPRING of eternity Light of uncreated Light, Let us all this morning see Thy pure effluence, full and bright, Scattering with its holy ray Night away.
- 2 To our thirsting souls impart Thy sweet matin-dews of love, Breathing into every heart Gentlest influence from above; And with grace our lives defend To the end.
- 3 Shrivel in Thy fervent blaze Our cold works of unconcern;

That with morn's reviving rays
Our enkindled hearts may burn,
And, ere death and doom shall be,
Live to Thee.

- 4 Orient splendour of the skies,
 Grant that on the judgment morn
 From the dust our flesh may rise,
 And, to nobler being born,
 - In a higher happier place Run its race.
- 5 Through these dim and dangerous years
 Guide us with Thy lamp of love;
 Lead us from this vale of tears
 To Thy peaceful realm above,
 Where in light our souls shall rest
 Ever blest.

825 It is but the third hour of the day.

- 1 Come, Holy Ghost, who ever One Art with the Father and the Son; Come, Holy Ghost, our souls possess With Thy full flood of holiness.
- 2 In word and deed, by heart and tongue, With all our powers Thy praise be sung; May love enwrap our mortal frame, And others catch the living flame.
- 3 Almighty Father, hear our cry, Through Jesus Christ our Lord most High, Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee, Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

826 At noon will I pray. Ps. lv.

- 1 O God of truth, O Lord of might, Who orderest time and change aright, Brightening the morn with golden gleams, Kindling the noon-day's fiery beams:
- 2 Quench Thou in us the flames of strife, From passion's heat preserve our life, Our bodies keep from perils free, And give our souls true peace in Thec.
- 3 Almighty Father, hear our cry, &c.

S27 At noon will I pray. Ps. lv.

1 Ur to the throne of God is borne The voice of praise at early morn, And He accepts the punctual hymn Sung as the light of day grows dim. Nor will He turn His ear aside From holy offerings at noontide; Then here to Him our souls we raise In songs of gratitude and praise. 2 Look up to beaven: the industrious sun Already half his race hath run; He cannot halt or go astray, But our immortal spirits may. Lord, since his rising in the east, If we have faltered or transgressed, Guide, from Thy love's abundant source, What yet remains of this day's course.

....

3 Help with Thy grace, through life's short day, Our upward and our downward way, And glorify for us the west, When we shall sink to final rest. Almighty Father, hear our cry, &c.

828 The hour of prayer, being the ninth hour. Acts iii,

- 1 O God, of all the Strength and Power, Who doet, unmoved, each passing hour, Through all its changes, guide the day From early morn to evening's ray,
- 2 Brighten life's eventide with light That ne'er shall set in gloom of night; Till we a holy death attain And everlasting glory gain.
- 3 Almighty Father, hear our cry, &c.

829 Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him. 1 Sam. 1.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun Thy daily course of duty run: Shake off dull sloth, and grateful rise To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 O God, I lay secure from harm, Encircled by Thy guardian arm; I closed my eyes in quiet sleep, Whilst many a mourner woke to weep.
- 3 My vows to Thee I now renew; Scatter my sins as morning dew; My spirit with Thy Spirit fill, To guard my thoughts and guide my
- 4 O prompt, direct, control, this day, Whate'er I do, desire, or say, That all my powers, Thy gift, may be Devoted thankfully to Thee.
- 5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, &c.

830 In the morning shall my prayer prevent Thee. Ps. lxxxiii.

 In sleep's serene oblivion laid, We safely passed the silent night;
 Once more we see the breaking shade, And drink again the morning light.

- 2 Revived we bless the waking hour,
 Once more with awe rejoice to be;
 Our conecious souls resume their power,
 And spring, our gracious God, to Thee.
- 3 O guide us through the various maze Our doubtful feet are doomed to tread; And be Thy shield's protecting blaze The safeguard of our perilled head.
- 4 A deeper shade must soon impend, A deeper sleep our eyes oppress; Thy power, as now, shall still defend; Thy love, as now, Thy servants bless.
- 5 That deeper shade shall fade away, That deeper sleep release our eyes; Thy light shall give eternal day, Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

831 Now the day draweth towards evening. Judges xix.

- 1 As every day Thy mercy spares Will bring its trials or its cares, O Saviour, till my life shall end, Be Thou my Counsellor and Friend; Teach me Thy precepts all divine, And be Thy great example mine.
- 2 When daily toils and duties close, And wearied nature seeks repose, With pardoning mercy richly blest, Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest; And as each morning sun shall rise, O lead me onward to the skies.
- 3 And at my life's last setting sun,
 My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
 Jesu. Thine heavenly radiance shed,
 To cheer and bless my dying bed;
 And to Thy throne my spirit raise,
 To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.

 Amen.

832 Psalm Iv. 4. Stand in awe, &c.:

1 O STAND in awe, and fear to sin Against His soverain will; With your own heart on bed of rest Take counsel, and be still. O let your heart be right with God, To whom your offerings rise: And rest your hope and trust above,

Beyond the glorious skies.

2 There are, who mourn with sick desires, For good denied repine; But, Lord, grant only that Thy love May beam on me and mine.

- Yea, while I pray, my heart hath felt New joys within me born, More gladdening than the vintage brings, Or garners stored with corn.
- 3 And I will lay me down to rest,
 And peace shall spread her wings,
 To calm my spirit where I dwell
 Kept by the King of kings.
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, &c.

833 Psalm lxiii. O God, Thou art my God.

- 1 O God, Thou art my God alone, Early to Thee my soul shall cry, A pilgrim in a land unknown, A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.
- 2 Better than life itself Thy love, Dearer than all beside to me: For whom have I in heaven above, Or what on earth compared with Thee?
- 3 With lifted hands, with cheerful voice, Praise for Thy goodness I will give; In Thee my heart and reins rejoice, My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.
- 4 Thee in the watches of the night
 Will I remember on my bed;
 Thy presence makes the darkness light,
 Thy guardian wings are round my
 head.
- 5 One God unseen, the Father, Son, &c.

834 Psalin exli. Lord, I cry unto Thee,

- 1 To Thee I call: O Lord, be swift To hear my earnest cries; Before Thy presence let my prayer As fragrant incense rise, And be my lifted hands, O Lord, An evening sacrifice.
- 2 Lord, set a watch upon my mouth, My guarded lips make fast: Turn not my heart to men, whose lives In wickedness are past; Ne'er let me work their sinful works, Nor of their dainties taste.
- 3 From snares by crafty foes contrived
 Do Thou deliver me,
 And from the godless scorner's net:
 Let ainners tangled be
 In their own toils, while I pass on
 From pain and peril free. Amen.

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PSALMS AND

7 The day is Thine, the night also is Thine, Ps. lxxxix.

- 1 BLEST Creator of the light, Making day with radiance bright, Thou didst o'er the new-born earth Give the golden light its birth.
- 2 Shade of eve with morning ray Took from Thee the name of Day; Now again the shades are nigh, Listen to our humble cry.
- 3 May we ne'er, by guilt deprest, Lose the way to endless rest; Nor with idle thoughts and vain Bind our souls to earth again.
- 4 Rather may we heavenward rise, Where eternal treasure lies; Purified by grace within, Hating every deed of sin.
- 5 Holy Father, hear our cry Through Thy Son, our Lord most High, Whom our thankful hearts adore, With the Spirit, evermore. Amen.

836 Under His wings shalt thou trust.

- 1 GLORY to Thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light; Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Under Thine own almighty wings. Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, The ill that I this day have done, That with the world, myself, and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be. Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as little as my bed; Teach me to die, that so I may Rise glorious at the awful day.

 2 O may my soul on Thee repose,
- To serve my God when I awake.
 When in the night I sleepless lie,
 My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
 Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
 No powers of darkness me molest.
 Praise God from whom all blessings
 flow, &c.

And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close, Sleep that shall me more vigorous make

837 His will I be, and with Him abide. 2 Sam. xvi.

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
 It is not night if Thou be near:
 O may no earth-born cloud arise
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

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- 2 When shall that day of gladness come, Ne'er sinking in the west, That country and that blessed home, Where none shall break our rest; Where life shall be all love and peace, And pleasure without end, And golden harps that never cease With joyous hymns to blend; Where we, O God, preserved beneath The shelter of Thy wing, For evermore Thy praise shall breathe, And of Thy mercy sing? Amen.
- 840 I will make them to lie down safely. Hos. ii.
- 1 LORD, of life the Guard and Giver,
 Blessed be Thy Name for ever!
 Thou who slumberest not nor sleepest,
 Safe are those Thou kindly keepest.
 Through night's curtains round us closing
 Seen of Thee is our reposing;
 Trustful then, though all unworthy,
 Lie we down, O Lord, before Thee.
 Let Thine angels without number
 Watch around our beds of slumber,
 Guard from spirits of perdition,
 Guilty thoughts, and evil vision.
- 2 Grant to those in pain that languish Rest to lull the sense of anguish; Give to those in sorrow waking Rest to soothe the heart's sore aching. Thou whose love is never ending, Sleep to Thy beloved sending, Night by night O send, to ease us, Sleep, until we sleep in Jesus. Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, By whose mercy we inherit Grace on earth and bliss in heaven, Glory to Thy Name be given! Amen.

841 There shall be no night there. Rev. xxi.

- 1 GREAT God, who, hid from mortal sight, Dost dwell in unapproached light, Before whose presence angels bow, With faces veiled, in homage low:
- 2 Awhile in darkness we remain, And round us yet are sin and pain; But soon the everlasting day Shall chase our shades of night away.
- 3 For Thou hast promised, gracious Lord, A day of gladness and reward, A day but faintly imaged here By brightest sun at noontide clear.

- 4 Too long, alas, it still delays; It lingers yet, that day of days; Our mortal strife and toil must cease Before we win its heavenly peace.
- 5 Then from her fleshly bonds set free, The soul shall fly, O God, to Thee; To see Thee, love Thee, and adore, Her blissful task for evermore. Amen.

842 In the evening He cometh. Mark xiv.

- 1 Through the day Thy love has spared us:
 Now we lay us down to rest:
 Through the silent watches guard us;
 Let no foe our peace molest;
 Jesu, Thou our guardian be;
 Sweet it is to trust in Thee.
- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers, Dwelling in the midst of f.es, Us and ours preserve from dangers, In Thy love may we repose, And when life's sad day is past, Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

843 Praise the Lord every evening. 1 Chron. xxiii.

God of Israel, we adore Thee;
Thou hast kept us through the day:
Thus preserved, we come before Thee;
Ours the new and living Way.
Safely keep us through the night;
Guard us till the morning light;
Nor forsake us
Till Thou take us
Far from earth to dwell with Thee,
Through a bright eternity. Amen.

844 The dove came unto him in the evening. Gen. viii.

- 1 Through the changes of the day Kept by Thy sustaining power, Sacrifice of thanks we pay, Father, in this evening hour; Praises to Thy Name belong, Source and Giver of our good; And, though feeble is our song, It shall speak our gratitude.
- 2 From the dangers hovering round, From the snares in secret set, We have, through Thy mercy, found Safety and deliverance yet;

220 PALAS	ם מאז
And Thy loving-kindness hath	1 2
All the day to us been shown,	_
While profusely on our path	l w
Richest blessings have been strown.	F
3 Spirit, who hast been our light	1
And the Guardian of our way,	3
Let Thy mercy and Thy might	"
Keep us for another day:	E
O'er our sleep, with sleepless eye,	Su
Watch, and sweet shall be our rest;	
And when morning gilds the sky,	4
Our awaking shall be blest.	
	N.
845 Why art thou so disquested within me?	Si
Pic XIII.	
1 What ails my heart, that in my breast	5
It thus unquiet lies,	1 3
And that it now of needful rest	D.
Deprives my tirèd eyes?	By W
Let not vain hopes or griefs or fears	1 17
·Distemper so my mind;	_
But cast on God thy thoughtful cares, And comfort thou shalt find.	6
2 In vain that soul attempteth aught,	ļ
And spends her thoughts in vaiu,	L
Who by or in herself hath sought	l
Desired peace to gain.	
In vain is rising in the morn	84
Before the day appear;	
In vain to bed we late return,	1 SA
And lie unquiet there.	۱
3 For when of rest our sin deprives,	Sir
When cares do waking keep,	
Tis God, and He alone, that gives	Th
To His beloved sleep.	۱
On Thee, O Lord, on Thee therefore	Ar
My musings now I place; Thy free remission I implore,	۱ ـ ـ.
1 hy free remission 1 miproce,	2 Th
And Thy refreshing grace.	_
4 Forgive Thou me, that when my mind	Th
Oppressed began to be,	١ .
I sought elsewhere my peace to find,	Sa
Before I came to Thee.	C:.
And, gracious God, vouchsafe to grant, Unworthy though I am,	Siı
The needful rest which now I want,	
That I may praise Thy Name. Amen.	۱
Instituty praise iny results server	84
846 The night also is Thine. Ps. lxxiv.	
	10
1 THE day is gone,	Th
And left alone,	Of Th
I long for that blest morrow,	Ou
Which shall set me wholly free	
From all care and sorrow.	WI

Refresh at night with quiet rest Our limbs by daily toil opprest, That while in weary house of clay A little longer here we stay, Our flesh in Thee may sweetly sleep, Our souls with Thee their vigils keep.

2 We pray Thee, while we dwell below, Preserve us from our ghostly foe; Nor let his wiles victorious be O'er them that are redeemed by Thee. O Lord of all, with us abide In this our joyful Easter-tide; From every weapon death can wield Thine own redeemed for ever shield. All praise be Thine, O risen Lord, From death to endless life restored: All praise to God the Father be And Holy Ghost eternally. Amen.

849 Walk while ye have light. John xii.

1 SAVIOUR, abide with us;
The day is now far gone:
We would obtain a blessing thus,
By coming to Thy throne.
We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round Thee stand,
Where suns can never set.

2 Our sun is sinking now,
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore.
Praise Christ, the only Son,
Praise to the Father give,
Praise to the Spirit, Three in One,
The God in whom we live. Amen.

850 Peace from the Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour. Tit, i.

1 I CLOSE my heavy eye,
Saviour ever near;
I lift my soul on high
Through the darkness drear:
Be Thou my light, I cry,
Saviour ever dear.

2 I feel Thine arms around, Saviour ever near: With Thee let me be found, So shall I never fear Whatever ills abound, Saviour ever dear. 3 Thine is the day and night,
Saviour ever near;
Thine is the dark and light;
Be Thou my covert here,
And shield me with Thy might,
Saviour ever dear.

4 And when I come to die, Saviour ever near, Receive my parting sigh; And in the hour of fear Be to my spirit nigh, Saviour ever dear.

851 A light of them which sit in darkness. Rom, ii,

1 SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go; Thy word into our minds instil; And make our lukewarm hearts to glow With lowly love and fervent will. Through life's long day and death's dark night.

O gentle Jesus, be our light.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run. And Thou hast taken count of all,— The scanty triumphs grace hath won, The broken vow, the frequent fall. Through life's long day, &c.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways True absolution and release; And bless us, more than in past days, With purity and inward peace. Through life's long day, &c.

4 Do more than parden, give us joy, Sweet fear, and sober liberty, And simple hearts without alloy, That only long to be like Thee. Through life's long day, &c.

5 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled; And care is light, for Thou hast cared; Ah, never let our works be soiled With strife, or by deceit ensnared. Through life's long day, &c.

6 For all we love, the poor, the sad, The sinful, unto Thee we call; O let Thy mercy make us glad: Thou art our Jesus, and our all. Through life's long day, &c. Amen.

852 Abide with us, for it is toward evening. Luke xxiv.

1 ABIDE with me: fast falls the eventide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide; When other helpers fail, and comforts fice, Help of the helpless, then abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;

Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour: What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power? Who like Thyself my guide and stay can

be? Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

- 4 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness; Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy
 - where is death's sting, where, grave, the victory?
- I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

 5 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing
 - cyes;
 Dispel the gloom and show the opening skies:

Heaven's morning soon will break, earth's

shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. Amen.

853 To the upright there ariseth light in darkness. Ps. cxiv.

- I FATHER, merciful and holy,
 Thee to-night I praise and bless,
 Who to labour true and lowly
 Grantest ever meet success.
 Many a sin and many a woc,
 Many a fierce and subtle foe
 Hast thou checked, that once alarmed me,
 So that nought to-day has harmed me.
- 2 Now the light, that all things gladdens, And the pomp of day is gone, And my heart is tired and saddens As the gloomy night comes on; Ah then, with Thy changeless light Warm and cheer my heart to-night, As the shadows round me gather, Keep me close to Thee, my Father.
- 3 Of Thy grace I pray Thee pardon
 All my sins, and heal their smart;
 Sore and heavy is their burden,
 Sharp their sting within my heart;
 And my fee lays many a snare
 But to tempt me to despair.

Only Thou, dear Lord, canst save m Let him not prevail to have me.

PART IL

4 Have I, Lord, from Thee departed?
Now I seek Thy face again,
And Thy Son, the loving-hearted,
Made our peace through bitter pa
Yea, far greater than our sin,
Though it still be strong within,
Is the love that fails us never,
Mercy that endures for ever.

Year, and the strong within,
Is the love that fails us never,

- Nightly terrors drive Thou hence
 Let not sickness keep me waking;
 Sudden death and pestilence,
 Fire and water, noise of war,
 Keep Thou from my house afar;
 Let me not without repentance
 Meet, O Lord, Thy final sentence.
- 6 O Thou mighty Father, hearken
 To the prayer Thy child hath ma
 Jesu, while the night-hours darken,
 Be Thou still my hope, my aid;
 Holy Ghost, on Thee I call,
 Friend and Comforter of all;
 Hear my earnest prayer, O hear me;
 Blessêd Trinity, be near me. Amen

854 God, even our own God, shall give His blessing. Ps. 1xvii.

1 O FATHER, who didst all things ma That heaven and earth might do will,

Bless us this eve for Jesu's sake,
And for Thy work preserve us stil
t O Son, who didst redeem mankind

- 2 O Son, who didst redeem mankind, And set the captive sinner free, Keep us this eve with peaceful mind, That we may safe abide with The
- 3 O Holy Ghost, who by Thy power
 Dost sanctify the Church elect,
 Seal us this eve, and hour by hour
 Our bodies guard, our souls direct
- 4 Praise to the Father, and the Son, O Spirit, equal praise to Thee; Glory to God, the Three in One; Glory to God, the One in Three.

855 The night cometh. John ix.

I FATHER, by Thy love and power
Comes again the evening hour;
Light has vanished, labours cease,
Weary creatures rest in peace:

We to Thee ourselves resign, Let our latest thoughts be Thine.

- 2 Saviour, Thou hast seen to-day How, like sheep, we went astray: Selfish wishes, thoughts of pride, Secret sins Thou hast descried: Blessèd Saviour, we through Thee Pray that these may pardoned be.
- 3 Holy Spirit, ere we sleep.
 We with Thee will vigil keep:
 Lead us on our sins to muse,
 Truest penitence infuse,
 Melt our spirits, mould our will,
 Soften, strengthen, comfort still.
- 4 Blessèd Trinity, be near Through the hours of darkness drear; When the help of man is far, More we feel Thy present care: Guard us till the morning rays Wake us to a song of praise. Amen.

856 Thou savest them which put their trust in Thee. Ps. xvii.

- 1 INTERVAL of grateful shade, Welcome to my weary head: By my heavenly Father blest, Now I give myself to rest. Let Thine eye that cannot sleep Night's defenceless watches keep; Blest vicissitude to me! Day or night I dwell with Thee.
- 2 'Midst the silence of the night, Mingling with those angels bright, Whose harmonious voices raise Cesseless songs of worthiest praise, Through the throng His gracious ear Shall my tuneless accents hear, And His Spirit shall diffuse Gentler far than midnight dews.
- 3 What if death my sleep invade? Should I be of death afraid? Circled by Thy guarding arm, Death may strike, but cannot harm. With Thy heavenly presence blest, Death is life, and labour rest: Welcome sleep or death to me, Still secure, for still with Thee!

857 It shall be well with them that fear God. Eccl. visi.

Now sinks in night the flaming sun:

 Thou, our everlasting day,
 Thrice holy Godhead, Three in One,
 Thy brightness to our hearts display:

To Thee we hymn the morning lay.
To Thee our evening vows are given;
Grant us, as here to Thee we pray,
To praise Thee in the courts of heaven.

2 No shadows there nor clouds impede The view with visions of affright: Nor sun nor moon those mansions need; The Lamb is their perpetual light. O, yet unseen by mortal sight,

O, yet unseen by mortal sight,
May in our souls that home endure,
That we, through hope of its delight,
May purer grow as Thou art pure.

3 And when the day shall come, that we Shall know no more, as now, in part, May we Thine unveiled presence see, Be like, and know Thee as Thou art; And there, in endless counterpart Replying to Thy henvenly host. Thy praise attune with voice and heart, O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

858 When I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light. Mic. vii.

- Iw a land of strange delight
 My transported spirit strayed:
 I awake where all is night,
 Silence, solitude, and shade.
- 2 Is the dream of nature flown? Is the universe destroyed? Man extinct, and I alone Breathing through the formless void?
- 3 No: my soul, in God rejoice;
 Through the gloom His light I see,
 In the silence hear His voice,
 And His arm is over me.
- 4 When I slumber in the tomb,

 He will guard my resting-place;
 Fearless, in the day of doom,

 May I see Him face to face. Amen.

859 I will lay me down. Ps. iv.

1 Lord, Thou wilt hear me when I pray, If all is pure within: I fear before Thee all the day, Nor would I dare to sin. And while I rest my weary head, From care and business free, 'Tis sweet to commune on my bed With my own heart and Thee.

2 I pay this evening sacrifice, And, when my work is done, Great God, my faith and hope relies On Thy free grace alone. Thus with my thoughts composed to peace, I give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy love will bid each tumult cease,
My slumbers Thou wilt keep. Amen.

860 The hand of the Lord was on me in the evening. Ezek, xxxiii.

- l LORD, a happy child of Thine,
 Patient through the love of Thee,
 In the light, the life divine,
 Lives and walks at liberty.
- 2 Leaning on Thy tender care, Thou hast led my soul aright; Fervent was my morning prayer;

Joyful is my song to-night.

3 O my Saviour, Guardian true,
All my life is Thine to keep:

At Thy feet my work I do,
In Thy arms I fall asleep. Amen.

861 Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety. Ps. iv.

I For life and light and wants supplied
I thank my God at eventide.
Father of mercies, lend Thine ear;
O shed upon my parents dear
Thy choicest blessings from above,
And make me worthy of their love.
On all my friends bestow Thy grace,
On all who want, on all our race.
The Church and those who teach therein,
Direct and strengthen, souls to win;
And Queen and people ever bless

2 May Thy good Spirit condescend
To be my comforter and friend:
And still, O Lord, to me impart
A contrite, pure, and loving heart,
That I may lay me down to rest
By Thee protected, pardoned, blest;
That after my last sleep I may
Awake to Thine eternal day,
Through Jesus Christ, who died to save,
And rose to glory from the grave,
That sinful men might be forgiven,

With health and peace and holiness.

862 Mine eyes prevent the night watches. Ys. cxix.

And reign with Him redeemed in heaven.

1 LORD, in whom I live and move, To Thy ever-present love I commend my weary head: Let Thine angels guard my bed; 8

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- 2 Delivered from this weekly load, How light the happy spirit springs, And soars to Thy divine abode, With peace and freedom on its wings.
- 3 Now 'tis our privilege to find A short release from all our care, To leave the world's pursuits behind, And breathe a more ethereal air.
- 4 O Lord, those earthly thoughts destroy, Which cling too fondly to our breast, Through grace prepare us to enjoy The coming hours of hallowed rest.
- 5 And when Thy love shall set us free From every burden that we bear, O may we rise to rest with Thee, And hail a brighter Sabbath there.

866 Psalm xxvi. Be Thou my Judge, &c.

- 1 Be Thou my Judge, and I will strive, O Lord, in innocence to live: Thy Word alone shall be my guide; And so my footsteps cannot slide.
- 2 O try my reins and heart: Thy grace Be mine, to walk before Thy face; From fraud and falsehood to retreat, Nor linger where the wicked meet!
- 3 O happy lot, with stainless hand Before Thine altar, Lord, to stand, The voice of melody to raise, And publish all Thy wondrous praise!
- 4 Well do I love the blest abode, The temple of the living God: The holy place, I love it well, Wherein Thine honour deigns to dwell.
- 5 Be mine the paths of innocence, The love of God my strong defence; So shall I stand secure, and sing With all His saints our heavenly King.

867 Psalm lxxxi. Sing aloud, &c.

- 1 Sing to the Lord our Might, With holy fervour sing;
- Let hearts and instruments unite
 To praise our heavenly King.
 This is His holy house,
 And this His festal day;
- Here He accepts the humblest vows That faith and love can pay.
- 2 The Sabbath to our sires In mercy first was given; The Church her Sabbath still requires To speed her on to heaven.

- We still, like them of old, Are in the wilderness; And God is still as near His fold, To pity and to bless.
- 3 Then let us open wide
 Our mouths for Him to fill,
 And He, who Israel then supplied,
 Will help His Israel still.
 One God, the Father, Son, &c.

868 Psalm Ixxxiv. How amiable are Thy tabernacles, &c.

- 1 How pleasant is Thy dwelling-place, O Lord of hosts, to me! The tabernacles of Thy grace, How pleasant, Lord, they be! My soul doth long full sore to go Into Thy courts abroad; My heart and flesh cry out also For Thee, the living God.
- 2 O they be bleased that may dwell
 Within Thy house always:
 For they all times Thy mercies tell,
 And ever give Thee praise.
 For why? within Thy courts one day
 Is better to abide,
 Than otherwhere to keep or stay
 A thousand days besids.

869 Penim luxuiv. How amiable, &c.

- How pleasant, Lord of hosts, how dear
 The tents of Thine abode!
 My longing soul faints to be near
 The courts of mine own God.
 blest, who dwell around Thy shrine
 With ever-growing praise;
 Blest are the men whose strength is Thine,
 Who bear in heart Thy ways:
- 2 Who, as they pass the vale of pain, Make it a gushing rill; Yea, blessings with the autumnal rain Come mantling, soft and still. They will go on from strength to strength; Each to the mighty God In Zion they appear at length, O'erpast their weary road.
- 3 Power of all armies, God our Lord, ... My prayer in mercy crown; O Jacob's God, Thine ear afford; O God our shield, look down. Give glory to the Three in One, &c.

870 Psalm lxxxiv. How amiable, &c.

- 1 O God of hosts, the mighty Lord, How lovely is the place Where Thou, in glory throned, dost show The brightness of Thy face!
- 2 Our longing souls faint with desire To view Thy blest abode: Our heart and flesh cry out for Thee, The true and living God.
- 3 How blest are they who in Thy might Their sure defence have made, Who long to tread the sacred paths That to Thy dwelling lead.
- 4 May we go on from strength to strength, And still approach more near, Till all on Ziou's holy mount Before our God appear!
- 5 O God of hosts, the mighty Lord, How highly blest is he Whose hope, the anchor of the soul, Is firmly cast on Thee!

871 Pealm lxxxiv. How amiable, &c.

- 1 O Lord of hosts, my soul cries out,
 How lovely Thine abode!
 My pining heart and flesh aspire
 To Thee, the living God.
 The wild bird there has found its rest,
 And there the swallow builds her nest:
 O happy, in Thy courts to dwell,
 And evermore Thy praise to tell!
- 2 Yea, happy they whose strength Thou art, Who seek Thy holy hill, And, passing through this vale of tears, Find springs of comfort still. From strength to strength they shall proceed: Their feet to Zion Thou wilt lead, There to behold, O God, Thy face, There to enjoy Thy endless grace.
- O better than a thousand days
 One day of joy with Thee;
 Better to watch Thy doors than dwell
 In homes of luxury.
 Lord God of armies, hear our prayer:
 O God of Jacob, hear and spare:
 On Thine Anointed loek, and send
 Thy grace to help us and defend.

4 God is a shield to save, a san
To lighten and to bless:
No good will He withhold from the Who walk in holiness.
O God of hosts, the mighty Lord,
Blest are the souls that trust The
Grant us that blessing, Father, S
And Holy Spirit, Three in One.

872 Psalm lxxxiv. How amiable

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of Thy love,
 Thine earthly temples are!
 To Thine abode
 My heart aspires,
 With warm desires
 To see my God.
- 2 O happy souls that pray Where God appoints to hear? O happy men that pay Their constant service there? They praise Thee still; And blest are they That love the way To Zion hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strengt
 Through this dark vale of tear
 Till each o'ercomes at length,
 Till each in heaven appeara.
 O glorious seat
 Of God our King!
 Lord, thither bring
 Our willing feet. Amen

873 Psalm exi. Praise ye the Los

- 1 Praise the Lord: with exultation Shall my heart His praise proc In the holy congregation Sing thanksgivings to His Nat Great are all His works, and some By the saints who love His glo Musing in their secret thought How to spread the wondrous at 2 God is good: to them that fear H
 - God is good: to them that fear H
 Tender mercy showing still;
 All the righteous, who revere His
 Feeding with a constant will.
 Mindful of His plighted word,
 And His people failing never,
 To their rule doth God accord
 Heathen lands to hold for ever.

3 Evermore His work abideth,
Judgment all and verity:
Everything His counsel guideth
To fulfil His sure decree.
To His saints redemption came,
As His faithful Word had spoken;
Holy and revered His Name,
And His covenant stands unbroken.

4 In the fear of God is grounded All the wisdom of the wise: On this rock securely founded Faith believes and hope relies. Holy Father, praise be Thine; Praise, O Son, for Thy salvation: Holy Spirit, Light divine, Sanctify our adoration.

874 Psalm cxxii. I was glad when they said unto me, &c.

1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day.
Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair,
Where rules the might of David's Son,
And sits in judgment there.
2 He hears our praises and complaints,

2 He hears our praises and complaint And, while His awful voice Divides the sinners from the saints, We tremble and rejoice. Peace be within this sacred place, And joy, a constant guest: And holy light of heavenly grace Herein for ever rest. Amen.

875 Psalm exxii. I was glad, &c.

1 SEEK we Jehovah's house, they said:
O joyful invitation!
Stand we in Salem's gates, and tread
The courts of our salvation:
For Salem is a city fair,
And built in perfect union:
There march the tribes of Israel, there
Give thanks in sweet communion;
Give thanks to Him, whose Name they
bless,

Of all their health the Giver: There David's Seed in righteousness Rules high enthroned for ever.

2 Then pray we for our Salem's peace, And pray for all who love her: Strong be her walls, her palaces With plenty running over. For brethren's sake, and neighbours dear,
The Lord our God befriend thee,
And in His holy place be near
To prosper and defend thee!
Praise we the Father's ruling might,
The Son's atoning merit,
And, equal in the Godhead's height,
Thy comfort, Holy Spirit.

876 Psalm exxxiv. Behold, bless ye the Lord, &c.

BLESS ye the Lord; His solemn praise record, Ye servants of the Lord;

Ye that within His sacred temple stand. A nightly-watching band,

2 Lift up your hands within His holy place, And veil the prostrate face, And bless ye there the Lord, adore and bless

The Lord your righteousness.

3 'May He, who made the earth and heavenly height,
Lord of all power and might,
From Zion's mount His endless blessings
shed
Upon thy favoured head!'

877 Let us draw near with a true heart.

THROUGHOUT this sacred day of Thine May I be in Thy Spirit, Lord: —
Spirit of humble fear be mine,
Intent upon Thine awful Word:
Spirit of faith, my thoughts to raise,
And fix them on Thy rest above:
Spirit of fervent prayer and praise,
Of joyful hope and holy love! Amen.

878 Quicken me. Pealm cuiu.

1 LORD, bid Thy light arise
On all Thy people here:
And when we raise our longing eyes,
O may we find Thee near!
Thy Holy Spirit send,
To quicken every soul,
And hearts the most rebellious bend
To Thy divine control.

2 Stir up the blind and dead With Thine awakening grace; Teach wandering sinners how to tread Thy paths, and seek Thy face. Let all that own Thy name Thy sacred image bear; And light in every heart the flame Of watchfulness and prayer.

- 3 Since in Thy love we see
 Our only sure relief,
 O raise our earthly minds to Thee,
 And help our unbelief.
 Be God, the Father, Son, &c.
- 879 This is the gate of heaven. Gen. xxviil.
- 1 This is the day the light was made,
 That glorious gift of Heaven;
 This is the day the Lord arose,
 The best of all the seven.
 This is the day the darkness fied,
 And death to life gave way;
 To light and life for evermore
 God calls His saints to-day.
- 2 Then wake, ye children of the light, And hearken to His voice; With early songs of praise draw nigh, And in His courts rejoice. Let carnal sloth and faithless fear From every heart be driven; Spend we this day as they that hope To spend the rest in heaven.
- 3 O may our souls, most holy God.
 Thy gracious influence prove,
 Enlightened by Thy saving word,
 And quickened by Thy love.
 To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Holy Ghost,
 Be praise from all that dwell on earth,
 And from the heavenly host.

Read The Lord hath blessed His people. 2 Chron. xxxi.

- 1 This day, by Thy creating word, First o'er the earth the light was poured: O Lord, to-day upon us shine, And fill our souls with light divine.
- 2 This day the Lord, for sinners slain, In might victorious rose again; U Jeen, may we raised be From death of sin to life in Thee?
- 3 This day the Holy Spirit came
 With fiery tongues of cloven flame:
 O Spirit, fill our hearts to-day
 With grace to hear, and grace to pray.

4 O day of light, and life, and grace, From earthly toils sweet resting-place Thy hallowed hours, O gift of love, Give we again to God above. Amen.

881 This is more other than the house God. Gen. xxviil,

- I In Thy presence we appear;
 Lord, we love to worship here,
 Where within the veil we most
 Christ upon the mercy-seat.
 While Thy glorious Name is sung,
 Touch our lips and loose our tongue,
 That our joyful souls may bless
 Thee, the Lord our Righteousness.
- 2 While the prayers of saints ascend, God of love, to ours attend; Hear us, for Thy Spirit pleads; Hear, for Jesus intercedes. While Thy word is read, with awe May we tremble at Thy law, Till Thy gospel's wondrous love Every doubt and fear remove.
- 3 While Thy ministers proclaim
 Peace and pardon through Thy Name,
 In their voices may we own
 Jesus speaking from His throne.
 From Thine house when we return,
 May our hearts within us burn;
 And at evening let us say,
 We have walked with God to-day. An

B82 Hear Thou in heaven Thy dwelling place. I Kings viii.

- 1 Lord of the sabbath, hear our wows, On this Thy day, in this Thy house, And own as grateful sacrifice Our songs, which from the desert rise.
- 2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love But there's a nobler rest above; To that our labouring souls aspire With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress, Nor sin nor hell shall there oppress; No groan shall mingle with the songs Which echo from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes; No cares to break the long repose; No midnight shade, no clouded sun, But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected day, begin; Dawn on these realms of wee and sin; Fain would we leave this weary road, And sleep in death to rest with God.

883 Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house. Paalm xxvi.

- 1 We love the place, O God, Wherein Thine honour dwells; The joy of Thine abode All earthly joy excels. It is the house of prayer, Wherein Thy servants meet: And Thou, O Lord, art there Thy chosen flock to greet.
- 2 We love Thine altar, Lord; O what on earth so dear? For there, in faith adored, We find Thy presence near. We love the word of life, The word that tells of peace, Of comfort in the strife, And joys that never cease.
- 3 We love to sing below
 Of mercies freely given;
 But most we long to know
 The triumph-song of heaven.
 Lord Jesu, give us grace
 On earth to love Thee more,
 In heaven to see Thy face,
 And with Thy saints adore. Amen.

884 The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost. Rom. viii.

- SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayer, And make this house Thy home;
 Descend with all Thy gracious power;
 O come, great Spirit, come.
- 2 Come as the light, to us reveal Our emptiness and woe; And lead us in those paths of life Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts With sacrificial flame; Let our whole soul an offering be To our Redeemer's Name.
- 4 Come as the dew, and sweetly bless This consecrated hour; May barren minds be taught to own Thy fertilising power.
- 5 Come as the dove, and spread Thy wings, The wings of peaceful love, Until the Church on earth become Blest as the Church above. Amen.

885 From all your idols I will cleanse you. Esch. xxxvi.

- 1 Though oft we hear the joyful sound Of Thy salvation, Lord, How weak in faith we still are found, How slow to learn Thy word!
- 2 Though we frequent Thy holy place, We seem to come in vain; So small a portion of Thy grace Our sinful hearts retain.
- 3 How cold and feeble is our love, How servile is our fear, How faint our hope of joys above, Our vows how insincere!
- 4 O Lord, with faith our souls inspire; Make all things new within; And with a flame of holy fire Consume the dross of sin.

886 Ye shall seek Me and find Me. Jer. xxix.

- AWAKE, my soul, to grateful praise;
 This ballowed morn, with blessings fraught,
 - Beams on the world with milder rays,
 And tells us what our Lord has
 wrought.
 - How few the hours aincerely given
 To Him whose blood our ransom paid,
 Our hearts how cold, what earthly leaven
 Doth all our services pervade!
- 2 O Lord, a living faith bestow; A willing, child-like spirit give, That we may practise all we know, And on Thy hidden manna live. So, when these earthly sabbaths fail, Which oft have cheered us by the way, Like pools along the thirsty vale,— Our souls shall hail a brighter day.
- 3 O glerious hope, to rest from sin,
 No tempter near to mar our peace,
 With saints and angels to begin
 A salbath that shall never cease!
 One God unseen, the Father, Son, &c.

The place is holy. Esek, xlii.

LORD, by Thee in safety borne
To another sabbath morn,
Once again our pilgrim feet
In Thy peaceful temple meet.
As we pass the hallowed porch,
From our hearts the world exclude;
On the quiet of Thy church
Let not earth-born thought intrude.

- 2 Grant us, Lord, to kneel and pray
 With repentant hearts to-day,
 All our guilt to feel, and prove
 All Thy pardoning grace and love;
 Then on David's sweetest strain
 Every varied note employ;
 Let not round us float in vain
 Prayer of anguish, hymn of joy
- 3 Lead our spirits up to Thee
 Through our fervent litany;
 Nerve us, when we chant our creed,
 For its glorious truths to bleed.
 Lord, Thy special grace we seek
 On Thy gospel's minister:
 Teach Thy servant how to speak,
 Teach Thy people how to hear.
- 4 Banish roving fancies far;
 Tune afresh the souls that jar;
 Bid to-day its influence shed,
 Till the coming week be fled.
 We must answer for to-day,
 For its service and its rest;
 Give us grace to praise and pray,
 Grace to love Thee and be blest.

 Amen.

888 Confess your faults. James v.

- 1 Lord, when before Thy righteous throne Confessing guilt we kneel, Teach us to feel the sins we own, And shun the sins we feel. The broken spirit pitying see; True penitence impart; Then let a kindling glance from Thee Shed comfort on the heart.
- 2 When our responding lips essay
 The grateful hymn to raise,
 Grant that our souls may join the lay,
 And mount to Thee in praise:
 Oft from Thy glory may we turn,
 Thy mercy to review,
 And in our righteous God discern
 Our gracious Father too.
- 3 And when our wants in prayer we ope,
 May we our choice resign;
 Of our desires be Thou the scope,
 Our pleasure, only Thine;
 In meek obedience to Thy will
 Let each petition rise;
 And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
 That grants it, or denies.

Protes is comety. Psalm exivii

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and
sing;
To show Thy love at morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.
Sweet is the day of sacred rest:
By mortal cares no more opprest,

O may my heart in tune be found,

Like David's harp of solemn sound!

- 2 My soul shall triumph in the Lord.
 And bless His works, and bless His word;
 Thy works of grace, how bright they shine,
 How deep Thy counsels, how divine!
 And mine shall be a glorious part,
 When grace hath well refined my heart,
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
 Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 3 Then shall I see, and hear, and know, All I have wished and hoped below; And every power find sweet employ In that eternal world of joy. Praise we the Lord with holy hymn, &c.

890 Amultitude that kept holyday. Ps. xlil.

- 1 This is the day the Lord hath blest,
 The day to us in mercy given,
 The great memorial of His rest,
 The pledge and type of rest in heaven.
 This day within Thy courts, O Lord,
 Thy saints delight to seek Thy face,
 To sing Thy praises, hear Thy word,
 Unfold their wants, and find Thy
 grace.
- 2 May we the blest assembly join,
 To God devote this sacred day,
 All earthly cares and thoughts resign,
 And look to heaven and learn the way.
 On every sabbath let us grow
 In grace, humility, and love,
 That so Thy holy rest below
 May train us for Thy rest above.
 Amen.

891 The unity of the faith. Eph. iv.

1 LORD, cause Thy face on us to shine; Give us Thy peace, and seal us Thine: Teach us to prize Thy means of grace, To love Thine earthly dwelling-place, And all Thy glorious power to see Within Thine hallowed sanctuary.

- 2 O King of Salem, Prince of Peace, Bid strife among Thy subjects cesse; One is our faith and one our Lord, One body, spirit, hope, reward; O let us one communion be, One with each other, one in Thee.
- 3 Bless all whose voice salvation brings,
 Who minister in holy things:
 Let many, in the judgment day,
 Turned from the error of their way,
 Their hope, their joy, their crown appear:
 Bless those who teach, and those who
 hear. Amen.

892 Psalm exxii. Let us go into the house of the Lord, &c.

- 1 THE festal morn, O God, is come, That calls us to Thy hallowed dome, Thy presence to adore: With joy the summons we attend, With willing steps Thy courts ascend, And tread the sacred floor.
- 2 Be peace by each implored on thee, O Salem, while with bended knee. To Jacob's God we pray: How blest, who calls himself thy friend! Success his labour shall attend, And safety guard his way.
- 3 To thee, from earth's remotest coast, Let all the saints, a countless host, Their willing tribute bring: There, crowned with everlasting joy, In hymns of praise their tongues employ, And hail the immortal King.

893 Men ought always to pray. Luke xviii.

- 1 In Thy courts let peace be found,
 Be Thy temple full of love:
 There we tread on holy ground;
 All is still around, above.
 While the knee in prayer is bent,
 While with praise the heart o'erflows,
 Calm, O Lord, the turbulent,
 To the weary grant repose.
- 2 Be this place for worship meet, Meet the worship for the place, Holy quiet's best retreat, Shrine of guilelessness and grace. As an infant knows its home, Lord, may we Thy temples know, Thither for instruction come, Thence by Thee instructed go.

894 Watch in the same with thanksgiving.

- 1 LORD of our life, whose tender care
 Hath led us on till now,
 Here lowly at the hour of prayer
 Before Thy throne we bow:
 We bless Thy gracious hand, and pray
 Forgiveness for another day.
- 2 O may we daily, hourly strive In heavenly grace to grow, To Thee and to Thy glory live, Dead else to all below, Tread in the path our Saviour trod, Though thorny, yet the road to God.
- 3 With prayer our humble praise we bring For mercies day by day; Lord, teach our hearts Thy love to sing, Lord, teach us how to pray: All that we have and are to Thee We offer through eternity.

895 To do service in the holy place. Ex. xxxv.

- 1 Welcome, sacred day of rest,
 Sweet repose from worldly care,
 Day above all days the best,
 When our souls for heaven prepare;
 Day when our Redeemer rose,
 Victor o'er the hosts of hell:
 Thus He vanquished all our foes;
 Let our lips His glory tell.
- 2 Gracious Lord, we love this day, When we hear Thy holy word, When we sing Thy praise, and pray: Earth can no such joys afford. But a better rest remains, Heavenly sabbaths, happier days, Rest from sin, and rest from pains, Endless joys and endless praise.

896 Waiting for the adoption. Rom. vili.

- Monn of morns, and day of days! Silent as the morning rays,
 From the sepulchre's dark prison,
 Christ, the Light of lights, hath risen.
- 2 He commanded, and His word Death and the dread chaos heard; We, O shame, more deaf than they, In the chains of darkness stay.
- 3 Nature 'neath the shadow lies; Let the sons of light arise, All throughout night's stillness deep Holy symphonies to keep.

- 4 While the dead world sleeps around, Let the sacred roof resound Law and prophecy and psalm, Lit with holy light so calm.
- 5 Then to hearts in slumber weak Let the heavenly trumpet speak, And, like streaks of early morn, New ways mark the newly born.
- 6 Grant us this, and with us be, Fountain of all charity; Thou who dost the Spirit give, Bidding the dead letter live.
- 7 Equal praise to Father, Son, And to Thee, the Holy One, By whose quickening breath divine Our dull spirits burn and shine!

897 The Lord blessed the Sabbath day.

- 1 THE Subbath's sweet renewal brings A change o'er all familiar things; A change, we know not whence it came: They are, and they are not, the same.
- 2 Sure all things wear a heavenly dress That sanctifies their loveliness; Types of that endless resting-day When we shall all be changed as they.
- 3 To-day our peaceful ordered home Foreshadows mansions yet to come; And we foretaste in earthly love The faultless charities above.
- 4 And not alone for musings deep Meek souls their day of days will keep; But things more glorious far than these The Christian in his sabbath sees.
- 5 His eyes by faith his Lord behold, How, on the week's first day of old, From hell He rose, on earth He trod, Was seen of men, and went to God.
- 6 And as we fondly pause to look
 When in some daily handled book
 Approval's well-known tokens stand
 Traced by some dear and thoughtful
 hand.
- 7 Even so there shines one day in seven Bright with the special marks of heaven, That we with love and praise may dwell On Him who loved His own so well.

PART IL

8 Whether, in Sunday's quiet walk, Alone with God and beaven we talk, Catching the simple chime that calls Onr feet to some old church's walls;

- 9 Or, passed within that church's door, Where poor are rich, and rich are poor, We say the prayers and hear the word Which there our fathers said and heard
- 10 Or represent in solemn wise The great prevailing Sacrifice, And feed, in joint communion high, The life of faith that cannot die:
- 11 'Tis something in a world like this, So rife with woe, so scant of bliss, Where fondest hopes are oftenest crossed,

And fondest hearts are severed most,

- 12 'Tis something that we kneel and pray With loved ones near and far away; One God, one faith, one hope, one care; One form of words, one hour of prayer.
- 13 Then turn we to our earthly homes, Not doubting that the Saviour comes Breathing His peace on hall and hut At evening, when the doors are shut.
- 14 This speeds us on our week-day way, And hallows every common day; Without Him Sunday's self were dim, But all are bright if spent with Him.

898 Observe the Sabbath. Ex. xxi.

- 1 GREAT Creator, who this day
 From Thy perfect work didst rest,
 By the souls that own Thy sway
 Hallowed be its hours, and blest
 Cares of earth aside be thrown,
 Drawn our hearts to Thee alone.
- 2 Saviour, who this day didst break The dark prison of the tomb, Bid our slumbering souls awake, Shine through all their sin and gloom: Let us, from our bonds set free, Rise from sin, and live to Thee.
- 3 Blessed Spirit, Comforter,
 Sent this day with power from high,
 Lord, on us Thy gifts confer,
 Cleanse, illumine, sanctify;
 Be Thine influence shed abroad,
 Lead us to the truth of God.

899 The morning is come to thee. Ezek. vil.

1 O Thou most holy Trinity,
O Unity extolled on high,
God, Father, Son, and Spirit, spread
Thy gracious presence round my head.

The Father's grace look down on me; The Son's sure word my comfort be; The Holy Ghost's bright beams divine Upon mine inmost darkness shine.

2 My Maker, to Thy might I flee; O my Redeemer, set me free: Blest Comforter, no more depart, But with Thy gifts adorn my heart. Lord, bless and keep my soul this day; Lord, with Thy light direct my way: Lord, may Thy face upon me shine, And ever let Thy peace be mine.

900 I will make them Joyful in My house of prayer. Isa. lvi.

- 1 O come unto the house of prayer,
 Thou weary mourner, come:
 The God of peace shall meet thee there:
 He makes that house His home.
 - O come unto the house of praise, Ye who are happy now: In sweet accord your voices raise, Your knees together bow.
- 2 O come, ye aged, hither come, For ye have felt His love; Soon must your trembling tongues be dumb, Your lips forget to move.

O come, ye young, before His throne
Your cheerful anthems raise:
Nor let your hearts His praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.

And Thou whose kind indulgent eye
 In mercy looks on all,
 Who seest the tear of misery,
 And hear'st the mourner's call:
 O bear us to the dwelling-place
 Where Thou art throned above,
 That there we may behold Thy fuce,
 And sing and praise and love. Amen.

901 He did hear my voice out of His temple. 1 Sam. xxii.

1 WHEN I listen to Thy Word In Thy temple, cold and dead, When I cannot see Thee, Lord, And faith's little light is fled, Sun of glory,

Beam once more above my head.

When Thy statutes I forsake,
When my graces dimly shine,
When Thy covenant I break,

Jesu, then remember Thine; Stay the sinner With Thy call of love divine. 3 When Thy heavenly dews distil, And my views are bright and clear, Clear and bright from Zion's hill, Temper joy with holy fear; Keep me watchful, Safe alone when Thou art near.

4 When afflictions cloud my aky,
When the tide of sorrow flows,
When Thy rod is lifted high,
Let me on Thy love repose:
In Thy mantle

Wrap me, when the east wind blows.

5 When the hour of death appears, Faint and cold this mortal clay, Kind Forerunner, soothe my fears, Light me through the darksome way, Till the shadows Melt into eternal day.

902 The comfort of the Holy Ghost. Acts ix.

1 Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of nature's night;
Come, Thou source of joy and gladness,
Breathe Thy life and spread Thy light:
O refresh us
With Thy soul-renewing might.

2 Hear, O hear our supplication;
Present in this sacred place,
Rest upon this congregation,
Great Distributor of grace;
Keep us ever
Strong to run Thy heavenward race.

3 Come, Thou best of all donations
God can give or man implore;
Blest with Thy rich consolations,
We can ask or wish no more:
God of comfort,
Make our hearts with joy run o'er.
Amen.

903 Comfort of the Scriptures. Rom. xv.

1 LORD, our eyes unseal;
To our minds reveal
All that glorious hidden treasure,
Grace and mercy without measure,
In Thy written word
For our comfort stored.

2 Ever on our sight Pour Thy saving light: Darkness all around us reigneth, But Thy hand our steps sustaineth; Thou dost guide us still To Thy holy hill. 3 Praise and thanks be given
For this light of heaven,
Light Thy flock to Thee directing,
Light from ghostly foes protecting,
Solace of our way
Through life's fitful day.

904 Psalm lxxxvii. His foundations are upon the holy hills, &c.

- 1 Fixed firmly God's foundations keep Their station on the holy steep; And ever pleasant in His eyes The portals fair of Zion rise.
- 2 In loveliness and grace excel The goodly tents of Israel. Bright is Thy fame, and blazed abroad, O glorious city of our God.
- 3 The nations all shall lift on high Their voice, and thus of Zion cry; Behold, His going forth was there; The Lord most high shall stablish her.
- 4 With joy shall sing the choral train, And minstrels breathe the answering O Zion, Zion fair, I see [strain: The fountains of my bliss in thee.

905 He that regardeth the day, regardeth it to the Lord. Rom. xiv.

- 1 O DAY of God, most calm, most bright, The first and best of days, The labourer's rest, the saint's delight, Sweet hour of joy and praise! Daily, O Lord, Thy flocks are blest In pastures large and fair; But better is the weekly feast Provided by Thy cars.
- 2 Kind Shepherd, welcome to Thy sheep
 Are these sweet tastes of love;
 But what a sabbath shall they keep,
 When safe with Thee above!
 How wise Thy love, how light its chain,
 Which binds us to be free,
 Cuts short our toil, insures our gain,
 And lifts our souls to Thee!
- 3 Here, as we sing, and hear, and pray, And all Thy footstep trace, We seem to tread the pleasant way That leads us to Thy face. Give glory to the Three in One, &c.

906 Our eyes wait upon the Lord. Ps. exxiii

- 1 LORD, remove the veil away,
 Let us see Thyself to-day;
 Thou who camest from on highFor our sins to bleed and die,
 Help us now to cast aside
 All that would our hearts divide;
 With the Father and the Son
 Let Thy living Church be one.
- 2 O, from earthly cares set free,
 Let us find our rest in Thee:
 May our toils and conflicts cease
 In the calm of sabbath peace;
 That Thy people here below
 Something of the bliss may know,
 Something of the rest and love
 In the sabbath home above.
- 3 From beyond the grave's dark night What mild radiance meets my sight? Softly stealing on the ear, What strange music do I hear? 'Tis the golden crowns on high, 'Tis the chorus of the sky. Lord, Thy sinful child prepare For a place and portion there.
- 4 Give my soul the spotless dress
 Of Thy perfect righteousness;
 So shall I, a welcome guest,
 Coming to the heavenly feast,
 Take the harp, and raise the song,
 All Thy ransomed sons among,
 Earthly cares and sorrows o'er,
 Joy possessing evermore. Amen.

907 UI give counsel, will thou not hearken to me? Jer. xxxviii,

- 1 OFT as in God's own house we sit,
 And hear the preacher there,
 Precursive to the grave discourse,
 The holy text declare;
 Bethink we well whose name he bears,
 And whence his word is given,
 The steward of God's mysteries,
 The minister of Heaven.
- 2 Away then with the itching ear,
 That craves the pleasant tongue;
 Away the eyes that for the sight
 Of art theatric long;
 Away for simple phrase sincere
 The judgment too refined;
 But most away the o'erweening heart
 And self-sufficient mind!

- 3 Be rather ours to bear our part
 With awe and godly fear,
 O'erlook the frailties of the man,
 And God's own message hear.
 Be from our hearts, howe'er disguised,
 The pride of life exiled;
 And Heaven's best gift ingraft instead,
 The meekness of a child.
- 4 O God, to Thine ambassador,
 Thus speaking in Thy name,
 Aid us to show the deep respect
 Thy messenger may claim;
 To listen, ponder, and digest
 Each truth and law divine,
 And prize Him for his office' sake,
 And, Lord of all, for Thine. Amen.

908 There am I in the midst of them.

- 1 Thy house, each day of hallowed rest, With joyful heart, O Lord, I tread; Most joyful, for the holy feaat When Thy mysterious board is spread. When in Thy house Thy servants meet, There always in the midst art Thou, To offer at the mercy-seat The humble heart, the fervent vow.
- 2 But most, when holy hands dispense, Ordained by Thee, salvation's sign, Thy presence glads the inward sense, Thy Spirit, and Thy grace divine; Sweet peace and comfort to impart, Beyond this lower world's control; To cleanse and sanctify the heart, To atrengthen and refresh the soul.
- 3 O ever there, a willing guest,
 May I, and not unworthy, be,
 And there, with Thy communion blest,
 My Lord and Saviour, dwell with
 Thee!
 For all Thy bounty to mankind,
 For Thy redeeming love the most,
 All praise to Thee, and, with Thee joined,

The Father and the Holy Ghost!

909 That we may glory in Thy praise. 1 Chron. xvi.

O Lord, ope Thou our lips,
And be by us adored;
O Lord, make speed to save,
Make haste to help us, Lord.

Giory to Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost ascend,
As was of old, is now,
And shall be without end?
The praises of the Lord proclaim,
Praise we the Lord's most holy Name.
Amen.

910 Holy and reverend is His Name.

- HOSANNA to the living Lord, Hosanna to the incarnate Word, To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King, Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing, Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna in the highest!
- 2 Hosanns, Lord! Thine angels cry; Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply; Above, beneath us, and around, The dead and living swell the sound; Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna in the highest!
- 3 O Saviour, with protecting care Return to this Thy house of prayer: Where we Thy parting promise claim, Assembled in Thy sacred name: Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna in the highest!
- 4 But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast, Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest, And make our secret soul to be A temple pure, and worthy Thee: Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna in the highest!
- 5 So, in the last and dreadful day, When earth and heaven shall melt away. Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain, Shall swell the sound of praise again: Hesanna, Lord, Hosanna in the highest!

911 The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him. Psalm extv.

1 FATHER, before Thy throne of light
The guardian angels bend,
And ever in Thy presence bright
Their psalms adoring blend,
And casting down each golden crown
Beside the crystal sea,
With voice and lyre, in happy quire,
Hymn glory, Lord, to Thee.

THE RESERVE OF THE PROPERTY OF

- 2 And, as the rainbow lustre falls
 Athwart their glowing wings,
 While seraph unto seraph calls,
 And each Thy goodness sings:
 So may we feel, as low we kneel,
 To pray Thee for Thy grace,
 That Thon art here for all who fear
 The brightness of Thy face.
- 3 Here, where the angels see us come
 To worship day by day,
 Teach us to seek our heavenly home,
 And love Thee, even as they:
 Teach us to raise our notes of praise,
 With them Thy love to own,
 That boyhood's time and manhood's
 prime
 Be Thine and Thine alone. Amen.
- 912 She that is a widow indeed and desolate, trusteth in God. 1 Tim. v.
- Our soul shall magnify the Lord,
 In Him our spirits shall rejoice:
 Assembled here with sweet accord,
 Our hearts shall praise Him with our voice.
- 2 Since He regards our low estate, And hears His servants when they pray, We humbly plead at mercy's gate, Whence none are ever turned away.
- 3 The poor are His peculiar care; To them His promises are sure; His gifts the poor in spirit share; O may we always thus be poor!
- 4 God of our hope, to Thee we bow, Thou art our refuge in distress; The Husband of the widow Thou, The Father of the fatherless.
- 5 May we Thy law of love fulfil. To bear each other's burdens here, Suffer and do Thy righteous will, And walk in all Thy faith and fear.
- 6 Didst Thou not give Thy Son to die For our transgressions, in our stead? And can Thy goodness aught deny To those for whom Thy Son hath bled?
- 7 Then may our union, here begun,
 Endure for ever, firm and free;
 At Thy right hand may we be one,
 One with each other, one in Thee!
 Amen

- 913 It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord. Psalm xell.
- SWERT is the task, O Lord,
 Thy glorious acts to sing,
 To praise Thy name, and hear Thy word,
 And grateful offerings bring.
- 2 Sweet, at the dawning hour Thy boundless love to tell. And, when the night-wind shuts the flower, Still on the theme to dwell.
- 3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
 To join in heart and voice
 With those who love and serve Thee best,
 And in Thy name rejoice.
- 4 To songs of praise and joy
 Be earthly sabbaths given,
 That such may be our blest employ
 For evermore in heaven.
- 914 Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus. Col. iii.
- 1 Hail, thou glorious, thou victorious
 Heart-enlivening Christmas morn!
 Angels are singing, heaven is ringing,
 'Earth be glad, for the Christ is born.'
- 2 Hail, thou glorious, thou victorious Heart-enlivening Easter morn! Grave, from thy prison Jesus hath risen, Tyrant Death of his sting is shorn.
- 3 Hail, thou glorious, thou victorious Heart-enlivening Whitsun morn! Spirit, be near us, strengthen and cheer us, Leave, O leave not the Church forlorn.
- 4 Hail, thou glorious, thou victorious
 Heart-enlivening Sunday morn?
 From toil and sadness rising to gladness,
 Christians, bless we the Sabbath dawn.
- 5 Hail, thou glorious, thou victorious

 Heart-awakening Judgment morn!

 Lamb of God, wake us, to Thy joy take us;

 Let our names on Thy breast be borne.

 Amen.
- 915 I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me. Gen. xxxii.
- 1 Soon, too soon, the sweet repose Of this hallowed day will cease, Soon this glimpse of heaven will close, Vanish soon these hours of peace; Then return the toil, the strife, And the weariness of life.

FOR EASTER.

2 But the rest which doth remain
For Thy people, Lord, above,
Knows nor change, nor fear, nor pain,
Endless as their Saviour's love:
O may every Sabbath here
Bring us to that rest more near!

916 I will lay me down in peace. Ps. iv.

- 1 THE Sabbath-day has reached its close, Yet, Saviour, ere I seek repose, Grant me the peace Thy love bestows; Smile on mine evening hour.
- 2 O heavenly Comforter, sweet guest, Hallow and calm my troubled breast, Weary I come to Thee for rest; Smile on mine evening hour,
- 3 O ever present, ever nigh, Jesus, on Thee I fix mine eye: Thou hear'st the contrite spirit's sigh: Smile on mine evening hour.
- 4 My only Intercessor Thou, Mingle Thy fragrant incense now With every prayer and every vow; Smile on mine evening hour.
- 5 And O, when life's short course shall end, And death's dark shadows near impend, My God, my everlasting Friend, Smile on mine evening hour. Amen.

917 Who hath blessed us with spiritual blessings. Eph. i.

- Lord, attend us with Thy blessing;
 Let us now depart in peace:
 Lord, Thy favour still possessing,
 Let our faith and love increase.
- 2 May each Sabbath bring us nearer To our glorious rest above, And our hopes grow brighter, clearer, Till we reach our home above.

918 How amiable are Thy tabernacles. Psalm lxxxiv.

I PLEASABT are Thy courts above
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe;
O, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
Fur the brightness of Thy face,
Fur Thy fulness, God of grace.

- 2 Happy birds that sing and fly Round Thy altars, O most High! Happier souls that find a rest In a heavenly Father's breast! Like the wandering dove, that found No repose on earth around, They can to their ark repair, And enjoy it ever there.
- 3 Happy souls! their praises flow
 Even in this vale of woe;
 Waters in the desert rise;
 Manna feeds them from the akies:
 On they go from strength to strength,
 Till they reach Thy throne at length,
 At Thy feet adoring fall,
 Who hast led them safe through all.

919 I dwell in the high and holy place.

- 1 JESU, where'er Thy people meet,
 There they behold Thy mercy-seat:
 Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found.
 And where Thou art is hallowed ground.
 For Thou, within no walls confined,
 Inhabitest the humble mind;
 Such ever bring Thee where they come,
 And parting, take Thee to their home.
- 2 Yet everywhere Thou guid'st Thine own To raise for Thee an earthly throne; And where Thy Name Thou d'st record, There Thou wilt come and bless them, Lord. Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few, Thy former mercies here renew, And still to wayward hearts proclaim The sweetness of Thy saving Name.
- 3 Here may we prove the might of prayer To strengthen faith and sweeten care, To teach our faint desires to rise, And bring all heaven before our eyes! Lord, we are weak, but Thou art near, Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear: O come with might and mercy down, And make our cleansed hearts Thine own.

\$320 The glory of the Lord filled the Lord's house. 2 Chrun, ix.

 LOND, whose temple once did glisten With a monarch's rich supplies,
 To our humbler praises listen,
 Bless our willing secrifice. Be our votive offering, given
To the Father and the Son,
Sweeter in the sight of Heaven
Than the scents of Lebanon.

- 2 Clouds and darkness veiled Thy dwelling In Thy chosen house of old, Though the hymn of praise was swelling 'blid the pomp of Ophir's gold. Here Thy love our hearts shall brighten; Hence, ye earth-born clouds, away, Here Thy Spirit shall enlighten, Shining to the perfect day.
- 3 Hither, on this holy morning,
 Guide us on our church-way path;
 Here, O Lord, in life's first dawning
 Sprinkle every child of wrath:
 Here, around the table bending,
 Feed us with the living bread;
 Here, to wait their Lord's descending,
 Hallowed earth, receive the dead.
- 4 When our Israel's sore transgression
 Bars the windows of the sky,
 When we sink beneath oppression,
 When we see our thousands die,
 Father, when we here adore Thee,
 In Thy house our prayer receive:
 When we spread our hands before Thee,
 Here behold us, and forgive. Amen.

921 Look down and bless Thy people. Deut. xxvi.

- 1 LORD, enrich us with Thy blessing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Bread of life in Thee possessing, May our faith and love increase: O refresh us Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration
 For Thy Gospel's joyful sound:
 May the fruits of Thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound:
 May Thy presence
 Evermore with us be found!
- 3 Glory, honour, might, dominion,
 Be to Thee, O God most High;
 To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
 Ever-blessed Trinity,
 Praise be given
 Now and through eternity! Amen.

- 922 I have built an house of habitation for Thee. 2 Chron. vi.
- 1 Lond of hosts, to Thee we raise Here a house of prayer and praise; Thou Thy people's hearts prepare Here to meet for praise and prayer. Let the living here be fed With Thy word, Thy heavenly bread; Here, in hope of glory blest, May the dead be laid to rest.
- 2 Here to Thee a temple stand, While the sea shall gird the land; Here reveal Thy mercy sure, While the sun and moon endure. Hallelujah! earth and sky To the joyful sound reply; Hallelujah!—hence ascend Prayer and praise till time shall end.
- 923 An holy temple to the Lord. Eph. ii.
- Lo, the church her head once more hath lifted,
 Seemly order dwells within her gate,
 Sacred art adorns her holy precinct,
 And no more she lieth desolate.
- 2 What is this that she is saying, brothers? All the subtle skill of graver's hand, All the heavenward shafts and bended arches

Utter speech to those that understand.

3 You can hear them telling some things loudly, Telling of ungrudging love and care:

Telling of ungrudging love and care: But I catch an inner voice that pleadeth Soft and sweet, like music in the air.

4 And it saith,—from every wreathed column,

Every leafy carving, breathing low,—

'Take our message, O ye living temples,

Fold it in your hearts, before ye go.

- 5 'Purge the shrine of your own souls within you From all stain of pride and sloth and sin:
 - Grace it with all saintly decoration:
 Then your God shall come and dwell therein.'

924 O how amiable are Thy tabernacles. Psalm IXXXIV.

1 LORD, to me Thy minsters are Courts of honour passing fair:

- And my spirit deems it well There to be and there to dwell: Heart and flesh would fain be there, Lord, Thy life, Thy love to share.
- 2 There the sparrow flutters home, And in time the turtles come; Safe their nestling young they rear, Lord of hosts, Thine altars near: Dear to them Thy peace, but more To the hearts that there adore,
- 3 Yea, all blessed are his days
 In whose heart are all Thy ways,
 Who doth drink of many a spring
 Through the tear-vale journeying;
 Faring on from keep to keep,
 Till he stands on Zion's steep.
- 4 There one day is better far Than elsewhere a thousand are; Give me in God's court to stand With His wicket in mine hand, And who will for me may bide In the curtained bowers of pride.

925 To beautify the place of My sanctuary.

- 1 O Lord of hosts, whose glory fills
 The bounds of the eternal hills,
 And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,
 To dwell in temples made with hands,
 Grant that all we who here to-day,
 Rejoicing, this foundation lay,
 Blay be in very deed Thine own,
 Built on the precious Corner-stone.
- 2 Endue the creatures with Thy grace That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place; The beauty of the oak and pine, The gold and silver, make them Thine. To Thee they all pertain, to Thee The treasures of the earth and sea: And when we bring them to Thy throne, We but present Thee with Thine own.
- 3 The heads that guide endue with skill:
 The hands that work preserve from ill;
 That we, who these foundations lay,
 May raise the top-stone in its day.
 Both now and ever, Lord, protect
 The temple of Thine own elect:
 Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,
 O ever-blessed Trinity! Amen.

926 Psalm xi. In the Lord put I my trust, &c.

1 Mr Saviour is the living Lord: Why hears my soul the faithless word, Fly to thy mountain, trembling bird:

- For lo, the scorner's bow is bent, His shaft is on the string, intent To slay unwares the innocent:
- 2 'Uprent, o'erthrown, earth's columns lie; Now whither shall the righteous fly, Where supplicate with piteous cry?' The Lord is on His holy bill, The Lord in heaven is throned still; The heaven of heavens His glories fill;
- 3 Throughout the boundless realms of space His eyes abide in every place; His eyelids try the human race. The Lord delighteth in the good; His soul abhors the ungodly brood, The tongue of fraud, the hand of blood:
- 4 On these His wrath shall fall amain in sulphurous blasts and fiery rain: Such winecup shall be theirs to drain. Just deeds the just Lord doth approve, He notes the righteous from above, And guards them with all-seeing love.

927 Psalm xv. Lord, who shall abide, &c.

- 1 WITHIN Thy tabernacle, Lord,
 Who comes a welcome guest?
 Or who upon Thy holy hill
 Shall find his endless rest?
 The man whose walk is incorrupt,
 Whose deeds are pure and right,
 Whose heart intends the very truth,
 And knows no cunning sleight:
- 2 Who bears no slander on his lips, Nor works a brother wrong, Nor stabs a neighbour's honest fame With evil-speaking tongue: Whose stedfast mind is ever set The godless to contemn, But hearts that truly fear the Lord, He maketh much of them.
- 3 Who thus hath kept Thy perfect law Shall never quit Thy rest, But on Thy holy hill abide An everlasting guest. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, &c.

928 Pealm univ. The earth is the Lord's,

 THE earth is all the Lord's, with all Her fulness and her store;
 He based her on the seas, amid
 The floods He built of yore. Who shall ascend the mount of God?
Who fearless rise on high,
And stand in the most holy place
Beneath the all-seeing eye?

2 The pure of hand, the stainless heart, Which no ill dreams defile, The soul not lifted up in lies, The tongue unsworn in guile. He in the blessing of the Lord Shall ask and have his part, The God of all salvation stores True goodness in his heart.

PART IL

- 3 Lift up your heads, eternal gates;
 Unfold to entertain
 The King of glory: see, He-comes
 With His celestial train.
 Who is the King of glory, who?—
 The Lord for strength renowned;
 In battle mighty, o'er His foes
 Eternal Victor crowned.
- 4 Lift np your heads, ye keavenly gates, In state to entertain The King of glory: lo, He comes With all His ransonned train. Who is the King of glory, who?— The Lord of hosts renowned; Triumphant over sin and death, Eternal Victor crowned.

929 Psalm xxiv. The earth is the Lord's,

- 1 THE earth and all that it contains,
 The world and every nation,
 Are His, who on the ocean plains
 Has laid its strong foundation.
 Who shall ascend His holy hill?
 The man whose heart reveres His will,
 Whose hands are clean before Him.
- 2 Whose lips from lying guile are free, God's name profaning never, The blessing of the Lord shall be Upon his head for ever; The Lord shall guard him with His grace: Such are the men who seek Thy face, The spotless seed of Jacob.
- 3 Lift up your heads, eternal gates,
 Arise, ye doors immortal;
 For lo, the King of glory waits
 To pass the heavenly portal;
 Who is the King of glory? He,
 The Warrior strong, whom foemen flee,
 The mighty Lord in battle.

4 Lift up your heads, eternal gates,
Arise, ye doors immortal;
For lo, the King of glory waits
To pass the heavenly portal.
Who is the King of glory? None
But He, the Lord of hosts alone,
He is the King of glory.

930 Psalm xliii. Judge me, O God, 4

- 1 JUDGE me, O God; maintain my ca Against the wicked throng; Defend me from the lawless hand And from the lying tongue. O Thou that art my saving God, Why am I cast away? Why bear I thus the proud man's wi And mourn the livelong day?
- 2 Send forth Thy guiding light and tri And bring me by Thy grace Unto the mountain of Thy strength, Thy holy dwelling-place, Where to Thy altar I may come, O God, my joy, my cheer, And praise Thee on the swelling har O God, my God most dear.
- 3 Why art thou heavy, O my soul? Why troubled in my breast? O put Thy trust in God: on Him Recline, and be at rest. Yea, know that I shall thank Him y. Within His blest abode, Who shines on me with saving light, My own, my faithful God.

931 Pealm xlv. My heart is inditing,

- My heart is full, and I must sing:
 My heart with praise is swelling;
 And I must sing unto the King
 A song His honour telling.
 O fairer Thou than mortal race,
 Thy lips o'erflow with heavenly grace
 And so Thou art confessed
 Of God for ever blessed.
- 2 Gird on Thy sword, most Mighty, tak Thy majesty and glory; Ride on for truth and meekness' sake, Ride on, while saints adore Thee. Dread marvels shall Thy right hand at Sharp fall Thine arrows on the foe, O God, who ever reignest, And holiness maintainest.

FOR ASCENSION.

3 Thou hatest wickedness, of right A lover pure and zealous: With oil of joy Thy locks are bright; For God above Thy fellows, Thy God, anoints Thee: cassia's scent, Myrrh, aloes, with Thy robes are blent: With music's mingled voices Thine ivory dome rejoices.

PART II.

- 4 High honoured in Thy court is seen Full many a royal maiden: And, stationed on Thy right, the Queen With gold of Ophir laden. O daughter, lend a willing ear, And rest in sweet contentment here, Thy land no more regretting, Thy father's house forgetting.
- 5 The King elects thee for His Bride: Incline thine heart to hear Him: Thy former fancies cast aside: He is thy Lord; revers Him. So shall thy beauty be His choice, So in thy love shall He rejoice; Tyre's daughter shall implore thee, And kneel with gifts before thee.
- 6 She comes in gold and broidered sheen; Her virgin mates attend her: To the King's palace comes the Queen In pomp of festal splendour. Instead of sires through all the land Thy sons shall rule, a princely band, And minstrels shall deliver Thy praise to live for ever

932 Psalm xlv. 2. Thou art fairer, &c.

 O FAIREST of all men. Thy speech is pleasant pure, For God hath blessed Thee with gifts For ever to endure. Thy royal seat, O Lord, Eternally remains, Because the sceptre of Thy realm True righteousness maintains.

2 Thy heart is set to love

The right, the ill detest, Therefore hath God anointed Thee With joy above the rest. With myrrh and savours sweet Thy clothes are all besprent, When Thou dost from Thy palace pass

With strains of merriment.

Is glorious to behold; Within her closet she doth sit All decked in beaten gold. O daughter, take good heed, Incline, and lend thine ear; Thou must forget thy kindred all, Thy father's house so dear. 4 And so, for parents left, O Queen, thy fortune stands. Thine shall be noble sons, to set As princes in all lands. For this thy glorious name All ages shall record: All people shall give thanks to Thec For everinore, O Lord.

3 The daughter of the King

933 Psalm xivii. O clap your hands, &c.

1 ALL ye people, come, and clap your hands; Unto God with shouts of triumph sing: For the Lord is feared in utmost lands, The Most High is known, a mighty King. He hath trodden out the heathen's rage, He hath laid the nations at His feet: And His Jacob's beauteous beritage Is the land He loves, His chosen seat. 2 God is gone up with a merry noise, The Lord with the trumpet's swelling mirth: To our King give praise; in God rejoice,

For our God is King of all the earth. On His holy hill He sits enthroned, And the heathen bow beneath His rod: Let His Name with heart and voice be owned.

With a pealm of gladness praise our God.

934 Psalm xlviii. Great is the Lord, &c.

1 GREAT is the Lord; O let us raiso To Him within His city praise, Upon His holy mountain: How beautiful is Zion hill. The city which Himself doth fill, Of power the only fountain.

2 God in her palaces is known, Her refuge His eternal throne; Her kingly foes shall wonder: In trouble they shall haste away, The winds their ships in wild dismay Shall break with storms of thunder.

- 3 As we have heard, so have we seen
 How God His Zion's strength has been,
 To stablish her foundations.
 Lord, of Thy loving-kindness we
 Have thought within Thy house: to Thee
 Be praise from farthest nations.
- 4 Thy hand is full of righteousness; Thee Judah's joyful daughters bless, Thy righteous acts adoring: Mark Zion's bulwarks, tell her towers, For Zion's God and Guide is ours, Our life in death restoring.

935 Psalm lxxvi. In Judah is God known,

- 1 God in Judah's homes is known, Great in Israel His renown: There the fluming shafts He broke, Shield, and sword, and battle-stroke. Lapt in dreamless slumber lie All the hearts of courage high: Powerless for the morrow's fight Droop the hands of warring might.
- 2 God of Jacob, Thy behest Steed and chariot lulls to rest: Awful in Thy strength art Thou: Who can face Thy glooming brow? Earth in horror mute and still Heard from heaven Thy spoken will, When, to end the mourner's woes, God, the Judge of men, arose.
- 3 Human wrath and hostile spite Magnify Thy conquering might. To the Lord your God be paid, Ye His saints, the vows ye made: Royal gifts to God belong: God, the terrible and strong, God, who curbs the princely head, Kings of earth behold and dread.

936 Psalm lxxxix. 5. And the heavens shall praise Thy wonders, 0 Lord, &c.

- 1 The heavens declare Thy wondrous fame, Thy truth the saintly choirs proclaim: Where dwells Thy peer, O Lord? Who sits above the cloudy height, Who reigns among the sons of light, Like Thee to be adored?
- 2 God in His holy church is feared, By all the angel bands revered, That round Him sing and shine: What prince, what mighty ruler boasts Such power as Thine, Lord God of hosts, Such faithfulness as Thine?

- 3 Thy strength controls the haughty sea, Its swelling waves are stilled by Thee: Beneath Thy withering blows, Even as a death-struck warrior prone, Sank Egypt's pride; o'erwhelmed, o'erthrown
 - For ever, sank Thy foes.
- 4 Thine are the heavens, the earth is Thine,
 The world and all that dwells therein
 By Thee to being came:
 The north and south Thy potent voice
 Created; Tabor's slopes rejoice,
 And Hermon, in Thy Name.

PART IL

- 5 An arm is Thine of peerless might, Strong is Thy hand, and in the height Thy right hand rules supreme: Justice and judgment base Thy throne, Before Thee love and truth flow on, An everlasting stream.
- 6 Happy the people, Lord, who know The joyful sound, and, as they go, Behold Thy guiding face: With endless joy Thy Name they bless, While o'er them shines Thy righteousness, Thy goodness and Thy grace.
- 7 Thou art our high and beauteous tower; Our horn is lifted by Thy power, Strong in Thy strength alone; The Lord's Anointed is our shield, Our king the Man from heaven revealed, And Israel's Holy One.

937 Paalm xeil. It is a good thing, &c.

- 1 How good it is to praise the Lord,
 Thy name, most Highest, to record,
 To tell Thy love at morning light,
 Thy faithfulness to listening night,
 Preparing thoughtful words to suit
 The lyre and harp and ten-stringed lute!
 Thy deeds, O Lord, I view with joy,
 Thy works my grateful heart employ,
 So vast the wonders Thou hast wrought,
 So deep to us Thy every thought.
 Of this the stupid little wot,
 The foolish understand it not.
- 2 When, like the grass, the wicked spring And evil men are flourishing, Even then their day of doom impends, The eternal day that never ends. As palm-trees tall the just are seen, As Lebanon's strong cedars green;

In the Lord's house they strike their root, In God's own courts they flower and fruit: When old, no sapless boughs they shed, But, lifting high the verdant head, O Lord my rock, Thy truth they prove, And tell Thy firm unchanging love.

938 Psalm xcili. The Lord reigneth, &c.

1 God the Lord a King remaineth, Robed in His own glorious light; God hath robed Him, and He reigneth: He hath girded Him with might. Hallelujah!

God is King in depth and height.

2 In her everlasting station Earth is poised, to swerve no more; Thou hast laid Thy throne's foundation, From all time where thought can sour. Hallelujah!

Lord, Thou art for evermore.

3 Lord, the water-floods have lifted, Ocean-floods have lift their rear, Now they pause where they have drifted, Now they burst upon the shore. Hallelujah

For the ocean's sounding store!

4 With all tones of waters blending
Glorious is the breaking deep;
Glorious, beauteous without ending,
God who reigns on heaven's high steep.
Hallelujah!

Songs of ocean never sleep.

5 Lord, the words Thy lips are telling
Are the perfect verity;

Of Thine high eternal dwelling
Holiness shall immate be.

Hallelujah!
Pure is all that lives with Thee.

939 Psalm zciii. The Lord reigneth, &c.

1 The Lord is King; He reigns on high In glorious raiment bright, His robe unsullied majesty, His girdle peerless might. He by His power hath made the world, And stablished it so sure It may not from its seat be hurled, But firmly doth endure.

2 Ere yet this solid earth was wrought, Thy throne was set of yore: Beyond the farthest flight of thought Thou art from evermore. The floods, O Lord, the floods arise:
With thundering torrent strong
The floods arise, and to the skies
Uplift their billowy song.

3 Yea, mightily with fierce affray
The waves of ocean swell;
But mightier is the Lord than they;
The Lord on high doth dwell.
Through ages past, through time to come
Abides Thy stable word:
In holiness Thou hast Thy home,

940 Psalm xciil. The Lord reigneth, &c.

O pure and holy Lord.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, arrayed in light
Majestical, begirt with might:
The solid earth stands fast,
Thy glorious work: for evermore
Abides Thy primal throne: of yore
Thou art, almighty Lord, the First,
the Last.

2 The floods, O Lord, arise; their cry The floods uplift; and swelling high The mighty sea-waves rage: But far o'er flood and wave the Lord Sits mightier: truth attends Thy Word, And holiness Thy house from age to age.

941 Psalm xcvil. The Lord reigneth, &c.

1 THE Lord is King: glad earth, and ye, O myriad isles, exult aloud: Around Him darkness dwells and cloud; His throne is laid in equity: A wasteful flame before Him goes, And burns up His encircling foes.

2 His lightnings set the world afire, And shuddering earth His shafts appal; Before earth's Lord, the Lord of all, The melting hills, as wax, retire. His righteousness from heaven is shown; His glory to all nations known.

3 Far o'er the earth, beyond the aky,
Thou sittest. Lord, the height of height,
Abore all gods supreme in might
Sublime in awful majesty.
Who love the Lord, depart from ill:
The meek are cherished by Him still:

4 He saves them from the scorner's hand: Yea, for the pious light is sown, And gladness to the upright shown:

8.1

Be glad then, O ye saintly band; Rejoice for ever in the Lord, For ever praise His holy word.

942 Psalm xcvii. The Lord reigneth, &c.

- 1 THE Lord is King: let earth obey, Rejoicing in His righteous sway: Darkness and clouds around Him meet; Judgment and truth uphold His seat.
- 2 O ye, who love the Saviour's name, Hate every work of sin and shame; He keeps His saints, and o'er their heads The shield of His salvation spreads.
- 3 For all His saints, for them alone, The seeds of heavenly light are sown: Gladness and joy around them rise, A harvest ripening for the skies.
- 4 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord, His sacred Name with joy record: With grateful songs Jehovah bless, And praise Him in His holiness.

943 Psalm xcviii. O sing unto the Lord, &c.

- 1 O sing ye now unto the Lord
 A new and pleasant song;
 The marvels of His power record,
 His deeds of prowess strong.
 Be glad in Him with cheerful voice,
 Ye people of the earth:
 Praise Him with harp and horn, rejoice
 With songs of holy mirth.
- 2 Yea, let the sea with all therein For gladness roar and swell, Let earth its choral chant begin, And they that in it dwell: And let the floods rejoice their fill, And clap their hands and sing: Let every glad exulting hill Adore the heavenly King.
- 3 Full soon must quick and dead appear Before His judgment throne; All worlds His righteous doom shall hear, All power be His alone. Give glory to the Three in One, &c.

944 Psalm xcix. The Lord reigneth, &c.

1 God is King;—the nations quiver;
Cherub-throned;—the wide earth
cowers;—

God in Zion, great for ever,
High o'er mortal thrones and towers;
High and dreadful
Own ye this great Lord of ours.

2 They have owned Thy Name:—'tis Holy,
Might of our all-glorious King:
Thou hast loved to right the lowly,
Equity on high to bring:
Truth and pureness,
At Thy word, in Israel spring.

3 Praise the Lord our God, and lowly

At the footstool of His feet
Fall ye down, for He is Holy:—
Who to call on God are meet?
Whose deep sighing
Will His answering mercy greet?

4 Moses, Aaron, His anointed,
'Mid His chosen priests and dear;
Samuel, whom His love appointed

Chief of hearts that own Him near:
These have called Him,
Called the Lord, and He gave ear.

5 From His pillared cloud of brightness Gently spake He when they wept; For in truth and hearts' uprightness All His love and law they kept.

God our Saviour, Thy kind answer never slept.

6 Thou wast yet their God forgiving, While their doings earned Thy rod. Praise our Lord, the ever-living; Toward the mount of His abode Humbly falling:— Holy is the Lord our God.

945 Psalm c. Make a jouful noise, &c.

1 With one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise;
Convinced that He is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed,
We, whom He chooses for His own,
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.

2 O enter then His temple gate; Thence to His courts devoutly press; And still your grateful hymns repeat, And still His Name with praises bless. For He's the Lord, supremely good; His mercy is for ever sure: His truth, which always firmly stood, To endless ages shall endure. Amen.

946 Psalm criti. O God, my heart is fixed,

- My heart is fain, O God, my heart
 Is fain to sing Thy praise:
 My lips shall bear their joyful part,
 And glad thanksgivings raise.
- 2 Awake, my glory; with the day, Sweet harp and lute, awake; For I myself will tune my lay Ere morn's first blushes break.
- 3 Among the nations I will bless, O Lord, Thy glorious Name; To utmost lands Thy faithfulness In grateful song proclaim.
- 4 Thy truth and mercy soar as far As highest heaven is high, Beyond the light of any star That glimmers in the sky.
- 5 Exalted be Thy praise, O God, Above the cloudy height, Thy glory told in earth abroad, Thy majesty and might. Amen.

947 Psalm cx. The Lord said unto my Lord, &c.

- 1 Unto my Lord Jehovah said: 'At My right hand I throne Thee, Till, at Thy feet in triumph laid, Thy foes their ruler own Thee.' From Zion hill the Lord shall send Thy sceptre, till before Thee bend The knees of proud rebellion.
- 2 Thy saints, to greet Thy day of might, In holy raiment muster;
 As dew-drops in the morning light
 Thy youths around Thee cluster:
 Jelovah's oath and firm decree
 Declares Thy deathless Name to be
 The King and Priest of Salem.
- 3 The Lord at Thy right hand shall bring
 On rulers desolation;
 His arm shall smite each heathen king,
 And judge each rebel nation.
 He on His swift victorious way
 Shall quaff the brook, then rise to away
 His conquered realms for ever.

948 Psalm exiii. Praise, 0 ye servants of the Lord, &c.

1 O YE who on His service wait, Praise ye the Lord, for He is great: Praise to His Name be given: From this time forth for evermore, From east to west His Name adore, The Lord of earth and heaven.

2 Above all nations rules on high Our God; beyond the starry aky His glory far extendeth: Whom with the Lord will ye compare? Seated in highest heaven, His care To earthly realms descendeth.

- 3 He hears the needy when they cry:
 He lifts the poor from misery
 To sit in princely places:
 To all who want His mercies come,
 And oft He fills the childless home
 With children's pleasant faces.
- 4 Ye desolate, His aid implore: Ye saints of God, His grace adore: Pruise to His Name be given: Let earth, let heaven's angelic host l'raise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, The God of earth and heaven.

949 Psalm exxiv. If it had not been the Lord, Ac.

- 1 Unless the Lord with us had wrought,
 May Israel now exulting say,
 Unless the Lord for us had fought,
 When men against us rose to slay,
 Our very lives they had devoured,
 So hotly blazed their angry mood;
 Our fainting souls had sunk o'erpowered
 Within the proud and wasteful flood:
- 2 Yea, we had found a sudden grave Beneath the whelming torrent's sway; But He was merciful to save, And from the spoiler snatched his prey. Like birds we 'scape the fowler's net; The meshes brake, and we are free: Our help is found, our hope is set, Maker of heaven and earth, in Thee.

950 Psalm exxv. They that trust in the Lord, &c.

1 Who in the Lord securely lay Their faith's deep base, unmoved shall stand As Zion hill, which time's strong hand Shall ne'er surrender to decay.

2 As mountains high on every side
Engirdle fair Jerusalem,
Such is their guardian Lord to them
Who stedfast in His lore abide;
. R 3

3 For though somewhile the Lord design To smite the righteous, He will not Appoint for their eternal lot Beneath the scorner's rod to pine,

4 Lest they to foul iniquity
Their yet untainted hands extend.
To them, O Lord, Thy blessing send,
Whose upright hearts abhor a lie

5 For sinners—they shall end in hell, With all who turn to wickedness: But still our gracious Lord will bless With peace His chosen Israel.

951 Psalm CXXVI. When the Lord turned again, &c.

l 'Twas dream-like, when the Lord's decree Broke Zion's chain, and made us free:

Broke Zion's chain, and made us free: But soon from each delighted tongue Burst the gay laugh, the joyous song.

- 2 From realm to realm the tidings flew; The wondrous sign the nations knew, And Great, they said, the gift bestowed On these, the favoured of their God.'
- 3 Yea, great the gift, with heart and voice We shout responding, and rejoice; Lead home, O Lord, our rescued bands, As gushing streams to sunburnt lands.
- 4 Who sow in tears in joy shall reap: The ploughman o'er his toil may weep, But, when the teeming month is come, He bears the sheaves exulting home.
- 5. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, &c.

952 While they beheld. He was taken up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight. Acts 1.

1 THE Saviour stood on Olivet;
His earthly task was o'er;
And wherefore should He linger yet
On this world's dreary shore?
He raised on high His hands divine,
He blessed His faithful train;

O when shall Adam's guilty line Such blessings hear agaiu?

2 Then slowly toward the expecting sky That sky's Creator rose Angelic watchers, ranged on high, Bade heaven's bright gates unclose. He entered in, the Lord of might,

Eternal and supreme; His presence e'en those realms of light Enriched with brighter beam. 3 O Thou, who thus exalted art,
On whom our souls rely;
Grant to us now in mind and heart
To dwell with Thee on high.
And when at last the archangel's voice
Shall call us from the grave,
May we with all Thy saints rejoice,
Through Him who died to save. Amen.

953 We have not an High Priest who cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities. Heb, iv.

- 1 He, who for men their Surety stood, And poured on earth His precious blood, Our High Priest now, in heaven above Pursues His mighty work of love. The same, that suffered here below, Hath sympathy with human woe; And still remembers from on high His tears, His prayers, His agony.
- 2 In every pang that rends the heart The Man of sorrows had a part: Touched with the feeling of our grief, To sufferers now He sends relief. With boldness therefore to the throne We come to make our sorrows known, And ask the aid of heavenly power, To help us in the evil hour.

954 The King of glory shall come in. Ps. axiv.

1 Hall the day that sees Him rise, Alleluia!
To His throne above the skies; All.
Christ, the Lamb for sinners given,
Enters now the highest heaven,
There for Him high triumph waits, All.
Lift your heads, eternal gates; All.
He hath conquered death and sin,
Take the King of glory in.
All.

All

- 2 Lo, the heaven its Lord receives, Yet He loves the earth He leaves; Though returning to His throne, Still He calls mankind His own: See, He lifts His hands above, See, He shows the prints of love, Hark, His gracious lips bestow, Blessings on His Church below.
- 3 Still for us He intercedes, His prevailing death He pleads, Near Himself prepares our place, He the first-fruits of our race.

Lord, though parted from our sight, All.
Far above the starry height, All.
Grant our hearts may thither rise, All.
Seeking Thee above the akies. Allelnia.
Amen.

955 He is the King of glory. Ps. xxiv.

- 1 Our Lord is risen from the dead;
 Our Jesus is gone up on high;
 The powers of hell are captive led,
 Dragged to the portals of the sky.
 There His triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay;
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
 Ye everlasting doors, give way.
 Alleluis!
- 2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold the wondrous scene;
 He claims these mansions as His right:
 Receive the King of glory in.
 Who is the King of glory? Who?
 The Lord that all our foes o'ercame,
 Who sin and death and hell o'erthrew;
 And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
 Alleluis!
- 3 Lo, His triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay;
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
 Ye everlasting doors, give way.
 Who is this King of Glory? Who?
 The Lord of glorious power possest,
 The King of saints, and angels too,
 God over all, for ever blest. Allenia!
 Amen.

956 The Lord is King. Ps. xcvii.

- 1 THE Lord is King; lift up thy voice,
 O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice;
 From world to world the joy shall ring,
 The Lord omnipotent is King.
 The Lord is King: who then shall dare
 Resist His will, distrust His care,
 Or murmur at His wise decrees,
 Or doubt His royal promises?
- 2 He reigns: ye saints, exalt your strains; Your God is King, your Father reigns; And He is at the Father's side, The Man of love, the Crucified. Come, make your wants, your burdens known, He will present them at the throne; And angel-bands are waiting there.

His messages of love to bear.

3 O, when His wisdom can mistake, His might decay, His love forsake, Then may His children cease to sing, 'The Lord omnipotent is King,' Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, &cc.

957 For ever sal down on the right hand of God. Heb. x.

- 1 He dies, the Friend of sinners dies; Lo, Salem's daughters weep around: A solemn darkness veils the akies; A sudden trembling shakes the ground. Come, ainners, trace in sad review His grief, who bowed beneath your load, Who gave His anguished life for you, Poured forth in streams of precious blood.
- 2 Yet see, the Lord forsakes the tomb;
 In vain His foes forbid to rise:
 Angelic legions guard Him home,
 And shout His welcome to the skies.
 Cease, cease your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high your great Deliverer reigns;
 Sing, how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
 And led the captive death in chains.
- 3 Sing, 'Live for ever, wondrous King, Born to redeem, and strong to save: Thy arm has torn from death its sting, And snatched the victory from the grave.'
 To God the Father lift your voice, &c.

958 God hath highly exalted Him. Phil. ii.

- 1 The Lord ascendeth up on high, The Lord hath triumphed gloriously, In power and might excelling: The grave and hell are captive led: Lo, He returns, our kingly Head, To His eternal dwelling.
- 2 The heavens with joy receive their Lord, By saints, by angel hosts adored; O day of exultation! Glad earth, adore thy mighty King, His rising, His ascension sing, With thankful adoration.
- 3 Our great High Priest hath gone before,
 Now on His Church His grace to pour,
 And still His love He giveth:
 O may our hearts to Him ascend,
 And all within us upward tend
 To Him who ever liveth! Amen.

 **2.4*

959 Crowned with glory and honour. Heb. ii.

- 1 To Him who for our sins was alain, To Him, for all His dying pain, Sing we Hallelujah! To Him, the Lamb our sacrifice, Who gave His soul our ransom-price, Sing we Hallelujah!
- 2 To Him who died that we might die To sin, and live with Him on high, Sing we Hallelujah! To Him who rose that we might rise And reign with Him beyond the skies Sing we Hallelujah!
- 3 To Him who now for us doth plead,
 And helpeth us in all our need,
 Sing we Hallelujah!
 To Him who doth prepare on high
 Our home in immortality
 Sing we Hallelujah!
- 4 To Him be glory evermore;
 Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore;
 Sing we Hallelujah!
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God most high, our joy and boast,
 Sing we Hallelujah!

960 Blessed be the glory of the Lord. Ezek. iii.

- 1 GLORY, glory to our King,
 Crowns unfading wreath His head!
 Jesus is the name we sing;
 Jesus risen from the dead,
 Jesus, Conqueror of the grave,
 Jesus, mighty now to save.
- 2 Jesus is gone up on high; Angels haste to meet their King; Shouts triumphant rend the sky, While the Victor's praise they sing: 'Open wide, ye heavenly gates; Lo, the King of glory waits.'
- 3 Now behold Him high enthroned, Splendour beaming from His face, By adoring angels owned God of holiness and grace: O for hearts and tongues to sing, 'Glory, glory to our King!'
- 4 Jesus, on Thy people shine;
 Warm our hearts and tune our tongues;
 That with angels we may join,
 Share their bliss, and swell their songs;
 Glory, honour, power, and praise,
 Lord be Thine through endless days.

 Amen.

961 Let us sing unto the Lord. Ps. 2

- 1 Ham, your dread Lord and ours, Dominions, thrones, and powers; Source of power, He rules alone: Veil your eyes, and prostrate fall; Cast your crowns before His throne, Hail the Cause, the Lord of all.
- 2 Let earth's remotest bound
 With echoing joys resound;
 Christ to praise let all unite,
 Hymns of praise to Christ belong:
 Shout, ye first-born sons of light,
 Earth, repeat the glorious song.
- 3 Worthy, O Lord, art Thon, That every knee should bow, Every tongue to Thee confess, Universal nature join, Strong and mighty. Thee to bless
- Strong and mighty, Thee to bless, Gracious, merciful, benign. 4 Justice and truth maintain
- Thine everlasting reign:
 One with Thine Almighty Sire,
 Partner of an equal throne,
 King of saints, let all conspire
 Gratefully Thy love to own.
 Amer

962 An everlasting kingdom. Dan. v

- 1 YE servants of God,
 Your Master proclaim;
 And publish abroad
 His wonderful Name:
 The Name all-victorious
 Of Jesus extol;
 His kingdom is glorious,
 And rules over all.
- 2 God reigneth on high,
 Almighty to save;
 And still He is nigh,
 His presence we have:
 The great congregation
 His triumph shall sing,
 Ascribing salvation
 To Jesus our King.
- 3 'Salvation to God,
 Who sits on the throne,'
 Let all cry aloud,
 And honour the Son:
 Our Lord's mighty praises
 The angels proclaim,
 Fall down on their faces,
 And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore,
And give Him His right,
All glory and power,
And wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing,
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love.

963 Jesus Christ: He is Lord of all. Acts x.

- 1 ALI. hail the great Emmanuel's name!
 Ye angels, prostrate fall:
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God, Whom death could not appal; Extol the stem of Jesse's rod, And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye saints redeemed, of Adam's race, And ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye realms of every tongue and name, Ye nations great and small, Your mighty Saviour's praise proclaim, And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 O that, with yonder sacred throng, We at His feet may fall, And swell the everlasting song, And crown Him Lord of all!

964 Behold your King. John xix.

- 1 JESUS comes, His conflict over, Comes to claim His great reward; Angels round the Victor hover, Crowding to behold their Lord: Haste, ye saints, your tribute bring, Crown Him everlasting King.
- 2 O what honours now await Him! Friends and foes shall hear His voice; Tremble, tremble, ye that hate Him; Ye who love His name, rejoice: Haste, ye saints, your tribute bring, Crown Him everlasting King.
- 3 Yonder throne, for Him erected, Now becomes the Victor's seat; Lo the Man on earth rejected! Angels worship at His feet: Haste, ye saints, your tribute bring, Cruwn Him everlasting King.

4 Day and night they cry before Him,
 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord!'
All the powers of heaven adore Him,
 All obey His soverain word:
 Haste, ye saints, your tribute bring,
 Crown Him everlasting King.

965 Rejoice in the Lord. Joel il.

- 1 REJOICE, the Lord is King:
 Your reigning God adore;
 Mortals, give thanks and aing,
 And triumph evermore.
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice, in Christ your King rejoice.
- 2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
 The God of truth and love;
 When He had purged our stains,
 He took His seat above;
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice, in Christ your King rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail;

 He rules o'er earth and heaven;
 The keys of death and hell

 Are to the Saviour given;

 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;

 Rejoice, in Christ your King rejoice.
- 4 Rejoice in glorious hope;
 Jesus the Judge shall come,
 And take His servants up
 To their eternal home;
 We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
 The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

966 The song of the Lamb. Rev. xv.

- 1 Sing we the song of those who stand Around the eternal throne, Of every clime and every land, A multitude unknown.
- 2 Toil, trial, suffering, still await On earth the pilgrim throng; Yet learn we, in our low estate, The Church-triumphant's song.
- 3 'Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,' Thus sing the saints above, 'Blessing and honour to obtain, And everlasting love.'
- 4 'Worthy the Lamb,' on earth we sing, 'Who died our souls to save; Henceforth, O death, where is thy sting, Thy victory where, O grave?'

5 Sing hallelujah! power and praise To God in Christ be given! May all who here this anthem raise Renew the strain in heaven!

967 Press toward the mark. Phil. iii.

1 Go forward in your course,
Ye sons of Christ on high,
Because the Lord your God
Doth lead to victory.
Press onward to the mark,
Ye that have life and breath,
Resolved for good or ill,
For peril and for death.
The first who dared to die,
Had blessed visions given:
The glory on him shose
Down from the open heaven.
2 Look up into the skies;

To earth's remotest day
The shining of that light
Shall never pass away.
Your bitter foes in vain
Their storms of malioe shower:
Behold your Captain stand
At God's right hand in power.
Each scattering of the Church
The Word of God shall sow:
For every cruel stroke
The loly plant shall grow.

968 The Holy One of God. Mark i.

- 1 Son of Man, to Thee we cry;
 By the mighty mystery
 Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
 By Thy pure and holy birth,
 Lord, Thy presence let us see,
 Thou our Light and Saviour be.
- 2 Lamb of God, to Thee we cry
 By Thy bitter agony,
 By Thy pangs, to us unknown,
 By Thy spirit's parting groan,
 Lord, Thy presence let us see,
 Thou our Light and Saviour be.
- 3 Prince of Life, to Thee we cry; By Thy glorious majesty, By Thy triumph o'er the grave, By Thy power to help and save, Lord, Thy presence let us see, Thou our Light and Saviour be.
- 4 Lord of glory, God most high, Man exalted to the sky,

With Thy love our bosom fill; Help us to perform Thy will; Then Thy glory we shall see, Thou wilt bring us home to Thes. Amen.

969 Lift up your heads, 0 ye gates. Ps. xxiv.

- 1 O Saviour, who for man hast trod
 The wine-press of the wrath of God,
 Ascend on high and claim again
 Thy glory, left to die for men.
 The radiant clouds are now Thy seat:
 The earth lies stretched beneath Thy feet;
 Ten thousand thousand angels sing
 To welcome their returning King.
- 2 The gates of heaven obey the call,
 And open to the Lord of all;
 His throne receives the eternal Son,
 Both God and Man, for ever one,
 Our great High Priest and Shepherd, Thou
 Within the veil art entered now,
 To offer there Thy death and pain,
 O Lamb from earth's foundation slain.
- 3 And thence the Church, Thy chosen Bride, With spiritual gifts supplied, Through all her members draws from Thee Her hidden life of sanctity.

 O Saviour, of Thy gentle care Thy lowly members heavenward bear Be ours with Thee to suffer pain, With Thee for evarmore to reign. Amen.

970 Seeing, then, that we have a great High Priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus, the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. Heb. iv.

- 1 O CHRIST, our hope, our heart's desire, Redemption's only spring, Creator of the world art Thou, Its Saviour and its King.
- 2 How vast the mercy and the love, Which laid our ains on Thee, And led Thee to a cruel death, To set Thy people free.
- 3 But now the bonds of death are burst, The ransom has been paid, And Thou art on Thy Father's throne, In glorious robes arrayed.
- 4 O may Thy mighty love prevail Our sinful souls to spare, O may we come before Thy throne, And find acceptance there!

FOR ASCENSION.

5 O Christ, be Thou our present joy,
Our future great reward:
Our only glory may it be
To glory in the Lord! Amen.

971 Before honour is humility. Prov. xr.

- 1 The bird that soars on highest wing
 Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
 And she that doth most sweetly sing
 Sings in the shade when all things rest;
 In lark and nightingale we see
 What honour hath humility.
- 2 When Mary chose the better part,
 She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;
 And Lydia's gently opened heart
 Was made for God's own temple meet:
 Fairest and best adorned is she
 Whose clothing is humility.
- 3 The saint that wears heaven's brightest
 crown
 In deepest adoration bends;
 The weight of glory draws him down
 Then most, when most his soul ascends:
 Nearest the throne itself must be
 The footstool of humility

972 Who is gone into heaven. 1 Pet. III

- 1 The eternal gates lift up their heads,
 The doors are opened wide,
 The King of glory is gone up
 Unto His Father's side.
 2 Thou art some in before me 1
- 2 Thou art gone in before us, Lord,
 Thou hast prepared a place,
 That we may be where now Thou art,
 And look upon Thy face.
- 3 And ever on our earthly path
 A gleam of glory lies,
 A light still breaks behind the cloud
 That veils Thee from our eyes.
- 4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds, And let Thy grace be given, That, while we linger yet below, Our treasure be in heaven:
- 5 That, where Thou art at God's right hand,
 Our hope, our love, may be:
 Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
 For evermore in Thee. Amen.

973 He shall reign for ever and Rev. v. 1

To mansions in the skies;
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care opprest:
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,

And lead us to our rest.

2 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery

To travel to Thy crown.

And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

3 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the armies of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
O by Thy saving power
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour

At Thy right hand on high. Amen.

974 Such an High Priest became us.
Heb. vii.

1 With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest abore;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame:
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.
2 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood.

While Satan's fiery darts He bore, Resisting unto blood. He in the days of feeble flesh Poured out His cries and tears. And in His measure feels afresh What every member bears.

3 He will not quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
Then let our humble faith address

His mercy and His power, So shall we find delivering grace In judgment's searching hour.

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975 To make reconciliation for the sins of the people. Heb. ii.	1
1 When round the camp, for Israel's sin, The pestilence and terror spread, Was no one found, her ranks within, To stand between the quick and dead? Yea; there, the censer in his hand, His limbs in priestly robes arrayed, Did consecrated Aaron stand, And Heaven the work of vengeance stayed.	1
2 Thus, when the Lord's great day of ire Shall shake the earth and rend the akies, When He, revealed in flaming fire, Shall burst upon His enemies, Our great High Priest, the anointed Son, Shall plead the full atonement made; Shall stand before the avenging One, And bid that flercer plague be stayed.	2
Consider the control of the control	4
976 Having an High Priest over the house of God, let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith. Hub. x.	
1 THE Holiest now we enter	9
In perfect peace with God, Regaining our lost centre Through Christ's atoning blood: Though great may be our dulness	1
In thought, and word, and deed, Vie glory in the fulness Of Him who meets our need.	2
2 Much incense is ascending Before the eternal throne; God graciously is bending To hear each feeble groan; To all our prayers and praises	3
Christ adds His sweet perfume; And love the censer raises Their odours to consume. 3 O God, we come with singing,	9
Because the great High Priest Our names to Thee is bringing, Nor e'er forgets the least.	

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Cease, my spirit, thy complaining; Still o'er all is Jesus reigning; He thy clouds will chase away, Whom the winds and waves obey.

2 All thy griefs and cares He shareth;
Then to Him thy burden bring:
He for all His brethren careth,
He, their Brother, though their King.
Lord of love, within us dwelling,
Evil wiles and terrors quelling,
Grant from all our sorrows peace. Amen.
Grant from all our sorrows peace.

980

Look up. Luke xxi.

- 1 SAVIOUR, I lift my trembling eyes To that bright seat where, placed on high,
 - The great atoning Sacrifice
 For me, for all, is ever nigh.
 Be Thou my guard on peril's brink;
 Be Thou my guide through weal or woe;
 And teach me of Thy cup to drink,
 And make me in Thy path to go.
- 2 For what is earthly change or loss? Thy promises are still my own; The feeblest frame may bear Thy cross, The lowliest spirit share Thy throne. One God unseen, the Father, Son, &c.

981 Thy King cometh unto thee. Matt. xxi.

- 1 SHEPHERD of tender youth, Guiding in love and truth Through devious ways; Christ, our triumphant King, We come Thy name to sing, And here our children bring To shout Thy praise.
- 2 Thou art our holy Lord,
 The all-subduing Word,
 Healer of strife:
 Thou didst Thyself abase,
 That from sin's deep disgrace
 Thou mightest save our race,
 And give us life.
- 3 Thou art our great High Priest,
 Thou hast prepared the feast
 Of holy love;
 And in our mortal pain
 None calls on Thee in vain;
 All may through Thee obtain
 Help from above.

- 4 Ever be thus our guide,
 Our shepherd and our pride,
 Our staff and song;
 Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
 By the path Thou hast trod
 Unto Thy bright abode
 Lead us erelong.
- 5 So now and till we die
 Let us Thy praises high
 Joyfully sing:
 Infants and all the throng
 Who to Thy Church belong
 Swell the triumphal song
 To Christ our King.

982 Thou hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood. Rev. v.

- 1 Now the heavenly joy proclaim; Sing aloud in Jesus' name; Ye who His salvation prove, Triumph in Redeeming Love.
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace Beaming in the Saviour's face, As to Canaan on ye move, Praise and bless Redeeming Love.
- 3 Ye, who long, alas, have been Willing slaves of death and sin, Now from bliss no longer rove; Rest, and taste Redeeming Love,
- 4 Hither all your voices bring, Strike aloud the joyful string; Mortals, join the choir above, Join to praise Redeeming Love.

983 The oceptre of Thy kingdom is a right oceptre. Ps. xlv.

- 1 O WORSHIP the King
 All-glorious above;
 O gratefully sing
 His power and His love,
 Our Shield and Defender,
 The Ancient of days,
 Pavilioned in splendour,
 And girded with praise.
- 2 O tell of His might,
 O sing of His grace,
 Whose robe is the light,
 Whose canopy space;
 His chariots of wrath
 The deep thunder-clouds form,
 And dark is His path
 On the wings of the storm

3	Thy bountiful care
	What tongue can recite?
	It breathes in the air,
	It shipes in the light;
	It streams from the hills,
	It descends to the plain,
	And sweetly distils

The second secon

In the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust,

And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redoemer, and Friend!

984 Christ, who is our life. Col. iii.

1 O Thou, the woman's promised Seed, The Brauch from Jesse's rod, The Angel of the covenant,

The spotless Lamb of God, The Wonderful, the Prince of peace, Bid all our ain and sorrow cease.

2 High on the everlasting throne In glory dwellest Thou, Yet deignest there to plead for those Who call upon Thee now. O break our bondage, set us free, And make us one with God in Thee.

3 Praise to the Father let us sing
And blessing to the Son,
And worship to the Spirit bring,
Co-equal Three in One,
Who was, and is, and is to be
The only God eternally.

985 Who giveth us richly all things to enjoy. 1 Tim. vi.

1 O JESU, crowned with all renown, Since Thou the earth hast trod, Thou reignest, and by Thee come down Henceforth the gifts of God. Thine is the health, and Thine the wealth That in our halls abound; And Thine the beauty and the joy With which the years are crowned.

2 Lord, in their change let frost and heat And winds and dews be given: All fostering power, all influence sweet Breathe from the bounteous heaven. 3

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988 Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed. John xx.

- 1 We saw Thee not when Thou didst come To this poor world of sin and death, Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage-home In that despised Nazareth; But we believe Thy footsteps trod Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.
- 2 We did not see Thee lifted high Amid that wild and savage crew, Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry, 'Forgive, they know not what they do;' Yet we believe the deed was done, Which shook the earth and veiled the sun.
- 3 We stood not by the empty tomb Where late Thy sacred body lay; Nor sat within that upper room, Nor met Thee in the open way: But we believe that angels said, 'Why seek the living 'midst the dead?'
- 4 We did not mark the chosen few, When Thou didst thro'the clouds ascend, First lift to beaven their wondering view, Then to the earth all prostrate bend; Yet we believe that mortal eyes Beheld Thee mount beyond the skies.
- 5 And now that Thou dost reign above, And thence Thy faithful people bless, No outward glory from Thy love Doth shine upon our wilderness: But we believe Thy faithful word, And wait for our returning Lord.

989 God hath highly exalted Him. Phil. Il.

- 1 PASCHAL Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on Thee were laid;
 By almighty love anointed,
 Full atonement Thou hast made.
 Every sin may be forgiven
 Through the virtue of Thy blood;
 Open stands the gate of heaven,
 Peace is made for man with God.
- 2 Jesus, hail: abashed before Thee Seraphs bright their faces hide; All the heavenly hosts adore Thee, Seated at Thy Father's side: There for ainners Thou art pleading, 'Spare them yet another year;' Thou for saints art interceding, Till in glory they appear.

3 Worship, honour, love increasing, Christ is worthy to receive; Loudest praises without ceasing Meet it is for us to give. Help, ye pure angelic spirits, Bring your sweetest, noblest lays; Help to sing our Saviour's merits, Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

99() Rejoice in the Lord alway. Phil. iv.

- 1 REJOICE in Christ alway
 When earth looks heavenly bright,
 When joy makes glad the livelong day,
 And peace abuts in the night.
 Rejoice when care and woe
 The fainting soul oppress,
 When tears at wakeful midnight flow,
 And morn brings heaviness.
- 2 Rejoice in hope and fear, Rejoice in life and death,
- Rejoice when threatening storms are near,
 And comfort languisheth.
 When should not they rejoice
 Whom Christ His brethren calls,
 Who hear and know His guiding voice,
 As on their heart it falls?
- 3 Yet not to rash excess
 Let joy like ours prevail;
 Feast not on earth's deliciousness
 Till faith begin to fail.
 Our temperate use of bliss,
 Let it to all appear;
 And be our constant watchword this,
 'The Lord Himself is near.'

991 The Comforter whom I will send unto you from the Father. John xv.

- 1 Now be thanks and praise ascending, Praise to Jesus never ending: All He made, and still sustains; Over heaven and earth He reigns. He, for us the cross enduring, Died, by death our life procuring: Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
- 2 From the grave He rose victorious; Wonderful He is, and glorious; He from ill His flock defends; He to them His Spirit sends: Now for them He intercedeth, Heavenward still His mercy leadeth: Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
- 3 Be my daily meditation He, whose sorrows brought salvation:

He hath died, my soul, for thee: He alone thy rest can be: Though the lonesome grave receive thee, He to darkness will not leave thee: Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

992 Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Matt. vi.

1 How solemn silent, and how still
The stars all range above!
They joy in their great Master's will,
And all their ways are love.
They teach us, ranged in order bright,
How God's great host on high,
The angels, walk in love and light
Beyond the starry sky.

2 O that God's children here below
Might thus His laws fulfil,
And each, where God has placed him,
know
And do His holy will.
Guide us, O Lord, by grace divine,
That we may never stray;
May Christ, our Sun, for ever shine
Upon our heavenward way!

993 Thou art a Priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec. Ps. ex.

1 The atoning work is done,
No more the Victim bleeds;
Christ hath the victory won,
And now for us He pleads:
In heaven our great High Priest appears;
Our names upon His breast He bears.
2 And though awhile He be

Hid from the eyes of men, His people look to see Their great High Priest again: In brightest glory He aball come, And take His waiting people home.

3 To God, the ascended Son,
Father, and Spirit blest,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be addrest:
Let heaven and earth rejoice and sing
High glory to the eternal King. Amen.

994 Of whom the world was not worthy. Heb. xi.

Ur, brethren of the Cross, and haste
 Where Christ our Head hath gone
 before:

We hymn His praise the while we taste The shame and death He sometime bore. In bonds and stripes, in falsest blame, Our crown, our dearest wealth we see; A dungeon were a throne, and shame Our chiefest glory, borne for Thee. 2 What though the world may on us fling

Its scorn, and oft we strive with death? The holy angels speed to bring
Our help and strength, our victor's wreath.

Up, quit the gates where sin abides,
From earth's doomed cities quickly
come;

Yon eastern star full surely guides
All pilgrims to their Father's home.

995 I will not leave you comfortless. John xiv.

1 Christ is gone up; yet ere He passed
From earth, in heaven to reign,
He formed one holy Church to last
Till He should come again.
His twelve Apostles first He made
His ministers of grace;
And they their hands on others laid,
To fill in turn their place.

2 So age by age, and year by year, His grace was handed on; And still His holy Church is here, Although her Lord is gone. Let those find pardon, Lord, from Thee, Whose love to her is cold; Bring wanderers in, and let there be One shepberd and one fold. Amen.

996 His throne shall be established. Prov. xxv.

1 MIGHTY Saviour, gracious King,
Now Thy waiting people bless;
Thou that dost deliverance bring,
Come to reign in righteousness:
Thou dost heavenly light impart;
Tune the ear to Ziou's song;
Teach and guide the wayward heart;
Loose and prompt the stammering
tongue.

2 Pour Thy Spirit from on high; Come, Thy mourning Church to bless; Streams of life and joy supply; Fill the world with righteousness; Light shall then possess Thine own, Holy quiet, perfect peace; And, where heavenly seed is sown, Thou wilt give the blest increase.

997. We are members of His body. Eph. v.

- 1 O BLESSING rich, for sons of men Members of Christ to be Joined to the holy Son of God In wondrous unity!
- 2 O Jesu, our great Head divine, From whom most freely flow The streams of life, and strength, and
- To all the frame below:
- 3 Keep us as members sound and whole Within Thy body true; Build us into a temple fair,
- Meet stones in order due. 4 Keep us good branches of Thy vine, Large store of fruit to yield; Keep us as sheep that wander not From Thy most pleasant field.
- 5 For one with God, O Jesu blest. We are, when one with Thee, With saints on earth and saints at rest A glorious company.

998 It is expedient for you that I go away.

Mr Saviour, can it ever be That I should gain by losing Thee? The watchful mother tarries nigh, Though sleep have closed her infant's eye; But I am weaker than a child, And Thou art more than mother dear; Without Thee heaven were but a wild: How shall I live without Thee here?) fainting soul, arise and sing; fount, but be sober on the wing; lount up, for heaven is won by prayer; s sober, for thou art not there; alk thou by faith and not by sight; Take it on trust a little while; n shalt thou read the mystery right in the full sunshine of His smile.

If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His. Rom, vill.

in a high and favoured place, ke chosen plants we stand, ared with God's peculiar grace, d guarded by His hand. here are found the heavenly fruits vineyard should afford? vorldly cares and vain pursuits ffered to the Lord?

2 Give us, O God, true penitence; Take not Thy grace away; Nor leave our souls without defence, The fell destroyer's prey. Spare Thine unworthy creatures still; Our low affections raise; And make us faithful to Thy will. And fruitful to Thy praise. Amen.

O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come. Ps. lxv. 1000

- I SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee Low we bend the adoring knee, When repentant to the skies Scarce we lift our streaming eyes, O by all the pains and woe Suffered once for man below, Bending from Thy throne on high, Hear our solemn litany.
- 2 By Thy birth and early years, By Thy human griefs and fears, By Thy fasting and distress In the lonely wilderness, By the dread mysterious hour Of the insulting tempter's power, Jesus, look with pitying eye, Hear our solemn litany.
- 3 By those holiest eyes that wept O'er the grave where Lazarus slept, By Thy bitter tears that flowed Over Salem's lost abode, By the troubled aigh that told Treason lurked within the fold, Jesus, look with pitying eye, Hear our solemn litany.
- 4 By Thine hour of agony, By Thy prayer thrice heard on high, By Thy purple robe of scorn,
 By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn, By Thy cross, Thy pangs and cries, By Thy perfect sacrifice, Jesus, look with pitying eye, Hear our solemn litany.
- 5 By Thy deep expiring groan, By the sealed sepulchral stone, By Thy triumph o'er the grave, By Thy power from death to save, Mighty God, ascended Lord, To Thy throne in heaven restored, Prince and Saviour, hear the cry Of our solemn liteny. Amen.

1001 O Arm of the Lord, awake. Isa. II.

- 1 Anst of the Lord, awake, awake;
 Thine own immortal strength put on;
 With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake,
 And cast Thy foes for ever down.
 By death and hell pursued in vain,
 To Thee the ransomed seed shall come,
 With joy their heavenly Zion gain,
 And pass through death triumphant
 home.
- 2 The pain of life shall then be o'er,
 Its anguish and distracting care;
 Then sorrow shall complain no more,
 And sin shall never enter there.
 Where pure, unfading joy is found,
 The Lord's redeemed their heads shall
 raise,
 With everlasting gladness crowned,

And filled with love, and lost in praise.

1002 And then shall appear the sign of the Som of Man in heaven. Matt.

- 1 We have heard the solemn story Of Messiah's sufferings here; We shall meet Him in His glory, When again He shall appear. Every grave shall burst asunder, Lightnings creat the riven ground; Loud above the echoing thunder All shall hear the trumpet's sound.
- 2 We shall mark His angels raising Hallelujahs by His side; We shall see His cresset blazing Through the welkin far and wide. With the myriads there assembling Each of us must take his place, Bide His wrath with fear and trembling, Or adore His saving grace.

1003 Then look up. Luke xxli,

- 1 HALLELUJAII! He cometh with clouds and with light
 - And the trumpet of God, in the silence of night:
 - Heaven's armies before Him adoringly bend, And thousands of thousands His bidding
- 2 Hallelujah! He cometh: and now every eye With anguish or rapture beholds Him draw

attend.

With anguish or rapture beholds Him draw nigh:

- A wailing is heard from the kindreds of earth;
- It is drowned in hosannas of heavenly mirth.
- 3 Hallelujah! He cometh: the judgment is set,
 - And the nations around Him in myriads are met;
 - The earth and the ocean have yielded their dead,
 - And the records of time are unfolded and read.
- 4 Hallelujah! earth crumbles in ashes and dust,
 - While calmly He severs the wicked and just;
 - The shadows of darkness are driven away, And the morning has dawned of perennial day.

1004 Iam He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore. Rev. i.

- 1 Sino Hosanna: praise His name, Christ our light, the darkness ending; With the heavenly host proclaim Christ our peace, to earth descending; Jesus our Emmanuel sing: Hail the meek, the lowly King.
- 2 Sing Hosanna: yea, rejoice; Holy joy He ne'er despises; Let the children raise their voice; Childlike love He dearly prizes. Humble spirits they must bring Who would enter with their King.
- 3 Sing Hosanna: Him attend,
 When your Lord the cross is bearing:
 To the tomb with Him descend,
 There in death your rest preparing:
 Risen thence on angel wing,
 Hail the high, the heavenly King.
- 4 Sing Hosanna: soon again
 He shall come in awful splendour:
 Who His terrors shall sustain?
 But ye know Him your Defender;
 Glad hosannas ye shall sing,
 Saints who rise to meet your King.

1005 The Lord of hosts is His Name, and thy Redcemer, the Holy One of Israel. Isa. liv.

1 THE Lord of might from Sinai's brow Gave forth His voice of thunder; And Israel lay on earth below, Outstretched, in fear and wonder. Beneam His feet was pitchy night, And at His left hand and His right The rocks were rent asunder.

- 2 The Lord of love, on Calvary, A meek and suffering stranger, Upraised to heaven His languid eye In nature's hour of danger. For us He bore the weight of woe, For us He gave His blood to flow, And met His Father's anger.
- 3 The Lord of love, the Lord of might, The King of all created, Shall back return to claim His right, On clouds of glory seated; With trumpet-sound and angel song, And hallelujahs loud and long, O'er death and hell defeated.

1006 Blessed are those servants. Luke xii.

- 1 THE Lord shall come in dead of night, When all is stillness round; How happy they whose lamps are bright, Who hail the trumpet's sound! How blind and dead the earth appears, How deep her slumbers are, Still dreaming that the day she fears Is distant and afar!
- 2 Who apends his day in holy toil, His talent used aright, That he may haste, with heavenly spoil, To meet his Lord that night? And are we rousing from their sleep The saints who dare to rest, And calling every one to keep A watch more true and blest?
- 3 Wake up, my heart and soul, anew;
 Let sleep no moment claim;
 But hourly watch, as if ye knew
 This night the Master came.
 The Lord shall come in dead of night,
 When all is stillness round;
 How happy they whose lamps are bright,
 Who hail the trumpet's sound!

1007 Looking unto Jesus. Heb. 2il.

1 Maker of the starry sphere, Light to faithful bosoms dear, Jesu, Saviour, Lord of all, Hearken to Thy people's call.

- When our nature fainting lay, Crushed by Satan's cruel sway, Great Physician, Thon in love Cam'st with healing from above.
- 2 In the blessed Virgin's womb Purest flesh Thou didst assume, That to God on high might rise An atoning sacrifice. Unto heaven exalted now, At Thy holy Name shall bow All that on the earth do dwell, All in heaven, and all in hell.
- 3 Thou, who on the Judgment-day
 Our most secret thoughts shalt weigh,
 Shield us now with pitying care,
 Guard us from temptation's snare.
 Honour, glory, love, and praise
 Be through never-ending days
 To the Father and the Son
 And the Spirit, Three in One. Amen.
- 1008 And at midnight there was a cry made. Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him. Matt. xxv.
- 1 WAKE, ye holy maidens, fearing
 To slumber out your Lord's appearing;
 Hear ye the watchful herald's cry:
 Wake, Jerusalem, midnight tolleth;
 Hark, how His chariot onward rolleth!
 List, virgins wise, He draweth nigh:
 Rise up; with willing feet
 Go out, the Bridegroom meet:
 Alleluia!
 Bear through the night
 Your weii-trimmed light:
 Speed forth to join the marriage rite.
- 2 Zion hears the herald's singing; Her heart of hearts with joy is springing, She starteth up, she hastes away: Onward her Bridegroom cometh glorious, In grace arrayed, by truth victorious; Her grief is joy, her night is day. Come, worthy Champion, O Christ, the almighty Son: Hosanna! We glide along In pomp of song,
- 3 Hymns of praise to Thee be given
 By men on earth and saints in heaven,
 With harp, and lute, and psaltery:

In haste to join the marriage throng.

8 2

Gates of pearl do guard Thy treasure,
We stand before them keeping measure,
In bursts of choral melody
No vision ever bore,
No ear hath heard before:
Alleluia!
Yea, now will we
With holy glee
Renew this strain eternally.

1009 Behold, His reward is with Him.

1 Soon will the heavenly Bridegroom come;
Ye wedding-guests, draw near,
And slumber not in sin when He,
The Son of God, is here.
With lamps alight and oil in store
Let every guest advance,
Nor shrink ashamed in trembling awe
From His bright countenance.
2 Come, let us haste to meet our Lord,

Come, let us haste to meet our Lord And hail Him with delight, Who saved us by His precious blood And sorrows infinite: Beside Him all the Patriarchs old

And holy Prophets stand,
The glorious Apostolic choir,
The noble Martyr-band.

3 As brethren dear they welcome us,
And lead us to the throne,
Where angels bow their veiled heads
Before the Three in One,
Where we, with all the saints of Christ,
A white-robed multitude,
Shall praise the ascended Lord, who deigns
To wear our flesh and blood.

4 His gracious hand will ope for us
The gates of Paradise,
And spread the glories of His heaven
Before our dazzled eyes:
Our lot will be for aye to share
His reign of peace above,
And drink with unexhausted joy
The river of His love. Amen.

1010 Behold, I make all things new.

1 The chariot, the chariot! its wheels roll on fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of His ire:
Self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of God-

beed are bowed.

2 The glory, the glory! by myriads are poured The hosts of the angels to wait on their Lord: And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there, And all who the palm-wreath of victory wear.

3 The trumpet, the trumpet! the dead have all heard;
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirred:
From the sea, from the land, from the south and the north,
The vast generations of men are come forth.

4 The judgment, the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested
Elders are met:
All flesh is at once in the sight of the

All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord, And the doom of eternity hangs on His

And the doom of eternity hangs on His word.

5 O Saviour, our Saviour, look down from

above
On us who await Thee in faith and in love:
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our sanctified souls find a mansion in heaven!

1011 The. Head of all principality and power. Col. ii.

1 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Jesu, now Thy love revealing,
Scatter every cloud beneath.
Still we wait for Thine appearing,
For the joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering
Every meek and contrite heart.
2 Show Thy power in every nation,

2 Show Thy power in every nation,
O Thou Prince of peace and love;
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Fix our hearts on things above.
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Every burdened soul release;
By the presence of Thy Spirit
Guide us into perfect peace. Amen.

1012 Ought not Christ to enter into His giery? Luke xxiv.

1 GLORY to God; with joyful adoration Sing praises, sing praises, His power proclaim;

Praise we the Lord, the strength of our salvation,

And, worshipping before Him, adore His Name.

2 Praise Him for mercies, blessings ever flowing;

His love, which redeemed us from death, make known;

Praise Him in life, with holy rapture glowing;

Then worship Him with angels before His throne. Amen.

1013 Psalm xxix. Give unto the Lord, &c.

- 1 Sing the Lord, ye sons of heaven; Glory to the Lord be given:
 Sing the Lord: His power and might Sing, in holy raiment bright.
 Comes a Voice the waters o'er, Mightier than their booming roar; Comes Thy Thunder-voice abroad, Lord of hosts, the glorious God.
- 2 Hark, the cedared heights along, On it rolls, majestic, strong, Rending, crashing, far and wide, All the rocky forest's pride. Heralds of that Voice on high Fiery flashes cleave the sky: Desert Kades hears and quakes, When that Voice its silence wakes.
- 3 Hinds have felt the teeming throe, Woods have laid their honours low; Saints the while within His shrine Hymn the glorious Name Divine. O'er the deluge sat the Lord, Ever sits a King adored, Sending from His heavenly throne Strength and peace to bless His own.

1014 Psalm Exxiv. I will bless the Lord,

1 EVER will I bless the Lord,
And His endless glory speak;
I will praise Him, and my word
Shall be gladness to the meek.
Let the Lord be magnified;
Let us all extol His Name:
When I called him, He replied,
And His swift salvation came.

2 Him who giveth light implore, Light will dawn upon your eyes: All the mourner's woes are o'er, When the Lord hath heard his cries. Round His saints, when ill is near, Camps the angel of the Lord, All who live in pious fear Guarding with his mighty sword.

3 Seek the Lord, for He is good:
Worship Him, ye holy seed:
When the lions pine for food,
His true servants nothing need.
God the Father let us bless, &c.

1015 Psalm lavii. God be merciful unto us,

1 To bless Thy chosen race, In mercy, Lord, incline, And cause the brightness of Thy face On all Thy saints to shine; That so Thy wondrons way May through the world be known; Whilst distant lands their tribute pay, And Thy salvation own.

2 Let farthest nations join
To celebrate Thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise Thy glorious name.
O let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth;
For Thou, the righteous God and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

1016 Psalm lxvil. God be merciful unto us,

1 God of grace, O let Thy light Bless our dim and blinded sight; Like the day-spring on the night Bid Thy grace to shine. To the nations led astray Thine eternal love display; Let Thy truth direct their way, Till the world be Thine.

2 Praise to Thee, the faithful Lord;
Let all tongues in glad accord
Learn the good thanksigiving word,
Ever praising Thee:
Let them, moved to gladness, sing,
Owning Thee their Judge and King;
Righteous truth shall bloom and spring
Where Thy rule shall be.

3 Praise to Thee, all-faithful Lord! Let all tongues in glad accord Speak the good thanksgiving word, Praise Thee evermore: So the fruitful earth's increase God shall give, the God of peace, Whom the world shall never cease Humbly to adore.

1017 Psalm laviil. 7. O God, when Thou wentest, 4c.

1 LORD, when Thy presence led our host, As through the barren wild we crossed, The trembling earth its Maker knew, The heavens all darkening overhead In drops their watery fulness shed, And Sinai, melting at the view. Bowed down, with wondering terror awed, Before the face of Israel's God.

2 Then on Thy chosen heritage, Their toil and hunger to assuage, Thy gifts descended like the rain; The freshness of that strengthening shower

Endued the weary souls with power, And nerved them for their task again: In desert wild Thy pilgrims poor Dwelt, as in homes of rest, secure.

3 Thou art on high ascended, Thou Hast led our captors captive now, Thou hast on man Thy gifts bestowed:

E'en hearts that once in rebel pride Thy yoke of love had cast aside Are now Thy Spirit's blest abode. Praise we in songs, as praise we may, That weight of blessings day by day.

4 Sing then to God, each tribe and tongue, In every land His praise be sung; O praise the everlasting Lord: O tell of Him, whose way unknown In highest heaven through ages gone No thought can find or speech record: At the dread voice that speaks His will Let all the listening world be still.

1018 Psalm xcili. The Lord reigneth, &c.

1 God rules in realms of light, Enrobed with glory round, With majesty of might, As with a girdle, bound: He shall restrain The world He made, Nor change invade His stedfast reign.

3

And earth's fields, with berbs and flowers,
Shall put on their choice array,
And in all their leafy bowers
Shall the woods keep holyday:
When the Judge, to earth descending,
Righteous judgment shall ordain,
Fraud and wrong shall then have ending,
Truth, immortal Truth, shall reign.
Hallelujah! Amen.

1020 Psalm xeviii. O sing unto the Lord,

1 Raise the psalm to God all-glorious, Tell the wonders He hath done: How His holy arm victorious Hath a deathless conquest won. He, His mightiest grace declaring, Bids the nations hear the sound; Righteous Truth, the tidings bearing, Shines to earth's remotest bound. Love, foreshown in ancient token, He to Israel bath renewed: He the heathen's bonds hath broken. And their eyes with light endued. Sing to God, whose praise rejoices Faithful hearts, and tunes each tongue: Earth, with all thy choir of voices. Raise aloud the duteous song. Hallelujah! Amen. 2 Now, your notes with harpstrings blend-

ing, Psalins in softer concert sing; Now, the air with trumpets rending, Shout your joy in God your King. Let the far-resounding ocean All its thousand voices raise Waves, that throng in glad commotion, Chant the fulness of His praise. Let each shore repeat the story: Tell your joy, ye floods and rills: And, as beacons of His glory, Rise, ye firm and sunbright hills. For your Judge in glory cometh, Turning earth's sad loss to gain, Back restoring, while He doometh, Righteous Truth's eternal reign. Hallelujah! Amen.

1021 Psalm c. Make a joy/ul noise, &c.

1 Sing unto the Lord with mirth, All ye nations of the earth: Serve the Lord with hearts of glee, Shout before Him joyfully. Know, the Lord is God alone; His hand made us, not our own; We, the people of His choice, Sheep that hear our Shepherd's voice.

2 Fill His gates with thankful lays:
Come into His courts with praise:
Own His goodness, tell His fame:
Laud and bless His glorious Name.
Bless the Lord: for good is He,
Merciful eternally,
Keeping faith from age to age
With His chosen heritage.

1022 Psalm ci. I will sing of mercy and judgment, &c.

1 Lord, Thy love and truth I praise;
My song shall honour Thee;
I will walk in upright ways;
When wilt Thou come to me?
In my quiet household still
With soul sincere I will abide:
To no deed or thought of ill
My steps shall turn aside.

2 Sin and sinners I reprove,
And warn them to depart:
Godless friends I ne'er will love,
Nor men of froward heart.
Whose stabs with secret lie
His neighbour's fame, be death his
lot;
Haughty soul and scornful eye,

I will endure them not.

On the loval sort I look,
That with me they may dwell:
Righteous ways who neer forsook,
That man will serve me well.
Coafty counsellors of wrong
Within my gates shall find no place:
Never shall the glozing tongue

Be stablished in my grace.

4 When I rise with morning light,
And in the judgment stand,
Evil-doers I will smire,
And root them from the land.
From the city of the Lord
My sentence shall abolish sin:
Such as late His holy word
Shall have no seat therein.

1023 Psalm civ. Praise the Lord, () my soul, &c.

1 My soul, praise the Lord. Speak good of His name With majesty clothed, With honour and might. O Lord, let our praises
Thy greatness proclaim,
Whose throne is in heaven,
Whose robe is the light.

- 2 As curtains the sky
 Thou spreadest out wide;
 Within the great deep
 Thy chambers retire;
 The clouds are Thy chariots,
 On winds Thou dost ride:
 Thine angels are spirits,
 Thy ministers fire.
- 3 How manifold, Lord,
 The works Thou hast wrought;
 In earth and in heaven
 Thy glory we see;
 Thy wisdom and riches
 Surpass all our thought,
 Such wisdom as only
 Belongeth to Thee.
- 4 By angels in heaven
 Of every degree,
 And saints upon earth,
 All praise be addressed,
 As it hath been, now ia,
 And always shall be,
 To God in Three Persons,
 One God ever blest.

1024 Psalm exxxii. 7. We will go into His tabernacles, 4c.

- l Come, arise, and let us go,
 In His courts our Lord to meet;
 Let us worship, bending low
 At the footstool of His feet.
 Lord, unto Thy place of rest
 Let Thine ark with songs ascend:
 There, as in Thy presence blest,
 Let Thy strength Thy saints defend.
- Let Thy priests with righteousness,
 As with vesture white, be clad:
 They who praise Thy Name and bless,
 Let them in their songs be glad.
 For our Zion's holy steep
 God's unerring choice hath blest:
 'Ever shall My promise keep
 This My guarded home of rest,
- Will I multiply her store:
 Here with kindly flour of wheat
 Shall My care sustain her poor.

Here, in saving health arrayed, Shall her priests their offerings bring; And her saints, with God to aid, In their joy shall shout and sing.'

1025 Psalm exxxviii. I will praise Thee,

- 1 WITH my whole heart I will praise Thee,
 I will hymn the Name Divine,
 In the presence of the mighty
 Bowing down before Thy shrine.
 For Thy truth and for Thy mercy
 Will I bless Thy Name, O Lord;
 Name most highest, yet more highly
 Thou hast magnified Thy Word.
- 2 All the kings of earth shall praise Thee,
 When Thy solemn voice they hear;
 Of Thy goodness, of Thy glory,
 They shall sing with humble fear.
 For the Lord, so high exalted,
 On the lowly looks with love,
 But He notes the haughty spirit
 With displessure from above.
- 3 Me in trouble Thou revivest:
 And, when foes against me rave,
 Thou Thy strong right hand extendest,
 Strong, and merciful to save.
 Mine will be all earthly blessings,
 If the Lord vouchsafe His aid:
 Lord, Thy love is never ending:
 Bless the work Thy hands have made.

1026 Psalm exxxix. O Lord, Thou hast scarched me, &c.

- 1 Thou searchest all my secret ways,
 O Lord, Thou knowest me:
 My lying-down, my rising-up,
 They are not hid from Thee.
 The musings of my silent heart
 Thou notest from on high;
 My journeys and my resting hours
 Are open to Thine eye.
- Are open to Inine eye.

 2 Before a sound is on my tongue,
 Thou hear'st the unuttered word;
 Thou guidest me behind, before:
 Thy hand is on me, Lord.

 O knowledge excellent and high,
 Too wonderful for me!

 Thy Spirit how shall I escape,
 Or from Thy presence flee?

 3 If to the farthest heaven I man.
- 3 If to the farthest heaven I soar, The heaven is Thine abode; If in the grave I make my bed, Lo, Thou art there, O God.

FOR WHITSUNTIDE.

If on the wings of morn I fly And dwell beyond the sea Even there Thy hand doth lead me still, Thy right hand holdeth me.

.....

4 And if I say, the falling shade Will surely veil my way, The shadows flee before my face, And night is changed to day. To Thee the darkness is not dark, Nor day more clear than night: Yea, both alike to Thee they shine, The darkness and the light.

PART II.

5 Thou art the founder of my life, My reins belong to Thee: Within my mother's womb of yore Thy wisdom fashioned me. My frame, so dread, so wonderful, Its Maker's praise can tell: How marvellons are all Thy works My soul it knoweth well. Thine eyes beheld my outlined form, My days were written down Within Thy book; to Thee was each, Before its dawning, known. low precious are my thoughts of Thee, How passing great their sum, ore than the sand, O God: at morn I wake, and still they come. arch me, O God, and prove my heart Even to its inmost ground: me, and read my thoughts, if aught)f evil there be found. , Lord, instruct my willing feet he paths of ill to flee, lead me on the eternal way, he way to heaven and Thee.

7 The Comforter which is the Holy Ghost. Juhn xiv.

plest Redeemer, ere He breathed tender last farewell, de, a Comforter bequeathed With us to dwell. te in semblance of a dove, sheltering wings outspread, y balm of peace and love On earth to shed. , sweet influence to impart, cious, willing guest, can find one humble heart Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of even, That checks each thought, that calm And speaks of heaven.

3 And every virtue we possess, And every victory won, And every thought of holiness, Are His alone. Spirit of purity and grace, Our weakness pitying see O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place, And meet for Thee.

1028 A sound from heaven. Acts ii.

1 WHEN God of old came down from In power and wrath He came; Before His feet the clouds were riven, Half darkness, and half flame. But when He came the second time, He came in power and love; Softer than gale at morning prime, Hovered His holy Dove.

2 The fires that rushed on Sinai down In sudden torrents dread, Now gently rest, a glorious crown, On every sainted head. And, as on Israel's awe-struck ear The voice exceeding loud, The trump, that angels quake to hear, Thrilled from the deep dark cloud; 3 So, when the Spirit of our God

Came down His flock to find A voice from heaven was heard abroad, A rushing mighty wind.

It fills the church of God; it fills The sinful world around: Only in stubborn hearts and wills No place for it is found.

4 Come, Lord, come, Wisdom, Love, and And ope our ears to hear: Nor let us miss the accepted hour; Save, Lord, by love or fear.

Give glory to the Three in One, &c.

1029 The Holy Spirit of God. Eph. Iv.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire, And lighten with celestial fire;

Thou the ancinting Spirit art, Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart; Thy blessed unction from above Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

- 2 Enable with perpetual light
 The dulness of our blinded sight;
 Anoint and cheer our soiled face
 With all the fulness of Thy grace;
 Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
 Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.
- 3 Teach us to know the Father, Son, And Thee, of both, to be but One; That, through the ages all along, This still may be our endless song; 'Praise to Thy eternal merit, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.'

1030 The washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost. Tit. iii.

- 1 Thou who camest from above,
 Bringing light and shedding love,
 Teaching Thine all-perfect way,
 Giving gifts to man to-day;
 Thou who changest our lost state,
 Making us regenerate,
 Help us evermore to be
 Faithful subjects unto Thee.
- Where Thou art not, none can do What is holy, just, and true:
 They, whose heart Thy wisdom leads,
 Think good thoughts and do good deeds.
 Often have we grieved Thee sore;
 Never may we grieve Thee more:
 Thou the feeble caust protect,
 Thou the wandering soul direct.
- 3 We are dark, be Thou our light;
 We are blind, be Thou our sight:
 Be our comfort in distress,
 Guide us through the wilderness.
 Praise the blessed Three in One,
 Praise the Father and the Son:
 To the Holy Ghost arise
 Praise from all below the akies. Amen.

1031 They were all filled with the Holy Ghost. Acts ii.

- 1 O Thou who by the Lord wast given, In tongues of fire to spread His praise, Now on our souls, with fire from heaven, Descend, and bless these latter days, Till all the earth His praise proclaim, And every tongue confess His name.
- 2 Blest Comforter and Guide, defend us, Whose Saviour dwells unseen on high;

But if Thy light and power attend us,
We still shall feel His presence nigh.
O be our strength, our shield, our might,
And bring us to the land of light.

1032 The Spirit of God moved on the face of the waters. Gen. 1.

- 1 CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid The world's foundations first were laid, Come, visit every humble mind, Come, pour Thy joys on all mankind; From sin and sorrow set us free, And make us temples worthy Thee.
- 2 Thou Strength of His almighty hand, Whose power does heaven and earth command, Thrice holy Love, thrice holy Fire, Our hearts with heavenly love inspire: Thy sacred unction ever bring,
- Thy sacred unction ever bring,
 To sanctify us while we sing.

 3 Come, Lord of grace, descend from high,
 Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;
 Give us Thyself, that we may see
- The Father and the Son by Thee:
 Thy gospel make us to receive.
 And do the things that we believe.

 Let honour, praise, and power be give
- 4 Let honour, praise, and power be given To God the Father, high in heaven; Let God the Son be glorified, Who for lost man's redemption died; Let equal adoration be, Eternal Spirit, paid to Thee. Amen.

1033 It is the Spirit that quickeneth.

- 1 Holy Spirit, Lord of light,
 From Thy clear celestial height
 Thy pure beaming radiance give:
 Come, Thou Father of the poor,
 Come, with treasures that endure,
 Conte, Thou Light of all that live.
- 2 Thou, of all consolers best,
 Visiting the troubled breast,
 Dost refreshing peace bestow;
 Thou in toil art comfort sweet,
 Cooling breath in noontide heat
 Solace in the hour of wee.
- 3 Light most blissful, Light divine, Visit Thou these hearts of Thine, And our immost being fill: If Thou take Thy grace away, Nothing pure in man will stay; All his good is turned to ill.



FOR WHITSUNTIDE

our wounds; our strength renew; aur dryness pour Thy dew; 'ash the stains of guilt away; I the stubborn heart and will; lle what is cold and chill; uide the steps that go astray.

a, on all who evermore
confess, and Thee adore,
Thy sevenfold girts descend:
them comfort when they die;
them their reward on high;
we them joys which never end. Amen.

1 Moved by the Holy Ghost. 2 Pet. i.

o, O promised Comforter, t upon our darkness here, er of the poor Thou art; t to us Thy gifts impart; t of everlasting day, direct us on our way

He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you. John xiv.

GHOST, who us instructest, unto heaven our feet conductest, we pour on us Thy gifts divine: hy gracious consolation ld us in all tribulation, to all our souls to Thee resign. Be Thou our constant stay Along this mortal way:
Lord, have mercy.
Thy light atill cheer our sight, fill o'er us shine eternal day.

Through Him we have access by one Spirit unto the Father. Eph. ii.

Spirit, given ir guide to heaven, t by love divine; Thy peace consoling ill controlling, our darkness shine: and hope and love increasing, ir hearts with joy unceasing. of life the Giver, with us for ever: wenly life inspire: thin renewing, Thy grace enduing ut, mind, thought, desire: of life for ever flowing, and peace on us bestowing.

With Thine insp Graft in us TI So may we, poss Thine all-fruitful Glorify our Lo Follow Him with Till we have His 4 Only through Hi: We Thine aid inl In His Name v Never let us grie But with joy rece Fulness of our In our wealth, and Crown us with T

3 Fill our meditati

1037 They were

O shed Thine infl And still from age The wonders of th In every clime, by Be God's eternal g Through all the taught

The deeds our gre

2 Unfailing comfort, Still o'er Thy favo Still let mankind ' Spirit of power, an Praise God from w &c.

1038 To be street His !

1 SPIRIT of God, the Upon the water' Come, when our cold. And stir them w Thou that art powe All highest strer The rushing of the The brooding of 2 O give us still Thy And urge us on, Nor leave the heart Fit temples for ? Ne'er let us quench But still with so Our wayward souls

O Holy Ghost, o

Property of the contract of th

1039 The curnest of the Spirit. 2 Cor. v.

- 1 WE ask not of Thee worldly good, We seek Thy Spirit, Lord, Whom Thou, to sanctify Thy Church, Hast promised in Thy word.
- 2 The light and truth, which come from heaven, Our happy portion be; The wisdom which inspires the heart With holy trust in Thee.
- 3 To love Thee, Lord, is blessedness; And in Thy faith to live Brings sweeter peace and truer joy Than aught the world can give.
- 4 And then to place our hope in Christ The Saviour, who atones For all our sins, to feel at heart That we are pardoned sons,
- 5 To know we have a Father, one Who hears our faintest sigh, Whose love protects us while we live, And cheers us when we die,
- 6 Then takes us to His perfect seat Of everlasting rest, To sing with angels round His throne The anthem of the blest;—
- 7 These are Thy Spirit's gifts; O send That Spirit from above, That we may walk our heavenward path In faith and hope and love.

1040 The Spirit of adoption. Rom. viii.

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Power divine,
 Let Thy light around us shine:
 All our guilty fears remove;
 Fill us with Thy peace and love.
 Pardon to the contrite give,
 Bid the wounded sinner live:
 Lead us to the Lamb of God,
 Cleanse us with His precious blood.
- 2 Earnest Thou of beavenly rest,
 Soothe and heal the troubled breast;
 Life and joy and peace impart,
 Sanctifying every heart.
 Guardian Spirit, lest we stray,
 Keep us in our heavenly way;
 Bring us to Thy courts above,
 Bealms of light and bliss and love.

1041 He hath shed forth this. Act

- 1 LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
 In this accepted hour,
 As on the day of Pentecost,
 Descend in all Thy power:
 We meet with one accord
 In our appointed place,
 And wait the promise of our Lord,
 The Spirit of all grace.
- 2 Like mighty rushing wind Upon the waves beneath, Move with one impulse every mind, One soul, one feeling breaths. The young, the old, inspire With wisdom from above; And give us hearts and tongues of fire To pray, and praise, and love.
- 3 Spirit of light, explore,
 And chase our gloom away,
 With lustre shining more and more
 Unto the perfect day;
 Spirit of truth, be Thou
 In life and death our guide;
 O Spirit of adoption, now
 May we be sanctified. Amen.

1042 Put on the whole armour of G Eph. vi.

- 1 THE Christian warrior,— see him st In the whole armour of his God; The Spirit's sword is in his hand, His feet are with the gospel shod: In panoply of truth complete, Salvation's helmet on his head, With righteousness, a breastplate me And faith's broad shield before spread.
- 2 He wrestles not with flesh and blood
 But principalities and powers,
 Rulers of darkness, like a flood,
 Rush in, assailing at all hours.
 Undaunted to the field he goes;
 Yet vain were skill and vale
 there,
 Unless, to foil his legioned foes,
 The trustiest weapon still we
- 3 With this omnipotence he moves, From this the alien armies flee; Till more than conqueror he proves, Through Christ who gives him vice

prayer.

FOR WHITSUNTIDE

, strong in his Redeemer's strength, a, death, and hell he tramples down, ts the good fight, and wins at length, trough grace, a bright unfading crown.

The Spirit beareth witness with our spirit. Rom. viii.

repry they, God's chosen race, sted children of His grace; we pure the bliss they share, so unseen by worldly eyes! in their heart the treasure lies, sey know and feel it there.

sons of God, who fear to grieve gracious Spirit they receive, lore His quickening grace: strong in undissembled love, eeds of holy virtue prove leir hearts His dwelling-place.

essenger of rich delight, se beam dispels the darkest night, id makes our sorrows cease; comfort soothes our mortal pains, grace our feeble strength sustains; bless us with Thy peace.

The Spirit of truth. John xvi.

rr of Truth, on this Thy day
Thee for help we cry,
nide us through the dreary way
dark mortality.
sk not, Lord, Thy cloven flame,
tongues of various tone,
ong Thy praises to proclaim
th fervour in our own.

nourn not that prophetic skill found on earth no more; gh for us to trace Thy will Scripture's sacred lore. eavenly harpings soothe our ear, mystic dreams we share, nope to feel Thy comfort near, id bless Thee in our prayer.

tongues shall cease and power decay, id knowledge empty prove, hou Thy trembling servants stay th faith and hope and love. glory to the Three in One, &c.

1045 Strengthened with might by His & in the inner man. Eph. iv.

- 1 COME to our poor nature's night,
 With Thy blessed inward light,
 Holy Ghost the Infinite,
 Comforter divine:
 We are sinful; cleanse us, Lord;
 Sick and faint; Thy strength afford:
 Lost, until by Thee restored,
 Comforter divine.
- 2 Orphan are our souls, and poor; Give us from Thy heavenly store Faith, love, joy, for evermore, Comforter divine: Like the dew, Thy peace distil; Guide, subdue our wayward will, Things of Christ unfolding still, Comforter divine.
- 3 Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
 Make Thy temple in each breast
 Shrine of purity confessed,
 Comforter divine:
 In us, for us, intercede,
 And with voiceless groanings plead
 Our unutterable need,
 Comforter divine.
- 4 In us 'Abba, Father,' cry,
 Earnest of our bliss on high,
 Seal of immortality,
 Comforter divine:
 Search for us the depths of God;
 Bear us up the starry road
 To the height of Thine abode,
 Comforter divine.

1046 The promise of the Spirit. Gal. :

- COME, Holy Ghost, Creator, come, Inspire the souls of Thine,
 Till every heart which Thou hast made Be filled with grace divine.
- 2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift Of God, and fire of love, The everlasting spring of joy, And unction from above.
- 3 Enlighten our dark souls, till they Thy sacred love embrace; Assist our minds, by nature frail, With Thy celestial grace.
- 4 Drive far from us the mortal foe, And give us peace within, That, by Thy guidance blest, we may Escape the snares of sin.

5 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death revived,
And, with them both, Thee, Holy Ghost,
Who art from both derived. Amen.

1047 The Spirit which is of God. 1 Cor. ii.

- 1 COME, O Spirit, Lord of grace, From Thy heavenly dwelling-place; Far away our darkness chase. Thou dost dry the bitter tear; Thou the lowly heart dost cheer; Fainting spirits find Thee near.
- 2 Come, O Light most pure and blest, Come and fill each longing breast, Be Thy people's constant guest. Come to cleanse the guilty stain, On the hardened heart to rain, Wounds of sin to heal again.
- 3 To Thy will the stubborn mould, Warm and melt the hard and cold, Bring the erring to the fold. Unto us who seek Thy face, And in Thee reliance place, Give Thy sevenfold gifts of grace.
- 4 Pardon grant when we offend, Time and wisdom to amend, Joy above that knows no end: Holy Ghost, in glory one With the Father and the Son, While the endless ages run.

1048 A still, small voice. 1 Kings xix.

1 GoD is not in the earthquake; but behold.

From Sinai's caves are bursting, as of old, The flames of His consuming jealous ire. Woe to the ainner, should stern justice

prove
His chosen attribute: — but He, in love,
Hastes to proclaim, 'God is not in the
fire.'

2 The storm is o'er: and hark, a still small voice

Steals on the ear, to say, Jehovah's choice Is ever with the soft, meek, tender soul:

By soft, meek, tender ways He loves to

The sinner, startled by His ways of awe: Here is our Lord, and not where thunders roll. 3 Go, to the world return, nor fear to east Thy bread upon the waters, sure at last In joy to find it after many days. The work be thine, the fruit thy children's part: Choose to believe, not see: sight tempts

the heart
From sober walking in true gospel
ways.

1049 I will not leave you comfortless.

I In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.
When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomfited,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

2 When the house doth sigh and weep, And the world is drowned in sleep, Yet mine eyes the watch do keep, Sweet Spirit, comfort me. When the judgment is revealed,

And that open which was sealed, When to Thee I have appealed, Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

1050 The true light now shineth. John ii.

1 LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling

Lead Thou me on;

The night is dark, and I am far from home;

Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene, one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou

Shouldst lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path; but now

Lead Thou me on.

I loved the garish day: in spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hast blest me, sure it still

Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,

The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile. Amen.

1051 Moved by the Holy Ghost. 2 Pet. i.

- 1 I want the spirit of power within, Of love and of a healthful mind; Of power to conquer inbred sin. Of love to God and all mankind; Of health, that pain and death defices, Most vigorous when the body dies.
- 2 When shall 1 hear the inward voice. Which only faithful souls can hear? Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys Attend the promised Comforter; O come, and righteousness divine, And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine.
- 3 O that the Comforter would come, Nor visit as a transient guest, But fix in me His constant home, And take possession of my breast; Would choose me for His loved abode, The temple of indwelling God!
- 4 Come, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire,
 Attest that I am born again:
 Come, and baptize me now with fire,
 Nor let Thy former gifts be vain:
 But to my longing heart be given
 Fulness of love, of joy, of heaven.

1052 Sweet is Thy voice. Cant. ii.

- 1 SOURCE of good, whose power controls
 Every movement of our souls,
 Wind that quickens where it blows,
 Comforter of human woes,
 Lamp of God, whose ray serene
 In the darkest night is seen,
 Come, inspire my feeble strain,
 That I may not sing in vain.
- 2 God's own finger, skilled to teach Tongues of every land and speech, Balsam of the wounded soul, Binding up and making whole, Flame of pure and holy love, Strength of all that live and move, Come, Thy gifts and fire impart, Make me love Thee from the heart.
- 3 Succour of the soul bereft, Let me in some sheltering cleft Of the Rock of Ages find Refuge from the stormy wind,

- Like a bird unto its nest, Flee away and be at rest. Shine, Thou Sun of grace and joy, And inspire me from on high.
- 4 Precious gift, by God bestowed,
 Come and make me Thine abode;
 See, I languish; see, I faint;
 Listen to my sad complaint;
 Come, and fill me with Thy love
 Come with unction from above,
 Make me strong and pure and bright
 With Thy soul-reviving light.

PART IL

- 5 As the hart loud-panting looks
 For refreshing water-brooks,
 Heated in the burning chase,
 So my soul desires Thy grace;
 So my heavy-laden breast,
 By the cares of life opprest,
 Longs Thy cooling streams to taste
 In this dry and barren waste
- 6 Mighty Spirit, by whose aid
 Man a living soul was made,
 Everlasting God, whose fire
 Kindles chaste and pure desire,
 Grant in every grief and loss
 I may calinly bear the cross,
 May surrender all to Thee
 Comforting and strengthening me.
- 7 Lord, to Thy safe keeping take, When I sleep and when I wake, Every feature, limb, and bone, Everything I call my own; That each word, and work, and way, And e'-n this my humble lay, May, O heavenly Spirit, be Good and pleasing unto Thee.
- 8 Let not hell, with frowns or smiles, Open force or cunning wiles, Break the thread of my brief days; And, when gently life decays, Take to heaven Thy servant dear, Who hath loved and served Thee here, There eternal hymns to raise, Mighty Spirit, to Thy praise.

1053 Till the day down. 2 Pet. i.

1 TILL the day dawn,
And the Daystar arise,
Spirit of gentle love,
Thou tempest-calming Dove,

Come, and within me dwell,
Come, and all gloom dispal:
Most blessed Comforter,
My weary footsteps cheer:
O light and lamp divine,
Upon my midnight shine:
Better than star or moon,
Brighter than day's bright noon,
O let Thy joyous ray
Turn all my night to day.
When Thou art absent, even my joy is
sad,
When Thou art with me, even my grief
is glad;
Let not Thy silence now sorrow to sorrow

2 Till the day dawn, And the Daystar arise, Church of the living God,

add.

Pursue thy upward road; Look not behind, nor stray From the well-trodden way. Be not ashamed to bear Thy cross on earth, nor fear Reproach and poverty For Him who died for thee. With girded loins press on, Till the reward is won: Think of the absent Lord, Hold fast thy plighted word.

Doff not thy weeds of widowhood, nor fear To let the world, through which thou passest, hear

The widow's cry, and see the widow's faithful tear.

1054 Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty. 2 Cor. iii.

- 1 O SPIRIT of the living God,
 In all the fulness of Thy grace,
 Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
 Descend upon our fallen race.
 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love
 To preach the reconciling Word;
 Give power and unction from above,
 Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 2 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light, Confusion, order in Thy path; Souls without strength inspire with might; Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

1



FOR WHITSUNTIDE.

they the Church's princes are, amphant leaders in the war, neavenly courts a warrior band, so lights to lighten every land. irs is the stedfast faith of saints, I hope that never yields nor faints, I love of Christ in perfect glow, t lays the prince of this world low. hem the Father's glory shone, hem the will of God the Son, hem delights the Holy Ghost, ough them exults the heavenly host.

7 Ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel. Matt. xix.

TAINS of the saintly band. its who lighten every land, ces who with Jesus dwell, es of His Israel: he nations sunk in night ave shed the Gospel light; nd error flee away, h is shining on our way. by warrior's spear and sword, by art of human word. ching but the Cross of shame, I hearts for Christ ye tame. h, that long in sin and pain ned in Satan's deadly chain, to serve its God is free e law of liberty. nt lands with one acclaim the honour of your name, wherever man has trod. 1 the mysteries of God. be to God above, &c.

Whom He named Apostles. Luke vi. he Church of God rejoice the Apostles' fostering cares, ie sounding of their voice. their preaching and their prayers. the Lord our God did choose the farthest lands to go: the Husbandman did use iest seed on earth to sow. New Jerusalem elve foundations firm are laid: e Apostles of the Lamb he glorious building stayed. r built on them, may we, nd to Christ our Corner-stone. heavenly temple be in heart, in doctrine one. Amen.

1059 Whose praise is in a 2 Cor. vill

1 For those, who first proword, Accept Thy Church's thank

Accept Thy Church's thank for Andrew's prompt obedier From worldly lures, in follow For Thomas' noble creed ave In owning Thee his Lord an For the bright beams of shone

From Him, Thine own belov

- 2 For him, thrice charged to fe Whose faith is aye Thy Chui And him, of Thy commission The first to feel the murdero For him, the Pastor true, wh Supplied the faithless traitor' For martyred Stephen's meek And contrite Paul's well-tem
- 3 For every faithful man and go With Thy blest Spirit's gifts For them, through all The known, Whose praise is in the gospel For these, for all, who spread Accept Thy Church's thanks And grant that she like sons Meet for Thy work, and wortl

1060 All Scripture is given b. of God. 2 Tim.

- 1 Sing to God in sweetest meas Praise for those who spread the In the Holy Gospels shrines Blessèd tidings of salvation, Peace on earth their declaration Love from God to lost man
- 2 Thou, by whom the words we. For our light and guide to hea Spirit, on our darkness shin Graft them in our hearts, incre Faith and hope and love unces Till our hearts are wholly T
- 3 Then shall thanks and praise,
 For Thy mercies without endin
 Honour Thee, Thou Lord of
 With Thy gracious aid defend
 Let Thy guiding light attend t
 Till we join Thy saints abou

PSALMS AND HYMNS

1061 Thou art Peter, Matt. xvi.

- 1 CREATOR of the rolling flood,
 In whom Thy people hope alone;
 Who cam'st by water and by blood,
 For man's offences to atone;
 Who from the labours of the deep
 Didst set Thy servant Peter free,
 To feed on earth Thy chosen sheep,
 And build an endless Church to Thee;
- 2 Grant us, devoid of worldly care, And leaning on Thy bounteous hand, To seek Thy help in humble prayer, And on Thy sacred rock to stand; And when, our livelong toil to crown, Thy call shall set the spirit free, To cast with joy our burden down, And rise, O Lord, and follow Thee.

1062 That which we have looked upon and our hands have handled of the Word of Life. 1 John 1.

- 1 THE life which God's incarnate Word Lived here below with men, Three blest Evangelists record, With heaven-inspired pen;
- 2 John soars on high, beyond the three, To God the Father's throne; And shows in that deep mystery The Word with God is One.
- 3 Upon the Saviour's loving breast Invited to recline, 'Twas thence he drew, in moments blest, Rich stores of truth divine.
- 4 There too with that angelic love
 Did he his bosom fill,
 Which, once enkindled from above,
 Breathes in his pages still.
- 5 Jesu, the Virgin's holy Son, We praise Thee and adore, Who art with God the Father One And Spirit evermore. Amen.

1063 The disciple whom Jesus loved.

WORD Supreme, before creation
 Born of God eternally,
 Who didst will for our salvation
 To be born on earth and die;
 Well Thy saints have kept their station,
 Watching till Thine hour drew nigh.

- 2 Now 'tis come, and faith esples Thee, Like an eaglet in the morn, One in stedfast worship eyes Thee, Thy beloved, Thy latest-born: In Thy glory he descries Thee Reigning from the tree of scorn.
- 3 He first, hoping and believing,
 Did beside the grave adore;
 Latest he, the warfare leaving,
 Landed on the eternal shore;
 And his witness we receiving
 Own Thee, Lord, for evermore.
- Much he asked in loving wonder,
 On Thy bosom leaning, Lord;
 In that secret place of thunder
 Answer kind didst Thou accord,
 Wisdom for Thy Church to ponder
 Till the day of dread award.
- 5 Lo, heaven's doors lift up, revealing How Thy judgments earthward move, Scrolls unfolded, trumpets pealing, Wine-cups from the wrath above; Yet o'er all a soft voice stealing, 'Little children, trust and love.'

1064 Lord, and what shall this man do?

- 1 LORD, and what shall this man do? Ask'st thou, Christian, for thy friend? If his love for Christ be true, Christ has told thee of his end: This is he whom God approves, This is he whom Jeans loves.
- 2 Ask not of him more than this, Leave it in his Saviour's breast, Whether, early called to bliss, He in youth shall find his rest; Or in armed station wait Till his Lord be at the gate.
- 3 Sick or healthful, slave or free, Wealthy, or despised and poor, What is that to him or thee, So his love to Christ endure? When the shore is won at last, Who will count the billows past?
- 4 Only, since our hearts will shrink
 At the touch of natural grief,
 When our earthly loved ones sink,
 Lend us, Lord, Thy sure relief:
 Patient hearts, their pains to see,
 And Thy grace, to follow Thee.

1065 An Israelite indeed. John i.

1 How blest are they whose hearts are pure,
From guile their spirits free!
To them shall God reveal Himself,
His glory they shall see.
Their simple souls upon His word,
In fullest light of love,
Place all their trust, and ask no more
Than guidance from above.

- 2 They who in faith unmixed with doubt The engrafted word receive, Whom the first sign of heavenly power Persuades, and they believe; They, as they walk the painful world, See hidden glories rise; Our God the sunshine of His love Unfolds before their eyes.
- 3 For them far greater things than these Doth Christ the Lord prepare: Whose bliss no heart of man can reach, No mortal voice declare. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, &c.
 Amen.

1066 Jesus saith, Follow Me. Matt. iv.

- 1 CHRIST His own apostles chooseth
 At their toil upon the sea,
 Saith the word, and none refuseth,
 'Leave your nets, and follow Me.'
 Him they follow; He hath made them
 Fishers of the souls of men,
 With celestial might arrayed them,
 Opened all things to their ken.
- 2 Soon the gospel, preached and written, Hath o'er earth and ocean past; To the island-shores of Britain Is salvation come at last. Years roll on, and swell to ages; In that island's central plain, Reared by hands of saints and sages, Lifts its head a Christian fane.
- 3 Andrew's honoured name it beareth,
 Name which heard that call divine;
 Many a faithful spirit shareth
 Sweet communion at its shrine.
 Round and near it crowd and cluster
 Bands of Christian teachers still;
 And, in hearts that love and trust her,
 Doth the Church her work fulfil.

1067 ! Thomas with them. John xx.

1 We walk by faith and not by sight;
No gracious words we hear
From Him who spoke as never man,
But we believe Him near;
We may not touch His hands and side,
Nor follow where He trod;
But in His promise we rejoice,
And cry, 'My Lord and God.'

2 Help Thou, O Lord, our unbelief; And may our faith abound, To call on Thee when Thou art near, And seek, where Thou art found: That when our life of faith is done, In realns of clearer light We may behold Thee as Thou art, With full and endless sight.

1068 The lot fell upon Matthias. Acts i.

- 1 THE highest and the holiest place Guards not the heart from sin; The Church that safest seems without May harbour foes within.
- 2 Thus, in the small and chosen band Beloved above the rest, One fell from his apostleship, A traitor soul unblest.
- 3 But not the great designs of God Man's sin shall overthrow; Another witness to the truth Forth to the lands shall go.
- 4 Righteous, O Lord, are all Thy ways; Long as the worlds endure, From fees without and fees within Thy Church shall stand secure.
- 5 The soul that sinneth, it shall die; Thy saints shall never fail; The word of grace no less shall sound, The truth no less prevail.

1069 A chosen vessel. Acts ix.

1 The great Apostle, called by grace, Weaned from all works beside, Preached the same faith he once abhorred And Christ whom he denied. In perils and in troubles oft His toilsome life he passed; But He who turned his heart at first, Upheld him to the last.

PSALMS AND HYMNS

2 A chosen vessel of His will, He fought the fight of faith, And gained the crown of righteousness, Obedient unto death. Thus, Lord of grace, to all Thy will Submissive may we be, And follow meekly in his steps, Who bravely followed Thee.

1070 The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedar trees, Psalm xxix. 1 THE Shepherd now was smitten, The wolf was ravening near; The scattered flock he threatened, But knew not whose they were. In jealous fury seeking To bind and crucify, A sudden voice withheld him, A loud and startling cry: 2 'Saul, Saul, why blindly daring To persecute thy Lord? 'Tis Jesus whom thou hatest; Spurn not My soverain word. Then forth in prayer he stretcheth Those hands prepared to slay:
'What wouldst Thou with Thy servant? My Lord and Saviour, say.' 3 Christ's foe becomes His soldier, The wolf destroys no more; A sheep within the sheepfold He enters by the door. O voice of God almighty,

It bends the haughty thought. 4 Jesu, our Shepherd, cease not Thy flock from harm to free And, when Thy sheep are wandering, O lead them back to Thee. To Father, Son, and Spirit, All glory, praise, and might, Who called us out of darkness To His own glorious light. Amen.

What wonders hath it wrought!

It rends the lofty cedars,

1071 My soul shall be jouful in my God.

1 O Lord our God, arise, The cause of truth maintain. And wide o'er all the peopled world Extend her blessèd reign. 2 Thou Prince of life, arise, Nor let Thy conquests cease: Extend the glory of Thy name,

And bless the earth with peace

3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise, Thy quickening wings outspread, And o'er a dark and ruined world New light and order shed. All on the earth, arise, To God the Saviour sing: From shore to shore, from earth to heaven, Let the loud anthem ring. Amen.

1072 The Gentiles shall see Thy rightcons-ness. Isa. Ixiii.

1 HAIL, Thou Source of every blessing, Soverain Father of mankind, Gentiles now, Thy grace possessing, In Thy courts admission find; Gratefully we bend before Thee, In Thy Church obtain a place, Now, by faith, behold Thy glory Praise Thy truth, and sing Thy grace. 2 Hail, Thou ever-blessèd Saviour; Gentiles now their offerings bring, In Thy temple seek Thy favour, Worship Thee their Lord and King. May we all, sincere in spirit, Live devoted to Thy praise, Glorious realms of bliss inherit, Grateful anthems ever raise.

That men may bring unto Thee the forces of the Gentiles. Isa. Ix. 1073

1 ARISE, O Lord, and shine In all Thy saving might, And prosper each design To spread Thy glorious light: Let healing streams of mercy flow, That all the earth Thy truth may know. 2 Bring distant nations near, To sing Thy glorious praise; Let every people hear And learn Thy holy ways: Reign, mighty God; assert Thy cause, And govern by Thy righteous laws. 3 Put forth Thy glorious power, That Gentiles all may see, And earth present her store In converts born to Thee. God, our own God, His Church shall bless,

And earth be filled with righteousness. 4 To God the Father, Son, And Spirit, ever blest, Eternal Three in One, All worship be addressed: Join all on earth, rejoice and sing, All glory give to God our King.

FOR WHITSUNTIDE.

1074 The nations of them that are saved shall walk in the light of it. Rev. XXI.

1 Souls in heathen darkness lying, Where no light has broken through, Souls that Jesus bought by dying, Whom His soul in travail knew, Thousand voices Call us, o'er the waters blue.

2 Christians, hearken; none has taught them
Of His love so deep and dear,
Of the precious price that bought them,
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear.
Ye who know Him,
Guide them from their darkness drear.

- 3 Haste, O haste, and spread the tidings
 Wide to earth's remotest strand:
 Let no brother's bitter chidings
 Rise against us, when we stand
 In the judgment,
 From some far, forgotten land.
- 4 Lo, the hills for harvest whiten
 All along each distant shore;
 Seaward far the islands brighten:
 Light of nations, lead us o'er:
 When we seek them,
 Let Thy Spirit go before.

1075 Let there be light. Gen. i.

- 1 Thou, whose almighty word Chaos and darkness heard, And took their flight, Hear us, we humbly pray, And, where the gospel's day Sheds not its glorious ray, Let there be light.
- 2 Thou who didst come to bring,
 On Thy redeeming wing,
 Healing and sight,
 Sight to the inly blind,
 Health to the sick in mind,
 O now, to all mankind,
 Let there be light.
- 3 Spirit of truth and love,
 Life-giving, holy Dove,
 Speed forth Thy flight;
 Move o'er the waters' face,
 Bearing the lamp of grace,
 And in earth's darkest place
 Let there be light.

4 Blessèd and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might,
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
O'er the world, far and wide,
Let there be light.

1076 The harvest is plenteous. Matt. ix.

1 LORD of the harvest, hear Thy needy servants' cry; Answer our faith's effectual prayer, And all our wants supply. On Thee we humbly wait, Our wants are in Thy view: The harvest truly, Lord, is great; The labourers are few.

2 Convert, and send forth more
Into Thy Church abroad;
And let them speak Thy word of power,
As workers with their God.
O let them spread Thy name,
Their mission fully prove,
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thy all-redeeming love.

1077 Thy kingdom come. Matt. vi.

- 1 Come, great Conqueror of the nations, Now in glorious might appear: Earthquakes, deaths, and desolations, Signify Thy kingdom near: True and faithful, Stablish Thy dominion here.
- 2 Thine the kingdom, power, and glory; Thine the ransomed nations are; Let the heathen fall before Thee, Let the isles Thy power declare; Judge and conquer All mankind in righteous war.
- 3 Captain, Lord of our salvation,
 Thou who hast the wine-press trod,
 Borne the Almighty's indignation,
 Quenched the fiercest wrath of God,
 Take the kingdom,
 Claim the purchase of Thy blood.
- 4 On Thy thigh and vesture written
 Show the world Thy heavenly name,
 That, with loving wonder smitten,
 All may glorify the Lamb:
 All adore Thee,
 All the Lord of hosts preclaim.

PSALMS AND HYMNS

5 Honour, glory, and salvation,
To the Lord our God we give;
Power, and endless adoration.
Thou art worthy to receive;
Reign triumphant,
King of kings, for ever live.

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1078 Psalm xivili. As we have heard, &c.

1 Our ears have heard, and now our eyes
The very truth descry,
Within the city of our God,
The home of God most high.
God holds her up for evermore:
O mighty and benign,
'Twas ours Thy mercy to await

Here in Thine awful shrine.

2 According to Thy wondrous Name, So is Thy praise, O God; Thy praise o'er all the ends of earth Spread gloriously abroad. Thine outstretched arm and Thy right hand

Are fraught with deeds of right: Mount Zion, for Thy judgment's sake, Rejoices in Thy light.

- 3 For joy to Thee the daughters spring Of Judah, Thine own race; Come, wind your way round Zion hill, Her towers in order trace. Muse deeply o'er her sacred mound, Tell out each glittering dome, That ye may speak her wonders right To the far age to come.
- 4 Say, this is God, our own true God For evermore to be, And yet for ever: even o'er death, Our guide and guard is He. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, &c.

1079 Feed My sheep. John xxi.

1 Lord, let Thy work be done, Thy light pour forth its rays; Through every land Thy gospel run, And over earth Thy praise! With us Thy Spirit be, And warm each selfish heart To give all power and praise to The

And warm each selfish heart
To give all power and praise to Thee,
Each in our humble part:

2 To honour those, whom Thou Hast chosen for Thine own, And bound by many a solemn vow To make Thy glory known: To bid them with glad voice On their good errand speed; To soothe their labours, and rejoice To help them in their need.

3 Pastor, and people, here,
In our appointed ground,
May we, O God, each in our sphere,
Faithful and true be found;
All hands and hearts unite,
And every effort strain
To do Thy work, make known Thy light,
And spread the Saviour's reign.

1080 How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace.

- 1 How beautiful the feet that bring
 The gladsome tidings here;
 What gracious messengers e'en now
 To our blest eyes appear!
 These are the stars which God appoints
 For guides unto our way,
 To lead to the true Bethlehem,
 Where Christ is found alway.
- 2 These are our God's ambassadors, By whom His mind we know, God's angels in His nether heaven, His heralds here below.
 Sprinkled by them, the souls arise That did in Adam die;
 And, fed by them with bread from heaven,
 Are trained for rest on high.
- 3 Thy servants speak: Thou only dost
 The hearing ear bestow:
 They sunte the rock; but Thou alone
 Dost bid the waters flow.
 They seek; but only Thou hast skill
 To bring lost wanderers home:
 They call; but Thy love must compel,
 And then the invited come.
- 4 Lord, Thou art in them of a truth,
 Lest we should go astray;
 The twelve bright banners march before,
 And show us Canaan's way.
 Bless we our God, who grants us here
 To sing in Zion's ways;
 O, on our heavenly Zion's hill,
 When shall we sing Thy praise?

1081 and the things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to fatthful mra, who shall be able to teach others also. 2 Tim. ii.

- 1 Tis Thine, O Lord, in heart and prayer Thy chosen people still to bear, And from behind Thy glorious veil Shed light that cannot change or fail: And still of Thee from year to year The Church's solemn chant we hear, As from Thy cradle to Thy throne She swells her high heart-cheering tone.
- 2 Listen, ye pure white-robed souls, Whom in her list she now enrols, And gird ye for your high emprise By these her thrilling minstrelsies. And, wheresoe'er in earth's wide field Ye lift, for Him, the red-cross shield, Be this your song, your joy and pride, 'Our Champion went before, and died.'

1082 To be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man. Eph. iii.

- 1 Lord of the Chufch, we humbly pray For those who guide us in Thy way, And speak Thy holy word; With love divine their hearts inspire, And touch their lips with hallowed fire, And needful grace afford.
- 2 Help them to preach the truth of God, Redemption through the Saviour's blood; Nor let the Spirit cease On all the Church His gifts to shower, To them a messenger of power, To us of life and peace.
- 3 So may they live to Thee alone, Then hear the welcome word — 'Well done,'

And take their crown above; Enter into their Master's joy, And all eternity employ In praise, and bliss, and love.

1083 Servants of Christ. Eph. vi.

1 O Thou who makest souls to shine With light from lighter worlds above, And droppest glistering dew divine On all who seek a Saviour's love, Do Thou Thy benediction give To all who teach, to all who learn, That Thy true Church may holier live, And every lamp more brightly burn. 2 Give those that teach pure hearts and wise.

Faith, hope, and love, enhanced by prayer;

Themselves first training for the skies,
They best will raise their people there.
Give those that learn the willing ear,
The spirit meek, the guileless mind;
Such gifts will make the meanest here
A heavenly kingdom meet to find.

3 O bless the shepherd, bless the sheep, Let guide and guided both be one, One in the faithful watch they keep Until this hurrying life be gone. If thus, good Lord, Thy grace be given, Our glory meets us ere we die: Before we pass from earth to heaven We taste our immortality.

1084 The gift of Christ. Eph. iv.

- 1 MEEK to suffer, strong to save, From the chambers of the grave Christ the steep ascent has tred Up to the right hand of God. With all power invested, thence Ife His Spirit doth dispense To His faithful people still, Quickening whomsoe'er He will
- 2 Some apostles, prophets some, At His gracious bidding come; Pastors, teachers still He sends To His children and His friends; For the help of those who faint; For the strengthening of the saint; That the Church increased may be; For the body's ministry;
- 3 Till in unity and love,
 Faith and hope in Him above
 To the measure and the span
 Come we of a perfect man,
 Be no longer to and fro
 Tossed by all the winds that blow,
 Keep the truth nor let it alip,
 Keep the Christian fellowship.
- 4 By no cunning sleight enticed From our perfect trust in Christ, Close compact in joint and limb May we all grow up in Him! Father, guard us from above, &co.

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ı	100	And the	hand of	the	Lord	was	with
L	vou		them.	Acts	xL.		

1 Lord, if, at Thy command, The word of life we sow, Watered by Thy almighty hand, The seed shall surely grow: The virtue of Thy grace A large increase shall give, And multiply the faithful race Who to Thy glory live.

2 Now then the ceaseless shower Of gospel blessings send, And let the soul-converting power Thy ministers attend. On multitudes confer The heart-renewing love, And by the joy of grace prepare For fuller joys above. Amen.

1086 My well-beloved hath a vineyard.

- 1 See the vineyard lately planted, God of Isrnel, by Thy hand; Let Thy people's prayer be granted; Keep it safe from hostile brand; Hear, O hear us when we pray, Guard Thy vineyard night and day.
- 2 Drooping plants revive and nourish; Let them bless Thy tender care: Let the weak grow strong and flourish In new beauty, fresh and fair; Let the fruitful yield Thee more, Laden with a faithful store.
- 3 Further, Lord, be Thou entreated;
 Plant the barren waste around;
 Let Thy work be thus completed,
 And no fruitless spot be found:
 Let all earth a wineyard be,
 Dedicate, O Lord, to Thee.

1087 A glorious church. Eph. v:

1 We bless Thee for Thy Church, O Lord, Called from the world, and sealed Thine own, One by the faith of Thy pure word, By Thy baptismal laver one. We bless Thee for Thy Church, ordained To sanctify the soul from sin, And cleanse Thine image, long profaned, By boly rite, from guilt within.

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1089 Behold, I lay in Rion a chief Cornerstone, elect, precious. 1 Pet. 1i.

- 1 CHRIST is made the sure foundation, Christ the Head and Corner-stone, Chosen of the Lord, and precious, Binding all the Church in one, Holy Zion's help for ever, And her confidence alone.
- 2 All that dedicated city, Dearly loved of God on high, In exultant jubilation, Pours perpetual nuelody, God the One in Three adoring In glad hymns eternally.
- 3 To this temple, where we call Thee, Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day: With Thy wonted loving-kindness Hear Thy servants as they pray: And Thy fullest benediction Shed within its walls alway.
- 4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
 What they ask of Thee to gain,
 What they gain from Thee for ever
 With the blessed to retain,
 And hereafter in Thy glory
 Evermore with Thee to reign.
- 5 Praise and honour to the Father,
 Praise and honour to the Son,
 Praise and honour to the Spirit,
 Ever Three, and ever One,
 One in might and one in glory,
 While eternal ages run. Amen.

1090 His foundation is on the holy hills. Psalm lxxvii,

- 1 The Church of God below
 Is like His Church above,
 Safe shielded from her every foe
 By heavenly power and love,
 On high and holy ground
 Her deep foundations rest;
 And God within her courts is found
 An ever-present Guest.
- 2 The Church of God below
 Shall yet more honoured be;
 The nations to her side shall flow,
 The world her glories see.
 O blest and favoured men,
 That in her courts are born?
 Their life but sets to rise again
 In heaven's eternal morn.

1091 The power of the Lord was present.

- 1 The heaven of heavens cannot contain
 The universal Lord;
 Yet He in humble hearts will deign
 To dwell and be adored.
 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
 Of fervent praise and prayer,
 Or on the earth, or in the skies,
 The God of heaven is there.
- 2 His presence is diffused abroad
 Through realnus, through worlds unknown;

Who seek the mercies of our God Are ever near His throne. Give glory to the Three in One, &c.

1092 The King shall have pleasure in thy beauty. Psalm xiv.

- 1 O HAPPY Church, O Bride of heaven, To Christ in blest espousal given, With matchless glory thou shalt shine, In robes of honour all divine. Silver and gold thy royal dress, Truth, meckness, love, and righteousness; Holy without and pure within, Free from the guilt of reigning ain.
- 2 Thy laws and doctrines just and right,
 Thy priests the ministers of light;
 Thy order from the courts above,
 And all thy service done in love.
 Thy discipline is from the Word,
 Thy head and ruler is the Lord;
 Thy sons and daughters all agree,
 And live in peace and charity.
- 3 Thy journey is the holy way
 Which leads to everlasting day,
 And thine eternal sure reward
 A crown of glory from the Lord.
 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
 &cc.

1093 Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her Beloved? Cant. viii.

- 1 WE are pilgrims in the desert,
 Our dwelling is a camp;
 Created things, though pleasant,
 Now bear to us death's stamp.
 But onward we are hasting,
 Though often let and tried;
 The Holy Ghost is leading
 Home to the Lamb His Bride.
- 2 We look to meet our brethren From every distant shore:

XD.

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Not one will seem a stranger, Though never seen before. While angel hosts attend us In myriads through the skies, High o'er them all, O Saviour, Thy form will bless our eyes.	1	
3 Of serpent's deadly poison Will be no traces there; The gates of pearl once entered, Farewell to ain and care! While happy footsteps wander Along the golden street, How pure will be the praises Our blameless lips repeat.]	
4 Lord, since we sing as pilgrims, O give us pilgrim ways, Low thoughts of self, befitting Proclaimers of Thy praire. O make us each more holy, In spirit pure and meek;	2	
More like the saints in heaven, As more of heaven we speak.	3	
1094 He hath prepared for them a city. 1 Far from my beavenly home, Far from my Father's breast, Fainting I cry, Blest Spirit, come,	4	
And speed me to my rest. My spirit homeward turns, And fain would thither flee; My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns, When I remember thee.	5	
2 To thee, to thee I press, A dark and toilsome road;	1	
When shall I pass the wilderness, And reach the saints' abode? God of my life, be near; On Thee my hopes I cast: O guide me through the desert here, And bring me home at last. Amen.	1	
1095 The things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. 1 Cor. ii.		
1 This is not our place of resting Ours a city yet to come: Onward to it we are hasting, On to our eternal home. In it all is light and glory, O'er it shines a nightless day; Every trace of ain's sad story, All the curse, has, passed away.	2	

1098 The city of the living God. Heb. xii.

1 Nor to the mount that burned with fire, To darkness, tempest, and the sound Of trumpet waxing ever higher, Nor voice of words that rent the ground, Where Israel heard, with trembling awe, Jehovah thunder forth His law:

2 But to Mount Zion we are come,
The city of the living God,
Jerusalem, our heavenly home,
The courts by angel legions trod,
Where meets, in everlasting love,
The Church of the first-born above:

3 To God, the Judge of quick and dead, The perfect spirits of the just. Jesus, our great new-covenant Head, The blood of sprinkling, from the dust That better things than Abel's cries, And pleads a Saviour's sacrifice.

4 O hearken to the healing voice, That speaks from heaven in tones so mild:

To-day are life and death our choice; To-day, through mercy reconciled, Our all to God we yet may give: Now let us hear His voice and live.

1099 Coming down from God, out of heaven. Rev. xxi.

1 BLESSED city, heavenly Salem,
Vision dear of peace and love,
Who of living stones art builded
In the height of heaven above,
And, with angel hosts encircled,
As a bride to earth dost move;

2 From celestial realms descending, Bridal glory round thee shed, Meet for Him whose love espoused thee, To thy Lord shalt thou be led; All thy streets, and all thy bulwarks, Of pure gold are fashioned.

3 Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,
They are open evermore;
And by virtue of His merits
Thither faithful souls do soar,
Who for Christ's dear Name in this world
Pain and tribulation bore.

4 Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polished well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the heavenly Architect,
Who therewith hath willed for ever
That His palace should be decked.

5 Praise and honour to the Father,
Praise and honour to the Son,
Praise and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One,
One in might and one in glory,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

1100 Which art in heaven. Matt. vi.

1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night Unbounded glories rise, And realms of infinite delight, Unknown to mortal eyes. Fair, distant land, could mortal eyes But half its joys explore, How would our spirits long to rise, And dwell on earth no more!

2 No cloud these blissful regions know, For ever bright and fair; For sin, the source of mortal woe, Can never enter there. Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine, For Thy bright courts on high; Then bid our spirits rise and join The chorus of the sky.

1101 He shall enter into peace. Isa. Ivil.

1 THERE is a happy land
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Hark, how they sweetly sing,
'Worthy our Saviour King,
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.'

2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away.
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why thus delay?
On now, to glory on,
Be crown and kingdom won,
Then high above the sun
We reign for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Fed by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die:
O, we shall happy be,
From sin and sorrow free,
Lord, when we reign with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

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PSALMS AND HYMNS

1102 Thou shalt be with Me in Paradise.

1 O PARADISE, O Paradise!

Who does not crave for rest?

Who would not seek the happy land

Where they that loved are blest,

Where faithful hearts and pure,

Released from sin and pain,

For ever rest secure

Till Christ shall come again.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise!

'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near:

Where faithful hearts and pure,
Released from sin and pain,
For ever dwell secure
Till Christ shall come again.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise!
I long to sin no more;
I long to be as spotless now
As those on thy bright shore;
Where faithful hearts and pure,
Released from sin and pain,
For ever dwell secure
Till Christ shall come again.

1103 The spirits of just men made perfect. Heb. x.

1 Brief life is here our portion, Brief sorrow, short-lived care: The life that knows no ending, The tearless life, is there.

2 O happy retribution, Short toil, eternal rest, For mortals and for sinners A mansion with the blest!

3 And now we fight the battle, And then we wear the crown Of full and everlasting And passionless renown.

4 'Midst power that knows no limit, And wisdom free from bound, The beatific vision Shall glad the saints around:

5 And peace, for war is over, And rest, for toil is past, And goal of finished striving, And anchorage at last.

6 There God, our King and Saviour, In fulness of His grace, Shall we behold for ever, And worship face to face.

1104 All the angels stood about the threne. Rev. vii.

Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.
There is no night in heaven:
Yet nightly round the bed
Of every Christian wanderer
Faith hears an angel tread.
2 There is no grief in heaven:
For life is one glad day,
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.
There is no grief in heaven:

1 THERE is no night in heaven:

In that blest world above

Yet angels from on high On golden pinions earthward glide, The Christian's tears to dry.

3 There is no want in heaven:
The Lamb of God supplies
Life's tree of twelvefold fruitage still,
Life's spring which never dries.
There is no want in heaven:
Yet in a desert land
The fainting prophet was sustained
And fed by angel's hand.

4 There is no sin in heaven: Behold that blessed throng; All holy is their spotless robe,

All holy is their song.
There is no sin in heaven:
Here who from sin is free?

Yet angels aid us in our strife
For Christ's true liberty.

5 There is no death in heaven:

For they who gain that shore Have won their immortality, And they can die no more. There is no death in heaven: But, when the Christian dies, The angels wait his parted soul, And waft it to the skies.

1105 The city of the living God. Heb. x.

1 Our hearts worship Thee, Lord, our voices proclaim
The light of Thy dwelling, the might of Thy Name.
The City where dwelleth the Ancient of days
Hath in it nor secret, nor sorrow, nor strife;

Its walls are salvation, its portals are praise;

Ry its hand sizes blessome the foliage.

By its broad river blossoms the foliage of life.

2 Fair are its gardens, its palaces fair, Its throne is all-glorious; Jehovah is there.

There the rich dews of mercy and charity fall,

Eternal its fruits, and unfading its flowers;

The hand of our Lord is outstretched o'er its wall,

The Spirit of God overshadows its towers.

3 We bless Thee, O Father, we honour Thy Word:

Let our thanks rise before Thee, our praises be heard. There truth, love, and happiness make

their abode,
And peace in all hearts everlastingly

dwells:
O there may we rest with the Israel of

God,
And breathe its glad air, and drink
deep at its wells!

1106 Psalm xix. The heavens declare the

- 1 The spacious firmament on high, With all the blue ethereal sky, And spangled heavens, a shining frame, Their great Original proclaim. The unwearied sun, from day to day, Doth his Creator's power display, And publishes to every land The work of an Almighty hand.
- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth;
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though in solemn silence all More round this dark terrestrial ball, What though no real voice nor sound Amidst their radiant orbs be found; In reason's ear they all rejoice, And utter forth a glorious voice, For ever singing as they shine, 'The hand that made us is divine.'

1107 The law of the Lord. Ps. xix.

- 1 The starry firmament on high,
 And all the glories of the sky,
 Yet shine not to Thy praise, O Lord,
 So brightly as Thy written Word;
 The hopes that holy Word supplies,
 Its truths divine, and precepts wise,
 In each a heavenly beam I see,
 And every beam conducts to Thee.
- 2 Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail,
 The moon forget her nightly tale,
 And deepest silence hush on high
 The radiant chorus of the sky;
 But, fixed for everlasting years,
 Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres.
 Thy Werd shall shine in cloudless day.
 When heaven and earth have passed away.

1108 Psalm xcv. O come let us sing unto the Lord, &c.

1 To the God of all creation
Let us sing with cheerful voice;
In the Rock of our salvation
Let us heartily rejoice.
In His presence let us gather
With glad hearts and thankful lays,
And to God, our heavenly Father,
Show our joy with psalms of praise.

2 He is King among all nations,
God above all gods is He;
In His hand are earth's foundations,
The strong hills and rolling sea:
He created land and ocean,
He with beauty clothes the sod;
Let us kneel in deep devotion,
Bless our Maker and our God.

1109 Psalm c. Make a joyful noise, &c.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne, Ye nations, bow with sacred joy; Know that the Lord is God alone, He can create and He destroy.
- 2 His soverain power, without our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men; And, when like wandering sheep we strayed, He brought us to His fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heavens our voices raise:

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And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

1110 Then face to face. 1 Cor. xiii.

1 A TRIPLE light of glory shines
From the great Godhead's awful
throne;
The Three in One our faith combines,

The Three in One our faith combined In Three adores One God alone. To God the Father lift the voice, Invisible, immortal Lord; In God the saving Son rejoice; Be God the Holy Ghost adored.

2 With faith and love and humble joy The song of saints and martyrs sing, Such incense as to God on high The angels and archangels bring. On this dark sea of life below The anchor hold of faith and love, Till God full vision shall bestow In Christ's triumphant Church above.

God over all blessed for ever. Rom. ix.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of life and light, Unutterable, infinite, Thee, Father, Son, and Spirit, Thee We worship, holy Trinity. Ere yet creation peopled space, Ere time began its measured race, Thy uncreated glory shone, Mysterious Essence, Three in One.
- 2 The angel hosts were made by Thee,
 The heavens and earth by Thy decree:
 Thy conquering might on rebels trod,
 And hell receives the foss of God.
 The Son to nature's formless night
 Spake God's strong word, and there was
 light:
 The Spirit moved upon the deep,
 And worlds their ordered courses keep.
- 3 For man Thy creature, sinful man, Thy love decreed salvation's plan: The Father gave the Son to die, The Holy Ghost to sanctify.

When Christ incarnate deigned to lave His spotless flesh in Jordan's wave, The Spirit, as a dove, was shown, The Father's voice approved His Son.

- 4 O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Thy heralds speed from coast to coast
 All nations telling of Thy fame,
 Baptizing in Thy glorious Name.
 Christ Jesu's grace, the love of God,
 A heart the Spirit's pure abode,
 Such blessing holy Paul implored:
 Vouchsafe to us that blessing, Lord.
- 5 O Son of God, O Son of man, Whose love removed the Father's ban. The Spirit send, that love to crown, And seal us evermore Thine own. Eternal Source of life and light, Unutterable, infinite, Thee, Father, Son, and Spirit, Thee We worship, holy Trinity.

1112 Holy, holy, holy. Rev. iv.

- 1 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God Almighty Morning and evening our song shall rise to Thee; Holy, Holy, Holy, merciful and mighty, God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity.
- 2 Holy, Holy, Holy, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea; Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee, Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, Holy, Holy, though the darkness hide Thee,
 Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
 Only Thou art holy: there is none beside
 Thee
 Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
- 4 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God Almighty, All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth and sky and sea: Holy, Holy, Holy, merciful and mighty, God in Three Persons, blessed Trini:y.

1113 In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Matt. xxviii.

- 1 FATHER of heaven, whose love profound A ransom for our souls hath found, Before Thy throne we sinners bend; To us Thy pardoning love extend.
- 2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word, Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord, Before Thy throne we sinners bend; To us Thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath The soul is raised from sin and death, Before Thy throne we sinners bend; To us Thy quickening power extend.
- 4 Thrice-holy Father, Spirit, Son, Mysterious Godhead, Three in One, Before Thy throne we sinners bend; Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

1114 The grace of our Lord Jerus Christ, and the love of God. and the communion of the Holy Ghost. 2 Cor. xii.

- 1 Praise and blessing, Lord, be given Unto Thee, our hope, our all; Lord most highest, earth and heaven Low before Thy presence fall.
- 2 All creation Thou sustainest, Father, with Thy powerful hand: Thou, O Jesu, ever reignest, Ever shall Thy kingdom stand.
- 3 Holy Spirit, who restorest Deadened hearts to life divine, Heavenly light on earth Thou pourest, As the stars in darkness shine.
- 4 Mighty Father, we confess Thee, And with Thee the Son adore; Holy Ghost, we laud and bless Thee, God o'er all for evermore.

1115 I will sing with the spirit. 1 Cor. xiv.

1 PARENT of all, whose love displayed Still rules the world Thy bounty made, Fain would we raise the hymn to Thee, In substance One, in person Three. Fain would we chant to Thee the song Which through the ages all along Is chanted by Thy heavenly train, And earth resounds to heaven again.

2 Taught by Thy word this festal day,
Our homage of true faith we pay:
O, in that faith preserve us still,
And shield us evermore from ill,
That still our lips Thy praise may show,
And with Thy holy Church below,
Above with Thy angelic host,
Sing Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1116 Who is God save the Lord?

- 1 Holy Father, hear my cry; Holy Saviour, bend Thine ear; Holy Spirit, come Thou nigh: Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear.
- 2 Father, save me from my sin; Saviour, I Thy mercy crave; Gracious Spirit, make me clean; Father, Son, and Spirit, save.
- 3 Father, let me taste Thy love. Saviour, fill my soul with peace; Spirit, come my heart to move: Father, Son, and Spirit, bless.
- 4 Father, Son, and Spirit, Thon One Jehovah, shed abroad All Thy grace within me now; Be my Father and my God.

1117 Which is, and which was, and which is to come. Rev. i.

- 1 ASCRIBE we to the Father praise, High over all enthroned in glory: O God, to Thee our spirits raise,
 - And help us ever to adore Thee. We with the heavenly hosts our joys unite;
 - With them we would in Thee, O God, delight.
- 2 O blessed Jesu, who hast deigned
 To suffer death for our salvation,
 For all the woes Thy soul sustained
 We bring our thankful adoration.
 Lord, help us, whilst ourselves to Thee we
 - give;
 To whom should we but to our Saviour live?
- 3 Eternal Spirit, life and light
 Are Thine, from Thee on us descending:
 Endue our souls with heavenly might;
 Be near, our daily path attending.
 - O let Thy presence cheer our mortal way;
- In death with faith and hope our spirits stay.

4 O Father, Son, and Spirit, Thee
One God our joyful praise proclaimeth;
Our Father, Saviour, Solace be,
Whose faith no other refuge nameth.
O Father, Son, and Spirit, evermore
Thee shall Thy saints in earth and heaven adore.

1118 Great is the mystery of goddiness.

- 1 To God the Father yield Immortal praise and love, For all our comforts here, And all our hopes above: Who sent His own eternal Son To die for sins which man had done.
- 2 To God the eternal Son
 Let praise immortal flow,
 Who bought us with His blood,
 Who saves from endless woe:
 And now on high He lives and reigns,
 And sees the fruit of all His pains.
- 3 To God the Holy Ghost
 Immortal honour give,
 Whose new-creating power
 Can make the dead to live;
 His work completes the great design,
 And fills the soul with joy divine.
- 4 Immortal praise to Thee,
 O Father, Spirit, Son,
 The undivided Three,
 The great mysterious One.
 Though reason fail, by faith and love
 We see Thy trinal light above.

1119 That we should be called the sons of God. 1 John iii.

- 1 God of our health, our life and light, That Thou hast purified our sight, The truth, Thy sacred words express, To hear, adopt, believe, confess; Accept the thanks we hymn to Thee, Lord God Almighty, One and Three.
- 2 That, washed in Thy thrice-holy Name, A new relation thence we claim, And, born by nature sons of earth, Thence share by grace a heavenly birth; Accept the thanks we hymn to Thee, Lord God Almighty, One and Three.
- 3 That thence we worship Thee alone, And, whom our vows baptismal own,

- To Thee the prayer of faith we bring To Thee the song of glory sing; Accept the thanks we hymn to Thee, Lord God Almighty, One and Three.
- 4 That thence the course we're trained to run
 Of goodness at Thy font begun,
 Our Saviour's Cross to keep in view,
 His faith confess, His steps pursue;
 Accept the thanks we hynn to Thee,
 Lord God Almighty, One and Three.
- 5 O Holy, Holy, Holy, Thou,
 God of our health, preserve us now
 Firm in Thy worship, fear, and love,
 That we may see Thy face above,
 And there still hymn our thanks to Thee,
 Lord God Almighty, One and Three.

1120 This is the true God. 1 John v.

1 WE praise, we bless Thee;
Lord, we confess Thee
Uncreated God and King:
Let all creation
Bring adoration,
Earth and heaven Thy praise shall
sing.
Father Eternal, all shall adore Thee:
Lord God Almighty, all shall implore Thee.
We praise, we bless Thee. Hallelujah!
Father Eternal, &c.

- We praise, we bless Thee;
 Lord, we confess Thee
 Christ, the Son of God most High.
 Sweet peace from heaven
 Thy death has given;
 Jesu, Lord, to Thee we fly.
 O Son Eternal, all shall adore Thee:
 Saviour Almighty, all shall implore Thee.
 We praise, we bless Thee. Hallelujah!
 O Son Eternal, &c.
- We praise, we bless Thee:
 Lord, we confess Thee
 Holy Ghost, our gracious Guide.
 Our sins subdaing,
 Our strength renewing,
 Ever in our hearts abide.
 Spirit Eternal, all shall adore Thee;
 Lord and Life-giver, all shall implore Thee.
 We praise, we bless Thee. Hallelnjah!
 Spirit Eternal, &c.

To whom art Thou like in glory? Ezek, 1221.

1 BRIGHT the vision that delighted Once the sight of Judah's seer, Sweet the countless tongues united To entrance the prophet's ear. Round the Lord in glory seated, Cherubim and seraphim Filled His temple, and repeated

Each to each the alternate hymn: 2 'Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven, Earth is with its fulness stored; Unto Thee be glory given, Holy, Holy, Holy Lord. Heaven is still with glory ringing, Earth takes up the angels' cry, 'Holy, Holy, Holy, singing, 'Lord of hosts, the Lord most high!'

7 Ever thus in God's high praises, Brethren, let our tongues unite; Chief the heart when duty raises Godward at the mystic rite. With His seraph train before Him, With His holy Church below, Thus conspire we to adore Him, Bid we thus our anthem flow:

Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven, Earth is with its fulness stored; Unto Thee be glory given, Holy, Holy, Holy Lord. Thus Thy glorious Name confessing, We adopt Thy angels' cry, loly, Holy, Holy, blessing Thee the Lord of hosts most high!

22 The deep things of God. 1 Cor. U. with us, holy Trinity, equal splendour hallowed Three, undivided Deity; I all things present, future. past, sginning that no ending hast. all the armies of the sky, all the powers that dwell on high , and laud, and magnify; glory doth the universe ough all her triple frame rehearse. Thy presence come before, wly bending we adore, o our hearts' full utterance pour: the hymns which angels sing our feeble offering.

One Light, one God, we Thee confess, 9 Whom Three in Person we address And thrice with self-same worship bless Thee first, Thee last, Thee midst t Let all that breathe one concert raise.

5 To Thee, O Father, made of none, To Thee, O sole-begotten Son, To Thee, O Spirit, Three in One, Be equal honour, power, and praise, Henceforth through never-ending days.

1123 Unto Thee, O Lord, will I sing.

1 MEET and right it is to sing, In every time and place, Glory to our heavenly King, The God of truth and grace: Join we then in sweet accord, Yea, all in one thanksgiving join; Holy, Holy, Holy Lord, Eternal praise be Thine.

2 Thee the first-born sons of light, In choral symphonies, Praise by day that knows no night, And never, never cease; Angels and archangels all Extol the mystic Three in One; Sing aloud or silent full, O'erwhelmed before Thy throne

3 Father, Thy great love we bless, Which gave Thy Son to die; Jesus, King of righteousness, Alike we glorify; Spirit, Comforter divine, Praise by all to Thee be given, Till in chorus full we join, And earth is turned to heaven.

1124 The mystery of God. Col. ii.

l GIVE praise to God our King, O earth and heaven; Of grace and mercy sing, So freely given. O Saviour, who hast died Our expiation, Thy name be glorified By all creation.

2 O Holy Ghost, our guide
To heavenly glory,
In all our hearts abide,
Lord, we implore Thee.
In us, blest Spirit, reign,
Thine aid bestowing;
Our souls with peace sustain,
Peace still o'erflowing.

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3 Lift we our hearts on high
In adoration:
Our Lord is ever nigh
With consolation.
Let every grief be still;
Light He will send us:
In life, in death, he will
Alway defend us.

1125 Praise ye the Lord. Ps. cl.

l YE that would worship the Lord,
Come ye before Him, rejoice,
Praise Him with organ and chord,
Trumpet, and cymbal, and voice.
Praise ye the Lord, for His mercies are sure;
His goodness, His glory, for ever endure.

2 Thy glory for ever shall lend
Light to the world Thou hast made;
Thy goodness for ever shall send
Thy servants effectual aid:

Thy Name be our glory, Thy law our delight,
Thy mercies our gladness, Thy promise our

might!

3 We hallow Thy Name, and full loud,
Thankful, and glad be our tone!
Thy courts and Thy temple we crowd,
And joyously look to Thy throne.

Christ be our Saviour! We lift up our hands, Through the King of all glory, the hope of all lands.

4 We bless Thee, Jehovah; to Thee
Dominion and honour be given:
We worship the Christ; it is He
Who reigns over earth and in heaven:
Spirit Almighty, Thy mercies are sure;
Thy glory, Thy goodness, for ever endure.

1126 Which was, and is, and is to come.

1 Holy, holy, holy Lord
God of hosts, when heaven and earth
Out of darkness, at Thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,

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- 3 God the Spirit, with us be, Shield us, Lord, from danger nigh; From sin's bondage set us free; Help us happily to die.
- 4 Keep us in the heavenly faith,
 From all evil set us free,
 Thine in life, and Thine in death,
 Thine eternally to be.

1129 Salvation to our God. Rev. vii.

Now with angels round the throne, Cherubim and seraphim, And the Church which still is one, Let us swell the solemn hymn, 'Glory to the great I AM: Glory to the Victim Lamb.'

2 Blessing, honour, glory, might, And dominion infinite, To the Father of our Lord, To the Spirit and the Word; As it was all worlds before, Is, and shall be evermore.

1130 The mystery of God. Col. 1i.

Praise the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation,
Priest and King enthroned above;
Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live:
Undivided adoration
To the One Jehovah give.

1131 Ps. exviii. This is the day which the Lord hath made, 4c.

- Trs the day, all days excelling,
 Which our gracious Lord hath made;
 Let our songs, His mercy telling,
 Speak a joy that cannot fade.
 God is Lord; His light is springing
 In the joy this day new-born:
 Pay your vows, your offerings bringing;
 Bind them to His altar's horn.
- ! Lord my God, I bow before Thee; Evermore Thy love to own, To extol Thee, and adore Thee, Be my service at Thy throne. Praise the Lord with glad thanksgiving, For His mercies are endure: Praise the Hope of all the living, Ever faithful, ever sure.

1132 The Subbath of rest. Exod. xxxi.

1 In this wide weary world of care, How kindly God to man hath given A day of rest, a house of prayer, Fair emblems of approaching heaven. Here pilgrims view their future home, Here find refreshment by the way; And here we to Thy footstool come, And seek refreshment, Lord, to-day.

2 Arise, O Lord, Thy Church to bless; Shower down Thy graces from above: O clothe Thy priests with righteousness, And crown Thy saints with light and love.

Thy chosen flock, blest Saviour, lead: In every heart set up Thy shrine: Each hungry soul with manna feed, And make us all for ever Thine.

1133 The Sabbath was made for man.

- 1 Lord, it is Thy holy day; Here we meet to praise and pray, Joining with one heart and mind, Earthly cares we leave behind. On the day which Thou hast made, Us in our rejoicings aid.
- 2 Glad as when the glorious shout Of the morning stars rang out, Thee, Creator, will we praise, And our hymns of triumph raise. San and moon, your songs unite; Praise Him, all ye stars of light
- 3 Mindful of that happy morn,
 Louder yet our strains be borne,
 When the world's Redeemer rose,
 Victor from the grave's repose;
 Who by death subdued the grave,
 Mighty He our souls to save.
- 4 Looking for that rest above,
 For the sabbath of Thy love,
 Here to-day by hope we rise
 To our manaion in the skies:
 Here by faith and love prepare
 For our endless sabbath there.

1134 Walking in all the commandments of the Lord. Luke i.

1 Thousands within Thy courts have met, Thousands this day before Thee bowed; Their faces Zionward were set, Vows with their lips to Thee were vowed. سيحاد بتوادي أأأ ويتراد وا

- 2 People of many a tribe and tongue, Men of strange colours, climates, lands, Have heard Thy truth, Thy glory sung, And offered prayer with holy hands.
- 3 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh, Hath failed this day some suit to gain; To those in trouble Thou wert nigh: Not one hath sought Thy face in vain.
- 4 The poor have all been freely fed,
 Thy chastened sons have kissed the
 rod,
 The poor have have appropriated
 - The mourners have been comforted, The pure in heart have seen their God.
- 5 Yet one prayer more; and be it one In which both heaven and earth accord: Fulfil Thy promise to Thy Son; Let all who breathe call Jesus, Lord.

1135 An everlasting light. Iss. lx.

- Gop the Father, be Thou near, Save from every harm to-night;
 Make us all Thy children dear, In the darkness be our light.
- 2 God the Saviour, be our peace, Put away our sins to-night; Speak the word of full release, Turn our darkness into light.
- 3 Holy Spirit, deign to come, Sanctify us all to-night; In our hearts prepare Thy home, Then our darkness shall be light.
- 4 Holy Trinity, be nigh,
 Mystery of love adored,
 Help to live and help to die;
 Lighten all our darkness, Lord.

1136 Ps. cxvi. 12. What shall I render unto the Lord? 4c.

- 1 How shall I render to my God The gifts His mercies claim? His cup of blessing I will seek, And praise His gracious Name: And where the full assembly meet, His saints, whose hearts are one, Shall press to hear my willing vows, And bless His mercy shown.
- 2 The death by which His servants die Is ever in His care: Sweet comfort, like a beacon-light, Reveals His presence there.

I am Thy servant, O my God; An handmaid of Thine own Led up my infant steps to kneel Before Thy mercy-throne.

1137 Ye do show the Lord's death come. 1 Cor. xi.

- 1 EIGHTEEN centuries have fled Since our Saviour broke the bread, And this sacred feast ordained, Ever by His Church retained. Those His body who discern, Thus shall meet till His return.
- 2 All who bear the Saviour's name, Here their common faith proclaim; Though diverse in tongue or rite, Here, one body, we unite, Breaking thus one mystic bread, Members of one common Head.
- 3 Come, the blessed emblems share, Which the Saviour's death declare Come, on truth immortal feed; For His flesh is meat indeed. Saviour, witness with the sign, That our ransomed souls are Thir
- 4 To the Father, and the Son, And the Spirit, Three in One, Glory by His saints be given, Saints in earth and saints in heaw Singing all with glad accord, 'Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!'

1138 One faith, one baptism. Eş

- 1 HEAVENLY Father, may Thy love Beam upon us from above; Let this infant find a place In Thy covenant of grace.
- 2 Son of God, be with us now, Listen to our prayer and vow: Let Thy blood on Calvary spilt Cleanse this child from nature's gr
- 3 Holy Ghost, to Thee we cry; Thou this infant sanctify; Thine almighty power display, Seal him to redemption's day.
- 4 Great Jehovah, Father, Son, Holy Spirit, Three in One, Let the blessing come from Thee; Thine shall all the glory be.

1139 In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Matt. XXVIII.

- 1 ONCE in His Name who made thee, Once in His Name who died for thee, Once in His Name who lives to aid thee, We plunge thee in love's boundless sea.
- 2 Christian, dear child, we call thee; Threefold the bath, the Name is one: Henceforth no evil dream befall thee; Now is thy heavenly rest begun.
- 3 Yet, in fierce hours of trial,

 The heavenly seal must needs be proved;

 Dread spirits wait in stern espial,

 But name thou still the Name beloved.
- 4 Name it with heart untainted,
 Lips fragrant from their early vow;
 Ere conscience yet have awerved or fainted,
 Ere shame have dyed the willing brow.
- 5 Name it in dewy morning, When duly for the world's keen fray, With prayer and vow thy soul adorning, Thou in thy bower salut'st the day.
- 6 In quiet evening name it, When gently, like a wearied breeze. Thou sink'st to rest: O see thou claim it, That saving Name, upon thy knees.
- 7 Name it in solemn meetings, 'Mid chanted anthems, grave and clear; When, towards the east, our awful greetings Are wafted ere our Lord appear.
- 8 Upon thy deathbed name it: So may'st thou chase the infernal horde; So learn, with angels, to proclaim it, Thrice-holy, one Almighty Lord.

1140 Acquaint now thyself with God.

1 Acquaint thee, my child, acquaint thee with God, And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road; Sweet peace, as the dewdrop, shall fall on thy head, And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed. 2 Acquaint thee, my child, acquaint thee with God, And He shall be with thee, when fears are abroad; Thy safeguard in dangers that threaten thy path, Thy light in the vale of the shadow of

1141 Thou showest toringkindness.

death.

- 1 WHEN I look up to yonder sky, So pure, so bright, so wondrous high, I think of One I cannot see, But One who sees and cares for me.
- 2 His Name is God: He gave me birth; And everything that breathes on earth, And every tree and flower that grows, To the same Hand its being owes.
- 3 And He my daily food provides, And all that I require besides; And when I close my slumbering eye, I sleep in peace, for He is nigh.
- 4 Then surely I shall always love
 This gracious God, who dwells above;
 For very good indeed is He
 To love a little child like me.

1142 Ps. CXXXIII. Behold how good, &c.

1 O HAPPY state on earth to see,
And blest from God above,
Where brethren meet, and make their
home
The dwelling-place of love.

- 2 'Tis like the costly odours sweet That, poured on Aaron's head, Down to his beard and bordered vest Their gladdening fragrance shed:
- 3 Or like the fruitful sky-born dews On Hermon gathering still, Descending thence in gentlest showers On Zion's sacred hill.
- 4 Like them it comes with blessing down From heaven's unfailing store, The blessing of the God of peace, And life for evermore.

1143 Ps. cxxxvi. O give thanks unto the Lord, &c.

 O PRAISE the Lord; for He is love, The mighty Lord, and King of kings:
 O thank the God all gods above, From whom eternal mercy springs.

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- 2 O praise Him on His glory-throne, The mighty Lord, and King of kings, Whe doth all wondrous deeds alone, From whom eternal mercy springs.
- 3 Who by His wisdom heaven arrayed, The mighty Lord, and King of kings, And earth above the waters laid; From whom eternal mercy springs.
- 4 Who feeds all tribes that live and move, The mighty Lord, and King of kings: Thank Him, whose heavenly Name is love.

From whom eternal mercy springs.

1144 Ps. cl. Praise ye the Lord, &c.

1 Praise God, who in the holiest dwells; Praise Him, whose power in heaven excels;

Praise Him, whose might all might outvies;

Praise Him, whose greatness passeth bound:

Praise Him with trumpet's thrilling sound,

Praise Him with harps and psalteries.

2 Praise Him with timbrel's measured beat; Praise Him with pipes where dancers meet;

Praise Him with cittern's sounding chord:

Praise to the well-tuned cymbals sing, Praise let your loudest cymbals ring: Praise, all that breathe, O praise the Lord.

1145 The light shined in darkness. John i.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants His footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill
 He treasures up His bright designs,
 And works His soverain will.
- 2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take, The clouds ye so much dread Are big with mercy, and shall break In blessings on your head. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, But trust Him for His grace; Behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face.

3 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

1146 God is love. 1 John iv.

- 1 WE cannot always trace the way Where Thou, Almighty One, dost move, But we can always, always say That God is love.
- 2 When chilling fear the bosom wrings, The restless soul to heaven above As to her sanctuary springs, For God is love.
- 3 When mystery clouds our darkened path. We check our dread, our doubts reprove; Herein the soul sweet comfort hath,

Herein the soul sweet comfort hath, That God is love.

- 4 The entanglements which restless thought, Mistrust, and idle reasoning wove, Are thus unravelled and unwrought; For God is love.
- 5 Yes, God is love: a thought like this Can every gloomier thought remove, And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss: For God is love.

1147 God loved the world. John.v.

- 1 EARTH, with her ten thousand flowers
 Air, with all its beams and showers,
 Ocean's infinite expanse,
 Heaven's refulgent countenance,
 All around, and all above,
 Bear the record God is love.
- 2 Sounds among the vales and hills, In the woods, and by the rills, Of the breeze and of the bird By the gentle summer stirred; All these sounds beneath, above, Have one burden — God is love.
- 3 All the hopes and fears that dart From the fountain of the heart; All the quiet bliss that lies In our human sympathies: These are voices from above Sweetly saying God is love.

4 But the holy Saviour's birth, All He did and said on earth, All His agonies and woes All His pleadings for His foes, All His blessings from above, Most assure us - God is love.

1148 God is light. 1 John i.

- 1 GoD is love: His mercy brightens All the path in which we move: Bliss He grants, and woe He lightens; God is light, and God is love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever; Worlds decay and ages move; But His mercy waneth never; God is light, and God is love.
- 3 E'en the days most dark in seeming His unchanging goodness prove; From the mist His sun is streaming: God is light, and God is love.
- 4 He our earthly cares entwineth With His comforts from above: Everywhere His glory shineth: God is light, and God is love.

1149 There is no fear in love. 1 John iv.

- 1 O God, Thy grace and blessing give To us who on Thy Name attend, That we this mortal life may live Regardful of our journey's end.
- 2 Teach us to know that Jesus died And rose again, our souls to save; Teach us to take Him as our Guide, Our help from childhood to the grave.
- 3 Then shall not death with terror come, But welcome as a bidden guest, The herald of a better home, The messenger of peace and rest.
- 4 And when the awful signs appear Of judgment, and the throne above Our hearts still fixed, we shall not fear; God is our trust, and God is love.

1150 I have loved thee with an everlasting love. Jer. xxx1.

1 SHALL I not sing praise to Thee? Shall I not give thanks, O Lord? Since for us, in all I see How Thou keepest watch and ward; How the truest, tenderest love Ever fills Thy heart, my God, Helping, cheering, on their road, All who in Thy service move. All things else have but their day, God's love only lasts for aye.

2 As the eagle o'er her nest Spreads her sheltering wings abroad. So from all that would molest Doth Thine arm defend me. Lord: From my youth up, e'en till now, Of the being Thou didst give, And the earthly life I live, Faithful Guardian still wert Thou. All things else have but their day, God's love only lasts for aye.

3 When His strokes upon me light, Bitterly I feel their smart, Yet are they, if seen aright, Tokens that my Father's heart Yearns to bring me back again Through these crosses to His fold, From the world that fain would hold Soul and body in its chain.

All things else have but their day, God's love only lasts for ave. 4 Since then neither change nor end In Thy love can e'er have place.

Father, I beseech Thee send Unto me Thy loving grace. Help Thy feeble child and give Strength to serve Thee day and night, Loving Thee with all my might, While on earth I yet must live;

So shall I, when time is o'er, Praise and love Thee evermore.

1151 "God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. I John iv.

1 Our God is love: and all His saints His image bear below; The heart with love to God inspired, With love to man will glow. O may we love each other, Lord, As we are loved of Thee: For none are truly born of God, Who live in enmity.

2 Heirs of the same immortal bliss. Our hopes and fears the same The cords of love our hearts should bind. The law of love inflame.

So shall the vain contentious world Our peaceful lives approve, And wondering say, as they of old, 'See how these Christians love.'

1152 Let us love one another. 1 John iv.

- 1 LITTLE children, dwell in love, New-begotten from above; Ye by this your faith may know, That ye dwell in love below. God your Father reigns on high, Unbeheld by mortal eye; Him ye see not; love Him then In His work, your fellow-men.
- 2 Not in semblance, nor in word, But in holy thoughts unheard, And in very truth and deed, Share their joy, and help their need. This the saint, whom Jesus loved, Spake in word, in action proved: Lord, may Thy disciples be Like to him and like to Thee.

1153 To visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction. James 1.

- 1 O PRAISE our God to-day,
 His constant mercy bless,
 Whose love hath helped us on our way,
 And granted us success.
- 2 His arm the strength imparts Our daily toil to bear; His grace alone inspires our hearts Each other's load to share.
- 3 O happiest work below, Earnest of joy above, To sweeten many a cup of woe By deeds of holy love!
- 4 Lord, may it be our choice
 This blessed rule to keep,
 Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
 And weep with them that weep.
- 5 God of the widow, hear,
 Our work of mercy bless;
 God of the fatherless, be near,
 And grant us good success. Amen.

1154 I have found a ransom. Job xxxiii.

- 1 When dangers press and fears invade, O let us not rely On man, who, in the balance weighed, Is light as vanity.
- 2 Riches have wings, and flee away; Health's blooming cheek grows pale; Vigour and strength must soon decay, And worldly wisdom fail.

- 3 But God, our God, is still the same
 As at that solemn hour
 When thunders spake His awful Name
 Of majesty and power.
- 4 And still sweet mercy's voice is heard Proclaiming from above That good and gracious is the Lord, And all His works are love.

1155 Forgive the sin of Thy servants. 2 Chron. vi.

- 1 WHEN, on the blazing mount, the stone Sprang into shape at God's command, And on its tablets dread was shown The writing of His viewless hand; Amid the terrors of that hour Did Israel feel and dread the yoke; They saw, yet disobeyed, His power; They owned the covenant which they broke.
- 2 We sin against a hope more bright Than could the fathers' bondage bless; We sin against a better light Than led them through the wilderness: They were not, Lord, what we are now. Thus wilful, hard, and cold to Thee: Long-suffering and loving Thou, O pardon our iniquity.
- 3 Forgive the ills that we have done,
 Dispel from conscience its mistrust,
 And let us love, in Thy dear Son,
 Thyself, the Holy, True, and Just.
 O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Our God, Creator, Saviour, Guide,
 By all the saints and angel host
 Thy Name be bleat and glorified.

1156 Now is the day of salvation. 2 Cor. vl.

- 1 Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time to seek His great reward; And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the hour that God has given, To flee from hell and strive for heaven; The day of grace; and mortals may Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 In the cold grave, to which we haste, No hope is shown, no pardon passed; Darkness, and death, and long despair Reign o'cr the unforgiven there.

1157 Carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom. Luke xvi.

1 THE Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away,

And the Lord's name is blest;

We know not where our brother dwells to-day;

But this we surely trust, he sleeps on Abraham's breast.

2 We know not what sweet tones are round his ears.

Bright things before his eyes;

But yet we trust, yea, trust amidst our tears,

Whate'er that region be, he rests in Paradise.

3 The weary days, the weary nights are o'er,

The strife, the thirst, the pain;

And he can now know anguish never more,

Nor ever hunger there, nor ever thirst again.

4 We would not seek to know what God hath sealed,

Content to rest in this:

That, when the future glory is revealed, We shall be like our Lord, and see Him as He is.

5 Our brother, think we of him as one now From sin and pain released, When, in the presence of our Lord, we bow

When, in the presence of our Lord, we bow Upon His altar-steps, or keep our All-Saints' feast.

6 Both now, and with His servants' latest breath,

Praise to the Father be;

To Him who by His death hath vanquished death;

Consoler of our hearts, blest Paraclete, to Thee. Amen.

1158 Come unto Mr., all ye that travail. Matt. xi.

- JUST as thou art, without one trace
 Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
 Or meetness for the heavenly place,
 O guilty sinner, come.
- Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?
 Trust not the world, it gives no rest;
 Christ brings relief to hearts opprest:
 O weary sinner, come.

- 3 Come, leave thy burden at the Cross, Count worldly gains but empty dross; His grace repays all earthly loss; O mourning sinner, come.
- 4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears, Thine aching heart, thy bursting tears; 'Tis Mercy's voice salutes thine ears: O trembling sinner, come.
- 5 To all who faint, who thirst, who roam Far from their everlasting home, The Spirit and the Bride say 'Come:' O ransomed sinners, come.

1159 Psalm exxxi. Lord, my heart is not haughty, &c.

1 LORD, my heart is with the lowly;
I do seek,
With the meek,

Humble thoughts and holy.

2 Let me not, by vain aspiring, Strive to rise, But be wise, Safer truth desiring.

3 Pride that soars must fall in sadness: Lowliness God doth bless

With an infant's gladness,

4 When it lies, all weak from weaning,
Yet at rest,
On the breast
In its gladness leaning.

5 Nought my trust from God shall sever:
Israel, thou
Pay this vow
To thy King for ever.

1160 The God of hope. Rom. xv.

- 1 LORD, Thou dost abhor the proud; To the arrogant and loud Thou hast ne'er the praise allowed Which is Thine alone.
- 2 Thankless souls that will not pray Turn Thy gracious stream away, And like withered grass decay 'Neath the scorching noon.
- 3 As the servant's earnest gaze Keeps his master's hand and ways, So our eyes we ever raise To Thy Zion's throne.

- 4 And shouldst Thou the gift withhold, Yet, to Thee the full heart told, Hope shall on her anchor hold, And await the boon.
- 5 Glory be to God on high,
 To the Son who came to die,
 And to Spirit ever nigh,
 Sealing us His own. Amen.

1161 Joy shall be in heaven. Luke XV.

- 1 There was joy in heaven,
 There was joy in heaven,
 When, this goodly world to frame,
 The Lord of might and mercy came;
 Shouts of joy were heard on high,
 And the stars sang from the aky,
 'Glory to God in heaven!'
- 2 There was joy in heaven,
 There was joy in heaven,
 When of love the midnight beam
 Dawned on the towers of Bethlehem,
 And, along the echoing hill,
 Angels sang, 'On earth good-will,
 And glory in the heaven!'
- 3 There is joy in heaven,
 There is joy in heaven,
 When the sheep that went astray
 Turns back its feet to Zion's way;
 When the soul, by grace subdued,
 Sobe its prayer of gratitude,—
 Then is there joy in heaven.

1162 Come, for all things are ready.

- 1 YE sinners, hear the gospel word:

 'Come to the supper of your Lord:'
 Be wise to know the gracious day;
 All things are ready; come away:
 Beady the Father there, to own
 And bless the late-returning son;
 Ready the loving Saviour stands,
 And spreads to you His wounded hands;
- 2 Ready the Spirit of His love, Your heart's long hardness to remove, To witness with the cleansing blood, And seal the pardoned sons of God: And ready there the angels wait, To triumph in your rescued state, And tune their harps, and haste to sing With you the conquests of your King.

3 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Are ready with their shining host:
All heaven is ready to resound,
The dead now live, the lost are found.
Come then, from death to life restored,
Come to the supper of your Lord:
Feast, and be full; rejoice, and praise
His boundless love through endless days.

1163 Blessed are your eyes. Matt. xviii.

- 1 Blest are the eyes of those
 Who see the things we see;
 Blest are the hearts which may repose,
 O Lord, in faith on Thee.
 Blest are the ears which hear
 The things that we have heard;
 And blest, O Lord, the hearts which fear
 And tremble at Thy word.
- 2 For vainly seers and kings Have longed in ages past To see and hear and know the things To us disclosed at last; The Son of God revealed, The sin of man forgiven, The long-enduring discord healed Between this world and heaven.

1164 Thou art worthy to receive glory.

- COME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry, To be exalted thus: Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply, For He was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and power divine;
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Lord, be for ever Thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the aky, In air, and earth, and seas, Conspire to lift Thy glories high, And speak Thine endless praise.
- 5 Let all creation join in one, To bless the sacred Name Of Him that sits upon the throne, And to adore the Lamb, Amen,

1165 He that refraineth his lips is wise.

- 1 The stillest streams lend life and light To fairest meads of spring; The bird that flutters least in aight Is longest on the wing. The sweetest flowers their odours shed In silence and alone; And wisdom's hidden fount is fed By minds to fame unknown.
- 2 But soon or late the time will come,
 Though long it seem deferred,
 When loudest talkers shall be dumb,
 And silent doers heard.
 Then shall a meed surpassing fame
 To lowly worth be given,
 Whose toil hath sought with humble sim
 To guide the soul to heaven.

1166 I am Thine, and all that I have. 1 Kings xx.

- 1 When I am right, Thy grace impart Still in the right to stay; When I am wrong, O teach my heart To find the better way. Save me, O God, from foolish pride, Or impious discontent At aught Thy wisdom has denied,
- Or aught Thy goodness lent.

 2 Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the faults I see;
 What mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.
 This day be bread and peace my lot;
 All else beneath the sun
 Thou know'st if best bestowed or not;
 Then let Thy will be done!

1167 Comfort ye. Isa, xl.

- 1 COMFORT ye, people of the Lord: for He
 Is gracious, good, and merciful, and
 kind:
 - He will not judge us by ourselves; for we Are unforgiving, haughty, stern, and blind.
- Not as man judgeth in his own hard heart,
 Will He, our Maker, judge our fallen race:
 - Comfort ye, whom the Lord hath set
 - For His own works, the children of His grace.

3 Learn from the Cross all that He will forgive; His yoke is easy and His burden light;

Let us be turned from every sin, and live Hopeful and glad, as in His constant sight.

1168 Jesus saith, Pollow Me. Matt. iv.

- 1 Follow Me; in Me ye live; What ye ask I freely give; Only heed ye lest ye stray; Follow Me, the living Way; Follow Me with all your hearts; I will ward off sorrow's darts; Learn from Christ your Lord to be Rich in meek humility.
- 2 Thou hast gone before us, Lord, Not with anger, strife, or sword, Not with kingly pomp and pride, But with mercy at Thy side. Moved by wondrous love divine, For our life Thou gavest Thine, And Thy precious outpoured blood Won for us the highest good.
- 3 Let us follow in such sort,
 Christ-like every deed and thought,
 That Thy love most true and kind
 All our hearts henceforth may bind;
 None may look behind him now,
 Who to Christ has pledged his vow;
 He who calls us, goes before;
 Follow now and evermore.

1169 Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life. Matt. vii.

- 1 LORD, Thy children guide and keep, As with feeble steps they press On the pathway rough and steep Through this weary wilderness. Holy Jesu, day by day Lead us in the narrow way.
- 2 There are stony ways to tread;— Give the strength we sorely lack: There are tangled paths to thread;— Light us, lest we miss the track. Holy Jesu, &c.
- 3 There are sandy wastes that lie
 Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
 Where the feeble faint and die;
 Grant us grace to persevere.
 Holy Jesu, &c.

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- 4 There are soft and flowery glades Decked with golden-fruited trees, Sunny alopes, and scented shades;— Keep us, Lord, from alothful ease. Holy Jesu, &c.
- 5 Upward still to purer heights,
 Onward lead to scenes more blest,
 Calmer regions, clearer lights,
 Till we reach the promised rest.
 Holy Jesu, &c.

1170 A wase man, which built his house upon a rock. Matt. vii.

- 1 I know in whom I put my trust, I know what standeth fast, When all things here dissolve like dust Or smoke before the blast: I know what still endures, howe'er All else may quake and fall, When lies the prudent men ensnare, And dreams the wise enthral.
- 2 It is the Day-spring from on high, The adamantine Rock, Whence never storm can make me fly, That fears no earthquake's shock; My Jesus Christ, my sure Defence, My Saviour and my Light, That shines within, and scatters thence Dark phantoms of the night;
- 3 Who once was born, betrayed, and alain,
 And slept within the grave;
 Whom God awoke, who rose again,
 A Conqueror strong to save;
 Who pardons all my ain, who sends
 His Spirit pure and mild;
 Whose grace my every step befriends,
- Who no'er forgets His child.

 4 Therefore I know in whom I trust,
 I know what standeth fast,
 When all things formed of earthly dust
 Are whirling in the blast;
 The terrors of the final foe
 Can rob me not of this,
 And this shall crown my faith, I know,
 With never-failing bliss.

1171 That He might redeem us from all iniquity. Tit. ii.

1 LAMB of God, we fall before Thee, Humbly trusting in Thy Cross; That alone be all our glory; All things else we count but loss.

- 2 Thee we own a perfect Saviour, Only source of all that's good: Every grace and every favour Comes to us through Jesu's blood.
- 3 Jesus gives us true repentance
 By His Spirit sent from heaven;
 He pronounces the sweet sentence,
 'Son, thy sins are all forgiven.'
- 4 Faith He gives us, to believe it; Grateful hearts, His love to prize; Want we wisdom? He must give it; Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.
- 5 Jesus gives us pure affections, Wills to de what He requires; Makes us follow His directions, And what He commands, inspires.
- 6 Humble prayers and humble praises, All are offered in His name; He that dictates all, is Jesus; He that answers, is the same.
- 7 When we trust in Jesu's merit, Then we worship God aright Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, Then we savingly unite.
- 8 Every grace, and every favour,
 All that great or good we call,
 Find we only in the Saviour;
 Jesus Christ is all in all.

1172 All things are become new. 2 Cor. v.

- 1 We praise and bless Thee, gracious Lord, Our Saviour kind and true, For all the old things passed away, For all Thou hast made new. The old security is gone, In which so long we lay; The sleep of death Thou hast dispelled, The darkness rolled away. New hopes, new purposes, desires, And joys, Thy grace has given; Old ties are broken from the earth, New links attach to heaven.
- 2 But yet how much must be destroyed,
 How much renewed must be,
 Ere we can fully stand complete
 In likeness, Lord, to Thee;
 Ere to Jerusalem above,
 The holy place, we come.
 Where nothing sinful or defiled
 Shall ever find a home!

FOR THE WEEKS AFTER TRINITY.

Thou, only Thou, must carry on
The work Thou hast begun:
Of Thine own strength Thou must impart,
In Thine own ways to run.

1173 Alive unto God. Rom. vi.

- 1 We have a name to live;
 O let us not be dead:
 God's words the hope of mercy give:
 Be they established.
 Let us be dead to sin,
 But live in Christ again;
 And bless Him all our hearts within,
 And own Him among men.
- 2 Let no vain sophist pride, O Christ, belie Thy Cross; Let sin perceived and self denied Be anything but loss; Let solemn thoughts of Thee Possess our souls with awe; The spirits, that are Thine, are free To love and keep Thy law.
- 3 If yet we do not love
 That pure and holy Word,
 Not yet obey its call, but rove
 In ways by Thee abhorred;
 O Lord, increase our faith,
 And rule our footsteps still,
 Till every movement in our path
 Be guided by Thy will.

1174 Thy wal be done. Matt. vi.

- 1 My God, my Father, while I stray Far from my home, in life's rough way, O teach me from my heart to say, Thy will be done!
- 2 If Thou shouldst call me to resign What most I prize, it ne'er was mine; I only yield Thee what was Thine: Thy will be done!
- 3 If but my fainting heart be blest With Thy sweet Spirit for its Guest, My God, to Thee I leave the rest: Thy will be done!
- 4 Renew my will from day to day; Blend it with Thine, and take away All that now makes it hard to say, Thy will be done!

5 Then, when on earth I breathe no more The prayer oft mixed with tears before, I'll sing upon a happier shore, Thy will be done!

1175 My grace is sufficient for thee.

- 1 O God, from whom alone proceeds That fixed and tranquil mood Of holy thoughts and virtuous deeds, Which make man truly good, Into our humbled hearts inspire, All wavering though they be, One single pure and strong desire Of pleasing only Thee.
- 2 And, lest our love in wishes die, A transient useless flame, Still more and more of grace supply, Whence those good wishes came. Yea, let Thy grace our minds pursue, And help our weakness still To prove our faith in Jesus true By living to Thy will.

1176 There appeared a chartot of fire. 2 Kings ii.

- 1 A CAR of fire is on the air; Unearthly horses linger there; Its burning wheels a moment stay, And car and prophet sweep away: And on the mourner's dazzled eye Floats but the mantle from on high.
- 2 Elijah knew not death: but we Must all endure that agony, That lone unuterable strife, 'Mid pain and sin, through death to life: The soul must quit its ruined home, The body moulder in the tomb.
- 3 No mortal can that parting bless, Or break the spirit's loneliness: No fiery chariot bovers near: Yet One there is to soothe our fear; One who the bitterest death has died, The Son of Man, the Crucified.

1177 Yet not I, but Christ liveth in me. Gal. ii.

1 THERE is a life more dear
Than that which by our outward breath we
live;
There is a light more clear
And glorious than the noonday sun can give.

Deep, deep the heart within,
By grace divine this life is first begot,
Though man, enthralled by sin,
In its first tender breathings knows it not.
In its first tender breathings knows it not.
In the awakened mind
This light first dawns, a faint and glimmering ray:
But, to its glory blind,
Man from its gentle radiance turns away.
Thou only, Lord, canst give
The light, wherein alone Thy light we see,
And teach us how to live
An inward life still hid with Christ in Thee.

1178 I will put a new spirit within you.

- 1 SIN-LADEN, weary, lost, I flee, Saviour of sinners, unto Thee, Whose death upon the dismal tree Won life for dying men: Guilt half repented and abhorred, Self half subdued I bring, O Lord, A half-roused heart: — O speak the word, And I shall live again.
- 2 O, by Thy warning Spirit show The pains and terrors here below, And all the pangs of future wee, That wait the unforgiven; So shall I kneel, and weep, and pray, And use salvation's fleeting day To find by Thee, the living Way, Forgiveness, peace, and heaven.

1179 He gave power to become the some of God. 1 John i.

- 1 SAVIOUR, whose love could stoop to death,
 To raise us to the sky;
 With holy joy and stedfast faith
 We on Thy truth rely.
 No works nor merits of our own
 Had claimed Thy gracious care;
 Twas mercy drew Thee from Thy throne,
 Our guilt and woe to bear.
- 2 Now by the Holy Ghost renewed, And sprinkled with Thy blood, We feel the power of sin subdued, And live the sons of God. Angels through all the heavenly plains Thy glorious triumph swell; There Thy redeemed shall join their strains, And all Thy mercy tall.

1180 The fruit of the Sphrit. Gal. v.

- 1 Holy Ghoer, my soul inspire; Spirit of the Almighty Sire, Spirit of the Son Divine, Comforter, Thy gifts be mine! Holy Spirit, in my breast Grant that lively faith may rest, And aubding each rebel thought
- And subdue each rebel thought
 To believe what Thou hast taught.
- 2 When around my sinking soul Gathering waves of sorrow roll, Spirit blest, the tempest still, And with hope my bosom fill. Holy Spirit, from my mind, Thought, and wish, and will unkind, Deed and word unkind remove, And my bosom fill with love.
- 3 Faith, and hope, and charity, Comforter, descend from Thee: Thou the anointing Spirit art, These Thy gifts to us impart; Till our faith be lost in aight, Hope be swallowed in delight, Love return to dwell with Thee In the threefold Deity. Amen.

1181 Obeying the truth through the Spirit.

1 O Thou that hearest prayer, Attend our humble cry, And let Thy servants share Thy blessing from on high: We plead the promise of Thy word; Grant us Thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants couply

Their children's wants supply,
Much more wilt Thou Thy love display,
And answer when Thy children pray.

- 3 Our heavenly Father Thou;
 We, children of Thy grace;
 O let Thy Spirit now
 Come down and fill the place,
 That all may feel the heavenly flame,
 And all unite to praise Thy name.
- 4 O may that sacred fire,
 Descending from above,
 Our frozen hearts inspire *
 With fervent zeal and love;
 Enlighten our o'erclouded eyes,
 And teach our grovelling souls to rise.

- 5 Sand Thy good Spirit down
 On all the nations, Lord,
 With great success to crown
 The preaching of Thy word;
 That heathen lands may own Thy sway,
 And cast their idol-gods away.
- 6 Then shall Thy kingdom come
 Among our fallen race,
 And the whole earth become
 The temple of Thy grace;
 Whence pure devotion shall ascend,
 And songs of praise, till time shall end.
- 1182 Hereby we know that He abideth in us, by the Spirit which He hath given us. 1 John iii.
- 1 SPIRIT of grace, Thou Light of life Amidst the darkness of the dead, Bright Star, whereby through worldly atrife The people of the Lord are led, Thou Day-spring in the deepest gloom, Wildered and dark, to Thee I come.
- 2 Burn up in me, Thou Fire of heaven, The evil seen by Thee alone, Nor spare, though heart and flesh be riven; For joy shall dawn when grief is gone, And in my soul shall be restored
- 3 I languish in the plague of sin; O heal Thou me, and I shall live; Renew my fainting heart within, And give the balm I cannot give. Live Thou in me, O Life divine: The new creation's work is Thine.

The glorious image of my Lord.

- 4 O Breath from deep eternity, Breathe o'er my soul's unfertile land; So shall the pine and myrtle-tree Spring up amidst the desert sand; And, where Thy living water flows, The wild shall blossom as the rose.
- 5 Let me in will and deed and word
 Obey Thee as a little child,
 And in Thy love abide, O Lord,
 For ever pure and undefiled:
 Teach me to work, and strive, and pray,
 And keep me in Thy heavenward way.

1183 Sanctify them through Thy truth.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, on us descend,
 Our waiting souls renew;
 With peace and hope that know no end
 Our fears subdue.
 Come, fit us for Thy blest abode;
 Our souls to God unite;
 Guide us upon the heavenward road,
 And given a light
- And give us light.

 2 Sole strength of all our weariness,
 Our sorrowing spirits' stay;
 Thou who the weeping heart dost bless
 Through all the way.
 Come, Holy Ghost, the flock to cheer,
 For whom the Saviour died;
 And ever to His Church be near,
 Her heavenly Guide. Amen.

1184 Whosoever abideth in Him sinneth not. 1 John iii.

- 1 Light of life, celestial fire,
 Love divine, Thyself impart;
 Every fainting soul inspire;
 Shine in every drooping heart:
 Every mournful sinner cheer;
 Scatter all our guilty gloom;
 Holy Ghost, appear, appear;
 To Thy human temple come.
- 2 Come, in this accepted hour; Bring Thy heavenly kingdom Fill us with Thy glorious power, Rooting out the seeds of sin: Nothing more can we require, We will covet nothing less; Be Thou all our hearts desire, Joy and peace and holiness.

1185 The eternal God is thy refuge. Deut. xxxiii.

- 1 Thou Refuge of the weary soul,
 On Thee, when sorrows rise,
 On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
 Our fainting hope relies.
 To Thee we tell each rising grief,
 For Thou alone canst heal:
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief
 For every pain we feel.
- 2 Thy love is ever nigh to bless The mourner's humble prayer; O may we ever find access To breathe our sorrows there?

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Thy mercy-seat is open still

Here let our soul retreat,

With humble hope attend Thy will,

And wait beneath Thy feet.

Amen.

1186 A very present help. Po. xlvi

- 1 O Gop, our Saviour and our King, Of all we have or hope the spring, Send down Thy Spirit from above, And warm our hearts with holy love.
- 2 Let love through all our actions shine, An image fair, though faint, of Thine; Thy humble followers let us prove, Father of grace and God of love.
- 3 As through this wilderness we stray, Be Thou our Light, be Thou our Way; No foes, no evil, need we fear, If Thou, our Lord and God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods the soul o'erflow, When sinks our strength in waves of woe, Saviour, Thy timely aid impart, And raise the head, and cheer the heart.

1187 Quench not the Spirit. 1 Thess. v.

- 1 O STAY, Thou grieved Spirit, stay, Though I have done Thee such despite; Withdraw not all Thy gentle sway, Nor take Thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart, And quelled the power of conscious fear, And madly urged Thee to depart.
 - And madly urged Thee to depart, From day to day, from year to year;
- 3 Yea, though most faithless I have been Of all who e'er Thy grace received; So oft have I Thy goodness seen, So oft have I that goodness grieved:
- 4 Yet O, the chief of sinners spare,
 In honour of the great High Priest,
 Nor in Thy righteous anger swear
 To drive me from the heavenly rest.
- 5 From Satan's snares my soul release; Uphold me by Thy mighty hand; Restore me to the way of peace, And bring me to the holy land.

1188 The Holy Sports of promise. Rph. L

1 Wx know the Spirit's will
To guide us on our road;
To strengthen us that we fulfil
The bidding of our God.
Lord, day by day renew
Within us a right mind;
The flesh is strong, and they are few

Who Thy salvation find.

2 Alas, how few are they!
Yet number us, O Lord,

With those who would Thy will obey And love Thy holy Word. Ah, still do we endure With fainting hearts our war? Alnighty, make our calling sure In Christ the Conqueror.

1189 I will strengthen them in the Lord.

- COME, Holy Spirit, come, Let Thy bright beams arise,
 Dispel the darkness from our minds, And open all our eyes.
- Revive our drooping faith, Our doubts and fears remove,
 And kindle in our breasts the flame Of never-dying love.
- 3 Convince us of our sin,
 Then lead to Jesu's blood,
 And to our wondering view reveal
 The secret love of God.
- 4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart, To sanctify the soul, To pour fresh life on every part, And new create the whole.
- 5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts, Our minds from bondage free; Then shall we know, and praise, and love The Father, Son, and Thee.

1190 Thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged. Isa. vi.

1 Thy parent's arms now yield thee,
With love all glowing warm.
To Him who best can shield thee,
To that Eternal Arm
That all the heavens upholdeth,
And bids the dead arise,
That tender babes enfoldeth,
And leads them towards the akies.

- 2 Washed in the blood that gushes From out His wounded heart, Wrapped in the peace that hushes All earthly grief and smart, Go forth upon thy journey, Grow up in strength and age, And seek with joy and wisdom Thy holy heritage.
- 3 O sweet now sound the voices
 That hail thee from above,
 Where heaven's bright host rejoices
 Before the Eternal Love:
 'Now must thou wander never,
 Now shall begin thy strife;
 O blue this here
 - O bless this hour for ever That gives thee new-born life,'

1191 The fruit of our lips giving thanks to His Name. Heb. xiil.

- 1 Blest be my God, that I was born
 To hear the joyful sound;
 That I was born to be baptised,
 And bred on holy ground;
 That I was bred where God appears
 In tokens of His grace:
 The lines are fallen unto me
 In a most pleasant place.
- 2 Within a dungeon dark as night
 I might have spent my days;
 But Thou hast sent me gospel light
 To Thine eternal praise.
 The sun which rose up in the east,
 And drove its shades away,
 His healing wings have reached the west,
 And turned our night to day.
- 3 Blest be my God for what I see,
 My God for what I hear:
 I hear such blessed news from heaven,
 Nor earth nor hell I fear.
 I hear my Lord for me was born,
 My Lord for me did die;
 My Lord for me did rise again,
 And did ascend on high.
- 4 On high He stands to plead my cause, And will return again, And set me on a glorious throne, That I with Him may reign. Glory to God the Father be, Glory to God the Son, Glory to God the Holy Ghost, Glory to God alone.

- 1192 Ye have received the Spirit of adoption. Rom. viii.
- 1 O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God! Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows To Him, who merits all my love! My soul with adoration bows, For on it rests His Holy Dove.
- 3 Now with His saints I choose my part; With them I come a welcome guest; Here rest, my once divided heart; In Him, thy blissful portion, rest.
- 4 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall daily hear; Till, called at last from all below, I bless in death a bond so dear.
- 5 O praise the Father, praise the Son, The spotless Lamb for sinners given, And Holy Ghost, through whom alone Our cleansed hearts are raised to heaven. Amen.

1193 The disciples began to rejoice and praise God. Luke xix.

- 1 Though poor in lot and scorned in name, Without the humblest wreath of fame, Nor having gem nor gold, Yet bright our honour, vast our store; What tongue can tell, or thought explore, The charter we unfold?
- 2 We claim the gifts the Saviour shows As royal largess, while His foes In captive chains are led; The mind that can convince and teach, The lip baptised with heavenly speech, The zeal which wakes the dead.
- 3 And ours the world, its use and good,
 Delivered from it by His blood,
 Whom it nor loves nor knows;
 And e'en this strange and bitter life,
 Whose stream is chafed with endless
 strife,

Now calmly, brightly flows.

4 We claim thee, death, our richest gain; Behold the unwinding scroll contain Things present, things to come; What though we mingle with the clods? Yet we are Christ's, and Christ is God's; Then heaven must be our home.

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1194 Thy Word is truth. John xvii.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in Thy Word What endless glories shine! For ever be Thy name adored For knowledge all divine.
- 2 Here the Redeemer's glorious voice Spreads peace and hope around, And life and everlasting joys Attend the blissful sound.
- 3 Divine Instructor, glorious Lord, Be Thou for ever near; Teach us to love Thy sacred Word, And find the Saviour there.
- 4 O may Thy heavenly pages be Our first and chief delight, And still new beauties may we see, And still increasing light.
- 5 To Thee, O Father Infinite, And, Holy Ghost, to Thee, With Thee, O Jesu, Light of light, All praise and glory be. Amen.

1195 Search the Scriptures. John v.

- 1 ACCEPT, O Lord, Thy servants' thanks For Thye nlivening Word, By Thy most Holy Spirit taught, By holy prophets heard; That Word in Thy recording book From age to age descends; Her teaching here Thy Church begins, And here her teaching ends.
- 2 Whate'er of truth the soul can need To clear her darkling sight, Whate'er to check the wandering feet And guide their course aright; Whate'er of fear the bad to dannt, Of hope the good to cheer; All that may profit man, O Lord, Thy bounty gives us here.
- 3 Joined with our household's little church,
 And in our lonely hours,
 And in the assembly of the saints,
 That sacred Word be ours,
 To read and hear, to mark and learn,
 And inwardly digest;
 And O, may He, who gave the Word,
 On those who learn it rest!

4 Thence on our hearts may lively faith
Celestial comfort pour,
With patience, lightener of our ills,
And hope that looks before:
That we, with Thy united Church,
May lift our souls above,
And with one mind and mouth proclaim
Thy glory, God of love! Amen.

1196 A still small voice. I Kings xviii.

- 1 OPEN, Lord, mine inward ear,
 And bid my heart rejoice;
 Let my quiet spirit hear
 Thy comfortable voice;
 Never in the whirlwind found,
 Or where the earthquake rocks the place,
 Still and silent is the sound,
 The whisper of Thy grace.
- 2 From the world of sin and noise
 And hurry I withdraw;
 For the small and inward voice
 I wait with humble awe;
 Silent am I now and still,
 And dare not in Thy presence move;
 To my waiting soul reveal
 The secret of Thy love.
- 3 Thou didst undertake for me,
 For me to death wast sold;
 Wisdom in a mystery
 Of bleeding love unfold:
 Teach the lesson of Thy cross;
 Ah, let me die with Thee to reign;
 All things let me count but loss,
 So I my Saviour gain.
- 4 Show me, as my soul can bear,
 The depth of inbred sin;
 All the unbelief declare,
 The pride that lurks within:
 Take me, whom Thyself hast bought;
 And bring into captivity
 Every high aspiring thought,
 That would not stoop to Thee.
- 5 Lord, my time is in Thy hand,
 My soul to Thee bring nigh;
 Thou canst make me understand,
 Though slow of heart am I.
 Thine, in whom I live and move,
 Thine, Lord, the work, the praise is Thine;
 Thou art Wisdom, Power, and Love,
 And all Thou art is mine,

1197 Hath God cast of His people? Rom. xi.

1 JERUSALEM, Jerusalem,
Enthronèd once on high,
Thou favoured home of God on earth,
Thou heaven below the sky;
Now brought to bondage with thy sons,
A curse and grief to see,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Our tears shall flow for thee.

Our tears shall flow for thee.

2 O, hadst thou known thy day of grace,
And flocked beneath the wing
Of Him who called thee lovingly,
Thine own anointed King:
Then had the tribes of all the world
Gone up thy pomp to see,
And glory dwelt within thy gates,
And all thy sons been free.

3 'And who art thou that mournest me?' Jerusalem may say, 'And fear'st not rather that thyself

May prove a cast-away?
I am a dried and abject branch,
My place is given to thee;
But wee to every barren graft
Of thy wild olive tree!

4 'Our day of grace is sunk in night, Our time of mercy spent, For heavy was my children's crime, And strange their punishment;

Yet gaze not idly on our fall, But, sinner, warned be; Who spared not His chosen seed,

May send His wrath on thee.

5 'Our day of grace is sunk in night,
Thy noon is in its prime;
O turn and seek thy Saviour's face

In this accepted time.

So, Gentile, may Jerusalem

A lesson prove to thee,

And in the new Jerusalem Thy home for ever be.'

1198 Blessed is the King that cometh in the name of the Lord. Luke xix.

ALL glory be to Thee, Redeemer blest,
 To whom their glad hosannas children
 poured;
 Hail, Israel's King, hail, David's Son
 confest,
 Who comest in the name of God the
 Lord.
 Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna in the
 highest!

2 Thy praise in heaven the choir angelic sings,

All glory be to Thee, Redeemer blest; Men sing on earth, with all created things, Hail, Israel's King, hail, David's Son confest:

Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna in the highest!

3 Thee Israel once with palms went forth to meet;

To Thee their glad hosannas children poured;

Thee now with prayer and holy hymn we greet,

Who comest in the name of God the Lord.

Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna in the highest!

4 Thee on Thy way to die they crowned with praise;

All glory be to Thee, Redeemer blest; To Thee now throned high the song we raise,

Hail, Israel's King, hail, David's Son

Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna in the highest!

5 Thee their poor homage pleased, O gracious King,

To whom their glad hosannas children poured;

Accept, O Christ, the best that we can bring,

Who comest in the name of God the Lord.

Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna in the bighest!

1199 Hosanna in the highest. Mark xi.

1 WHEN, His salvation bringing,
The Lord to Zion came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name;
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But, as He passed along,
He let them still attend Him,
Well pleased to hear their song.
Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna,

Hosanna to Jesus our King!

And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now a King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,

x 2

PSALMS AND HYMNS

Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal Son.
Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna,
Hosanna to Jesus our King!
3 For, should we cease proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No, while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.
Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna,
Hosanna to Jesus our King!

We'll flock around His banner,

1200 The Son of Man is betrayed to be crucifled. Luke xxiv.

- 1 DARKLY rose the guilty morning, When, the King of glory scorning, Raged the fierce Jerusalem: See the Christ His cross upbearing, See Him smitten, spit on, wearing The thorn-plaited diadem.
- 2 Not the crowd whose cries assailed Him, Not the hands that rudely nailed Him, Slew Him on the cursed tree; Ours the sin from heaven that called Him, Ours the sin whose burden galled Him In the sad Gethsemane.
- 3 For our ains, of glory emptied, He was fasting, lone, and tempted, He was slain on Calvary; Yet He for His murderers pleaded; Lord, by us that prayer is needed; We have pierced, yet trust in Thee.
- 4 In our wealth and tribulation,
 By Thy gracious cross and passion,
 By Thy blood and agony,
 By Thy glorious resurrection,
 By Thy Holy Ghost's protection,
 Make us Thine eternally.

1201 He is a God which keepeth covenant.

1 Come to Calvary's holy mountain, Sinners, ruined by the fall; Here a pure and healing fountain Springs to cleanse and pardon all, In a full, perpetual tide Flowing since our Saviour died. 2 Come in sorrow and contrition, Wounded, impotent, and blind; Here the guilty free remission, Here the troubled peace may find; Health this fountain will restore, He that drinks shall thirst no more.

3 He that drinks shall live for ever;
"Tis a soul-renewing flood;
God is faithful, God will never
Break His covenant in blood
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when He was glorified.

1202 Psalm xlvi. God is our refuge and strength, &c.

 Gon is our refuge, tried and proved, Amidst a stormy world;
 We will not fear, though earth be moved, And hills in ocean hurled.
 The waves may roar, the mountains shake;
 Our comforts shall not cease;
 The Lord His saints will not forsake, The Lord will give us peace.

2 A gentle stream of hope and love
To us shall ever flow;
It issues from His throne above,
And cheers His Church below.
When earth and hell against us came,
He spake and quelled their powers;
The Lord of hosts is still the same;
The God of grace is ours.

1203 Psalm xcl. He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, \$c.

1 Whor'ER his secret home has made, Most High, within Thy citadel, His happy lot it is to dwell At peace beneath the Almighty's shade.

2 I lift my voice unto the Lord: Thou art my hope, my strong abode; My trust I place in Thee, my God, In Thee, alone to be adored.—

3 Yea, from the fowler's deathful lure He guards thee, from the noisome pest; His mighty wings enfold thee: rest Beneath those sheltering wings secure.

4 Rest, nor the midnight horror dread, Nor arrow flying through the day, Nor plague in darkness sent to slay, Nor fell disease of noontide bred. 5 Although beside thee thousands fade, And myriads at thy right hand die, It shall not strike thee: but thine eye Shall see the sinner's guerdon paid.—

PART II.

- 6 'Thou art, O Lord, my peaceful home.''The Highest is thy sure retreat:
 No ill shall reach thee; to thy sent
 No smiting pestilence shall come.
- 7 'For He shall give His angels charge To keep thee safe in all thy ways: Their hands shall bear thee up, and raise

Thy feet above the stones at large.

- S ' Upon the lion thou shalt tread, And o'er the rankling adder go: The lion's whelp shall feel thy blow, And thou shalt crush the dragon's head.'
- 9 'Because he loves Me, let him claim My saving help when harm is nigh; For I will set his foot on high, The man who knows My holy Name.
- 10 'Oft as he calls on Me in prayer,
 My grace shall answer from above,
 And he shall see My present love
 In all his trouble, toil, and care.
 - 11 'My power shall hold him safe, and raise

 His name to honour and renown;

 My saving tenderness shall crown

 His life with long and happy days.'

1204 Forsake the foolish and live. Prov. ix.

1 Nor with the light and vain,
The man of idle feet and wanton eyes.
Not with the world's gay, ever-smiling
train—

My lot be with the grave and wise.

 Not with the trifler gay,
 To whom life seems but sunshine on the wave,

Not with the empty idler of the day —
My lot be with the wise and grave.

3 Not with the jesting fool,
Who knows not what to sober truth is
due,

Whose words fly out without or aim or rule —

My lot be with the wise and true.

4 Not with the man of dreams,
In whose bright words nor truth nor
wisdom lies,
Dazzling the fervent youth with mystic
gleans —

My lot be with the simply wise,

5 With them I 'd walk each day,
From them time's solemn lesson would
I learn;

That false from true, and true from false
I may
Each hour more patiently discern.

1205 To the obtaining of the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ. 2 Thess. ii.

1 He who walks in God's true way
Firm and fearless, walketh surely;
Diligent while yet 'tis day,
On he speeds, and speeds securely.
Flowers of peace beneath him grow,
Suns of pleasure brighten o'er him;
Memory's joys behind him go,
Hope's sweet prospects dawn before him.

2 Thus he moves from stage to stage, Smiles from heaven and earth attending,

ing,
Softly sinking down in age,
And at last to death descending.
Cradled in its quiet deep,
Calm as summer's loveliest even,
He shall sleep the hallowed sleep,
Watched by guardian eves from heaven:

3 Till that day of days shall come,
When (the archangel's trumpet breaking
The cold silence of the tomb,
And its prisoned souls awaking)
He shall hear the thundering blast,
Burst the icy bands that bound him,
To the throne of glory haste,
Heaven's full splendours opening round
him.

1206 The God of love shall be with you.

Thou hidden Love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth unfathomed no man
 knows;
 I see from far Thy beauteous light,
 And inly sigh for Thy repose:
 My heart is pained, nor may it be
 At rest till it find rest in Thee.

- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun, That strives with Thee my heart to ahare?
 - O tear it thence, and reign alone,
 The lord of every motion there:
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it has found repose in Thee.
- 3 O hide this self from me, that I
 No more, but Christ in me may live:
 My vile affections crucify,
 Nor let one darling lust survive:
 In all things nothing may I see,
 Nor aught desire, or seek, but Thee!
- 4 O Love, Thy soverain aid import,
 To save me from forbidden care:
 Chase this self-will that haunts my heart,
 Through all its latent mazes there:
 Make me Thy duteous child, that I
 May ever ' Abba, Father,' cry.
- 5 Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart that lowly waits I'hy call;
 Speak to mine immost soul, and say,
 I am thy life, thy God, thy all.
 To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
 To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

1207 Thy Will be done. Matt. vi.

- 1 I WORSHIP Thee, sweet Will of God, And all Thy ways adore; And every day I live, I seem To love Thee more and more. I love to kiss each print where Thou Hast set Thine unseen feet: I cannot fear Thee, blessed Will, Thine empire is so sweet.
- 2 I have no cares, O blessed Will,
 For all my cares are Thine;
 I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
 Hast made Thy triumphs mine.
 He always wins who sides with God;
 To him no chance is lost;
 God's Will is sweetest to him when
 It triumphs at his cost.
- 3 lil that He blesses turns to good,
 And unblest good is ill;
 And all is right that seems most wrong,
 If it be His sweet Will.
 O Father, may Thy Will be done
 In earth as 'tis in heaven:
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
 Alone be glory given. Amen.

1208 Obey My voice. Jer. xi.

- 1 GREAT God, as by the hosts of heaven Thy holy will is gladly done, So unto us like grace be given On earth through Thine Almighty Son.
- 2 Even as the waveless sea gives back All stars that wander o'er the sky, May earth set forth the daily track Of living Christians to thine eye.
- 3 As heaven and earth, and sky and sea, Are telling with one voice Thy praise, Their song, O Father, unto Thee Let all Thy ransomed children raise.
- 4 We seek to do Thy will, O Lord;
 O'errule our hearts and eyes and
 hands,
 That nought be added to Thy Word,
 Nought lessened of its great commands.

1209 They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. Ps. exxvi.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, hear
 The song Thy children raise;
 To our petition bend Thine ear,
 And hearken to our praise.
 Within our hearts the seed
 Of holy truth is sown:
 But, Lord, the blessing that we need
 Must come from Thee alone.
- 2 That seed will buried lie
 Till Thou the harvest give;
 Yet then, although it seem to die,
 It shall spring up and live.
 Then, though the sower weep,
 Ere long, with heart and voice,
 Both he who sows and they that reap
 Together shall rejoice.

1210 Unto you that fear My name shall the Nun of righteousness arise with healing in His wings. Mal. iv.

1 THERE is a Friend, more tender, true, Than brother e'er can be; Who, when all others fale from view, Remains, and will not flee: Who, be their pathway bright or dim, Deserts not those who turn to Him. 2 He is the Friend who changeth not In sickness or in health; Whether on earth our transient lot Be poverty or wealth; In joy or grief, contempt or fame.

In joy or grief, contempt or fame, To all who seek Him still the same. 3 Though sunless, moonless, starless seem

Each sufferer's lonely state,
There is a light whose cheering beam
Its gloom can dissipate;
It comes with healing on its wings,
And heavenly radiance round it flings.

4 The heart by Christ sustained, though deep
Its anguish, still can bear;
The soul He condescends to keep
Shall never know despair;
In nature's weakness, sorrow's night,
God is its strength, its joy, its light.

1211 The Lord is good, a strong hold in the day of trouble; and He knoweth them that trust in Him. Nah. 1.

1 Mr God, whate'er Thy will ordains, O give me strength to bear; Still let me know my Father reigns, And rest upon His care. But O, when gloomy doubts prevail, I fear to call Thee mine; The springs of comfort seem to fail, And all my hopes decline.

2 Yet, gracious God, where can I flee? Thou art my only trust; And still my soul will cleave to Thee, Though prostrate in the dust. Give glory to the Three in One, &c.

1212 We trust in the living God. 1 Tim. iv.

1 'Trust ye in the Lord for ever:' His is love that changes not; Never will He leave, ah, never, Those whom He with blood has bought: He will keep them in His power, Guard them in the darkest hour.

2 'Trust ye in the Lord for ever:' Nothing is to Him unknown; Neither force nor guile can sever From the love of Christ His own. Trust in Him and nothing fear; Good He is, and always near.

3 'Trust ye in the Lord for ever:' Grace is His and power and love; Trust in Him who changes never, Him who reigns in heaven above. Sheltered by His mighty arm, Who or what can do us harm?

1213 And ye shall know that I have not done without cause all that I have done in it, soith the Lord Gud. Ezek. xtv.

1 I WEEP, but not rebellious tears: I mourn, but not in hopeless woe: I droop, but not with doubtful fears, For whom I have trusted, Him I know. Lord, I believe; assuage my grief, And help, O help mine unbelief.

2 Blind eyes, fond heart, that vainly sought For lasting bliss in things of earth, Remembering but with transient thought Thy heavenly home, thy second birth, Till God in mercy broke at last The chains that held thee down so fast!

3 In heaven, that holy, happy place, I soon shall know as I am known, And see my Saviour face to face, And meet, rejoicing round His throne, The faithful souls made perfect there From earthly stains and mortal care.

1214 O death, where is thy sting?

 I see thee come, soul-piercing king, And darkness shrouds thy way;
 I feel the wingled moments bring Thee nearer every day.
 I see thee spread, all-conquering grave, Thy dreary breast for me;
 No power my sinking frame can save, Thy prisoner I must be.
 And wat henceth death's dark discussion.

2 And yet beneath death's dark disguise
I see a veilèd light;
In that sad gloom I see arise
A form divinely bright.
Away, my soul, with vain alarms.
Nor dread the coming strife;
The grave holds freedom in its arms;
The touch of death is life.

1215 What is my life? 1 Sam. xviii.

1 Tell me not in mournful numbers, 'Life is but an empty dream, For the soul is dead that slumbers, And things are not what they seem.'

PSALMS AND HYMNS

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul.
Not enjoyment and not seem?

Was not spoken of the soul.

2 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way:
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us farther than to-day.
 Art is long, and time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and
 brave,

Still, like muffled drums, are beating Funeral marches to the grave.

3 Lives of good men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time:
Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

4 Let us then be up and doing,
Nor our onward course abate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.
God. the Father of creation. &c.

1216 There is none like unto the God of Jeshurun. Deut. xxxiii.

1 None is like Jeshurun's God, So great, so strong, so high: Lo. He spreads His wings abroad, He rides upon the sky: Israel is His first-born son: God, the Almighty God, is thine: See Him to thy help come down, The excellence divine.

2 Thee the great Jehovah deigns
To succour and defend;
Thee the eternal God sustains,
Thy Maker and thy Friend:
Israel, what hast thou to dread?
Safe from all impending harms,
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

3 God is thine; disdain to fear
The enemy within:
God shall in thy flesh appear,
And make an end of sin:
God the man of sin shall slay,
Fill thee with triumphant joy;
God shall thrust him out, and say,
Destroy them all, destroy.

4 All the struggle then is o'er,
And wars and fightings cease;
Israel then shall sin no more,
But dwell in perfect peace:
All his enemies are gone;
Sin shall have in him no part;
Israel now shall dwell alone,
With Jesus in his heart.

1217 Christ is all and in all. Col. iii.

1 When, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in Thee,
The fulness of Thy promise prore,
The seal of Thine eternal love?
A poor, blind child, I wander here,
If haply I may feel Thee near:
O dark, dark, dark! still must I say,
Amid the blaze of gospel day?

2 Thee, only Thee, I fain would find, And cast the world and flesh behind; Thou. only Thou, to me be given, Of all Thou hast in earth or heaven. Ah, wherefore did I ever doubt? Thou wilt in nowise cast me out, A helpless soul that comes to Thee With only sin and misery.

3 Lord, I am sick; my sickness cure:
I want; do Thou enrich the poor:
Beneath Thy mighty hand I bow,
O be the sinner's Saviour, Thou.
Lord, I am blind; be Thou my sight:
Lord, I am weak; be Thou my might:
The helper of the helpless be,
That I may find my all in Thee.

1218 Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees. Isa, XXXV.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.
Through waves and clouds and storms
He gently clears the way;
Wait thou His time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.
2 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fears depart,
And every care be gone.

What though thou rulest not, Yet heaven and earth and hell Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne And ruleth all things well.

3 Leave to His soverain sway To choose and to command, So shalt thou wondering own His way How wise, how atrong His hand; Far, far above thy thought His counsel shall appear, When He the work hath fully wrought That caused thy needless fear. Thou seest our weakness, Lord,

Our hearts are known to Thee; O lift Thou up the sinking hand, Confirm the feeble knee. Let us in life, in death, Thy stedfast truth declare, And publish with our latest breath Thy love and guardian care.

1219 Pasim XXXIV. I will bless the Lord,

THROUGH all the changing scenes of In trouble and in joy The praises of my God shall still My heart and tongue employ. Of His deliverance I will boast, Till all that are distrest From my example comfort take And charm their griefs to rest.

The hosts of God encamp around The dwellings of the just; eliverance He affords to all Who on His succour trust. ear Him, ye saints, and you will then Have nothing else to fear; ke ve His service your delight, Your wants shall be His care.

Paalm exxi. I will lift up mine eyes to the hills, 4c. lift our eyes to yonder hille, here only help is found; lim who all creation fills ho gives the stars their bound. nighty God His Israel keeps, d Holy is His Name; ver slumbers, never sleeps, n age to age the same. re who in Thy ways delight, banish every fear; and land, by day and night, hand is ever near. indulge no faithless doubt, wheresoe'er we roam, t preserve our going out, hou our coming home.

1221 The mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ. Col. II. 313

1 THRICE holy God, of wondrous might, O Trinity of love divine To Thee belongs unsullied light, And everlasting joys are Thine.

2 Before Thy throne dark clouds abound. About Thee shine such dazzling rays, That angels, as they stand around Are fain to tremble as they gaze.

3 Thy new-born people, gracious Lord, Confess Thee by Thine own great By hope they taste the rich reward

Which faith already dares to claim. 4 Father, may we Thy laws fulfil: Blest Son, may we Thy precepts learn; And Thou, great Spirit, guide our will, Our feet unto Thy pathway turn.

5 Yea, Father, may Thy will be done, May we Thy hallowed Name adore, Together with Thy blessed Son, And Holy Ghost, for evermore. Amen.

1222 Eye hath not seem, nor ear heard, of man, the things which God hath 1 Cor. II.

1 THE spirit's land! where is that land, Of which our fathers tell, On whose mysterious, viewless strand Earth's parted millions dwell? Beyond the bright and starry sphere, Creation's flaming space remote; Beyond the measureless career,

The phantom flight, of thought. 2 There fadeless flowers their blossoms Beneath a cloudless sky; And there the latest lingering tear

Is wiped from every eye; And souls beneath the tree of life Repose upon that happy shore, Where pain, and toil, and storm, and Shall never reach them more.

1223 O Lord, the hope of Israel. Jer. Xvii.

1 In time of fear, when trouble 's near, I look to Thine abode;

Though helpers fail, and foes prevail, I put my trust in God.

And what is life, 'mid toil and strife? What terror has the grave? Thine arm of power, in peril's hour, The trembling soul will save.

- 2 In darkest skies, though storms arise, I will not be dismayed:
 - O God of light and boundless might,
 My soul on Thee is stayed.
 Be praise alone to Father, Son,
 And Holy Spirit given,
 Whom saints adore for evermore,
 One God in earth and heaven.
- 1224 Nevertheless God, that comforted those that are cast down, comforted us. 2 Cor. vil.
- 1 Mr Father, when around me spread I see the shadows of the tomb, And life's bright visions droop and fade, And darkness veils my future doom; O, in that anguished hour I turn, With a still trusting heart, to Thee, And holy thoughts still shine and burn Amidst that dark, cold destiny.
- 2 They fill my soul with heavenly light, While all around is pain and woe; And, strengthened by them in Thy might, Father, to drink Thy cup I go. And O, forgive the heart that clings, Thus trembling, to the things of time; And bid my soul, on angel wings, Ascend into a purer clime.
- 3 Thy will be done: I will not fear
 The fate provided by Thy love;
 Though clouds and darkness shroud me
 here,

I know that all is bright above. One God unseen, the Father, Son, &c.

1225 The Lord is my helper. Heb. xiii.

- 1 GREAT God, to Thee we fly When darkness gathers round our way, If Thou, our God, art nigh, Thy presence turns our night to day. Thou art the everlasting light; O dawn upon our longing sight.
- O dawn upon our longing signt.

 To faith that waits on Thee,
 Lord, show Thyself as Thou hast said:
 Our refuge Thou wilt be,
 Thou wilt uplift the drooping head.
 In Jesu's name we seek Thine aid;
 His blood our peace with Thee bath made.

3 So Thou wilt not deny
Whate'er we ask in that blest Name:
Skill mercy dwells on high
With Thee, for evermore the same.
Our hope in Thee can never cease,
Who to Thy children speakest peace.

1226 He delighteth in mercy. Isalah vii.

- 1 FATHER, for Thy kindest word
 Thankful songs to Thee I sing;
 Sick at heart with hope deferred,
 All my cause to Thee I bring.
 Sweet the sound I hear from Thee,
 'Cast thy burden upon Me.'
- 2 As a father, bending low, Listens to his lisping child, So to me Thy pity show, By the world and sin beguiled. Holy is Thy law and just; Yet remember I am dust.
- 3 Spare me, Thou who low'st to spare; Gently on me lay Thy hand; Grasp the bruisèd reed with care; Let the smoking flax be fanned; Firm my faltering steps uphold; Tried, let me come forth like gold.
- 4 O remember Him who died,
 With His life my soul to save;
 Let me clasp the Crucified,
 Till I reach the awful grave.
 Then, the light affliction o'er,
 Heaven is mine for evermore.

1227 He will keep the feet of His saints.

Our Father sits on yonder throne,
 Amidst the hosts above;
 He reigns throughout the world alone,
 He reigns, the God of love.
 He knew us when we knew Him not,
 Was with us though unseen;
 His favour came to us unsought,
 His love has wondrons been.
 He gives us hope that we shall be
 Ere long with Him above;
 That we shall all His glory see,
 And share His endless love.
 Then let us, while we dwell below,
 Give ear unto His voice:

To His good pleasure humbly bow, And in His name rejoice.

FOR THE WEEKS AFTER TRINITY.

3 So shall we hear Him say at last, 'Ye blessèd children, come; The days of banishment are past, And heaven is now your home.' Give glory to the Three in One, &c.

1228 I am with thee. Ps. xxiii.

- Lo. I am with thee, saith thy God,
 Thy rock, thy habitation;
 Through all the paths thy feet have trol,
 Thy light and thy salvation.
- 2 Lo, I am with thee; fear no more The foes thy path surrounding: The cloud of fire shall more before, Their serried ranks confounding.
- 3 Lo, I am with thee, though thou art A worm, despised, unheeded; The God of Jacob can impart Strength for the labour needed.
- 4 Lo, I am with thee: from My hand No power My sheep can sever; They shall possess the promised land, And dwell therein for ever.

1229 Rest in the Lord. Ps. xxxvii.

- 1 Go up, go up, my heart, Dwell with thy God above; For here thou canst not rest, Nor here give out thy love. Go up, go up, my heart, Be not a trifler here; Ascend above these clouds, Dwell in a higher sphere.
- 2 Let not thy love flow out To things so soiled and dim; Go up to heaven and God, Take up thy love to Him. Waste not thy precious stores On creature-love below; To God that wealth belongs, On Him that wealth bestow.
- 3 Go up, reluctant heart,
 And take thy rest above:
 Arise, earth-clinging thoughts,
 Ascend, my lingering love.
 To God, the Father, Son,
 And Holy Spirit, raise,
 With saints and angel hosts,
 The song of endless praise.

1230 Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.

- 1 Thus far the Lord hath led us on, In darkness and in day, Through all the varied stages of The narrow homeward way. Long since He took that pilgrimage, He trod that path alone; Its perils and its hindrances Himself full well hath known.
- 2 Thus far the Lord hath led us on:
 The promise hath not failed,
 The enemy encountered oft
 Has never quite prevailed:
 The shield of faith has turned aside,
 Or quenched each fiery dart;
 The Spirit's sword in weakest hands
 Has forced him to depart.
- 3 Thus far the Lord hath led us on;
 The waters have been high,
 But yet in passing through them still
 We felt that He was nigh.
 A very present help in all
 Our trouble we have found;
 His comforts most abounded when
 Our sorrows did abound.
- 4 Thus far the Lord hath led us on,
 Our need has been supplied,
 And mercy has encompassed us
 About on every side.
 Still falls the daily manna, still
 The pure rock-fountains flow,
 And many flowers of love and hope
 Along the wayside grow.

PART II.

- 5 Thus far the Lord hath led us on, And will He now forsake The feeble ones whom for His own It pleased Him to take? O, never, never! earthly friends May cold and faithless prove. But His is pity changing not, And everlasting love.
- 6 And calmly we can look behind
 On joys and sorrows past:
 We know that all is mercy now,
 And shall be well at last.
 And calmly we can look before;
 We fear no future ill;
 Enough for safety and for peace,
 If Thou art with us still.

7 Yes, they that know Thy name, O Lord, Shall put their trust in Thee, While nothing in themselves but sin And helplessness they see; The race Thou hast appointed us With patience we can run: Thou wilt perform unto the end The work Thou hast begun.

1231 Thou will keep him in perfect peace, whose heart is stayed upon Thee. Isa. xxvi.

1 Our Lord is rich and merciful,
Our God is very kind;
O come to Him, come now to Him,
With a believing mind.
The Lord is great and full of might,
Our God is ever nigh:
O trust in Him, trust now in Him,
And have security.

2 The Lord is wise and wonderful,
As all the ages tell:
O learn of Him, learn now of Him,
That all He does is well.
And in His light shall we see light,
Nor still in darkness roam,
And He shall be to us a rest,
When evening shadows come.

1232 We shall be ever with the Lord. 1 Thess. iv.

1 I know no life divided,
O Lord of life, from Thee;
In Thee is life provided
For all mankind and me:
I know no death, O Jesus,
Because I live in Thee;
Thy death it is which frees us
From death eternally.

2 I fear no tribulation,
Since, whatsoe'er it be,
It makes no separation
Between my Lord and me.
If Thou, my God, my Teacher,
Vouchasfe to be my own,
Though poor, I shall be richer
Than monarch on his throne.
3 If, while on earth I wander,

My heart is light and bleat,
Ah, what shall I be yonder
In perfect peace and rest?
O blessed thought, in dying
We go to meet the Lord,
Our hope on Him relying,
His love our great reward!

1233 Thy path is in the great waters.

1 Thy way, O God, is in the seas,
Thy paths we cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mysteries
Of Thine unbounded grace.
As through a glass we dimly see
The wonders of Thy love;
So little do we know of Thee,
And of the joys above.

2 Though but in part we learn Thy will,
We bless Thee for the sight:
When will Thy grace the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light?
When shall we know as we are known,
And with the angels raise
Around Thy everlasting throne
The song of love and praise?

1234 God is faithful. 1 Cor. x.

I COME, my soul, cast off all sorrow;
God reigns on high:
Be not anxious for the morrow;
He hears thy sigh:
Lasting joys and peace abiding
Thou shalt find, in Him confiding;
Follow then His heavenly guiding;
On Him rely.

2 Let not trials make thee fearful;
God takes thy side.
He can make thee glad and cheerful,
Whate'er betide:
Jesus came, from heaven descending,
To lost souls God's love commending;
His are pleasures never ending;
He will provide.

3 Look to Him; in each temptation
He will be near:
His own arm, that brings salvation,
Thy path will clear.
Trust His love to man unbounded;
Thou shalt never be confounded:
By His angel hosts surrounded,
Whom need we fear?

1235 Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us. 1 John iii.

1 STAND up, and bless the Lord, Ye people of His choice; Stand up, and bless the Lord your God With heart and soul and voice.

- 2 Though high above all praise, Above all blessing high, Who would not fear His holy Name, And laud, and magnify?
- 3 O for the living flame
 From His own altar brought,
 To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
 And wing to heaven our thought!
- 4 God is our strength and song, And His salvation ours; Then be His love in Christ proclaimed With all our ransomed powers.
- 5 Stand up, and bless the Lord; The Lord your God adore; Stand up, and bless His glorious Name Henceforth for evermore.

1236 The trying of your faith worketh patience. 1 Pet. 1.

- Lond, in the hour of cheerless gloom
 We look to Thee for aid,
 To raise Thy servants' trembling hearts,
 By sinful fears dismayed:
 We look to Thee, whose voice alone
 - Can bid these tumults cease,
 And whisper to the troubled soul
 Soft words of holy peace.
- 2 Have mercy, Lord, on us who cling Still to Thy strength alone, Though clouds have gathered far and wide, To former days unknown. Happy the favoured saints of old, Who saw Thy living light: But more the stedfast hearts that walk

1237 In everything give thanks. 1 Thess. v.

By faith and not by sight.

- 1 LORD, we thank Thee for the pleasure
 That our happy lifetime gives,
 The inestimable treasure
 Of a soul that ever lives;
 Mind that looks before and after,
 Yearning for its home above,
 Human tears and human laughter,
 And the depth of human love.
- 2 For the thrill, the leap, the gladness Of our pulses flowing free; E'en for every touch of sadness, That may bring us nearer Thee:

- But, above all other kindness,
 Thine unutterable love,
 Which, to heal our sin and blindness,
 Sent Thy dear Son from above.
- 3 Teach us so our days to number,
 That we may be early wise;
 Dreamy mist or cloud of slumber
 Never dull our heavenward eyes;
 Hearty be our work and willing,
 As to Thee and not to men,
 For we know our soul's fulfilling
 Is in heaven, and not till then.

1238 Thou art with mc. Ps. xxiii.

- Thou boundless Source of every good, Our best desires fulfil;
 And help us to adore Thy grace, And mark Thy soverain will.
- 2 In all Thy mercies may our souls Thy bounteous goodness see; Nor let the gifts Thy hand imparts Estrange our hearts from Thee.
- 3 Do Thou direct our steps aright; Help us Thy name to fear; And give us grace to watch and pray, And strength to persevere.
- 4 So may we close our eyes in death
 Exempt from doubt and care:
 For death is life, and labour rest
 If Thou art with us there.

1239 Thou shall rest and stand in the lot. Dan, xii.

- 1 HAPPY they that find a rest
 In a heavenly Father's breast;
 Happy they whose praises flow
 Even in this vale of woe.
 They shall mount from strength to
 strength,
 Till they reach Thy throne at length,
 At Thy feet adoring fall.
 Who hast led them safe through all.
- 2 Lord, be mine this prize to win; Guide me through this world of sin; Keep me by Thy saving grace; Give me at Thy side a place. Sun and Shield alike Thou art; Guide and guard my erring heart; Grace and glory flow from Thee, Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

1240 Psalm xci. Whose dwelleth, &c.

1 THERE is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace; —
O be that refuge mine!
The least and feeblest there may hide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,

He rests secure in God.

The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm;
And Satan, eager for his prey,
May hate but cannot harm.
He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine:

O child of God, O glory's heir, How rich a lot is thine;

3 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear that hears thy call,
An honoured life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all.
Give glory to the Three in One, &c.

1241 Our conversation is in heaven.

1 SPEAR to us, Lord, Thyself reveal, While here on earth we rove; Speak to our hearts, and let us feel The kindling of Thy love. With Thee conversing, we forget All time, and toil, and care; Labour is rest, and pain is sweet, If Thou, our God, art there.

2 Here, then, O God, vouchsafe to stay, And bid our hearts rejoice; Our bounding hearts shall own Thy sway,

And echo to Thy voice.
Thou callest us to seek Thy face:
'Tis all we wish to seek:
To note the whispers of Thy grace,

And hear Thee inly speak.

3 Let this our every hour employ,
Till we Thy glory see,

Translated to our Master's joy, And find our heaven in Thee. Give glory to the Three in One, &c.

1242 Jesus is our hope. 1 Tim. i.

1 From every earthly pleasure, From every transient joy; From every mortal treasure, That soon will tade and die, 2

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Be stedfast here; Soon Thy foes shall be o'erthrown; Since He wills thy good alone, Be of good cheer.

4 Hide thee in His chamber, hide thee;
Christ hath opened now the door;
Tell Him all that doth betide thee,
All thy sorrows there outpour:
He hears thy cry;
Men may hate thee and deceive thee,
But He cannot, will not leave thee;

He still is nigh.

5 Up, then, upwards, striving only
For the things that are above;
Sin thou hatest, earth is lonely,
Rise to Him whom thou dost love:
There art thou blest;
All things here must change and die;
Ouly with our Lord on high
Is perfect rest.

1244 Of that day and that hour knoweth no man. Matt. xxiv.

1 For thee we pray and wait, O day of full salvation To every age and state, To every tribe and nation. Then sin shall reign no more, Death shall be ever ended; Earth's curse for ever o'er, And Christ from heaven descended.

2 Within the lowest grave,
Wherever they are sleeping,
Beneath the deepest wave,
Christ's saints are in His keeping.
And nothing can be lost,
Though fire and wind may strew it,
For He hath paid the cost,
And will again renew it.

3 Then severed friends shall meet,
And all whom death has parted;
Each shall some loved one greet,
No longer broken-hearted.
The Judge, Himself their Friend,
Bids them His courts to enter,
United without end,
And bound in Christ their centre.

1245 A kingdom which cannot be moved. Heb. xii.

1 WE are but strangers here; Heaven is our home. Earth is a desert drear; Heaven is our home. Danger and sorrow stand Round us on every hand; Heaven is our fatherland; Heaven is our home.

2 What though the tempest rage?

Heaven is our home.

Short is our pilgrimage;

Heaven is our home.

Time's wild and wintry blast

Will soon be overpast;

We shall reach home at last;

Heaven is our home.

3 There at our Saviour's side
(Heaven is our home)
We shall be glorified;
Heaven is our home.
Then with the good and blest,
Those we loved most and best,
We shall for ever rest;
Heaven is our home.

1246 And hereby we know that we are of the truth, and shall assure our hearts before Him. 1 John ili.

- 1 O God, who didst Thy will unfold In wondrous ways to saints of old By dream, or oracle, or seer, Wilt Thou not still Thy people hear?
- 2 What though no answering sound is heard? Thine oracles, the written Word, Responsive to the faithful heart,

Their guiding counsel still impart.

3 What though no more by dreams is shown
That future things to God are known?
Enough the promises reveal:

- Wisdom and love the rest conceal.

 4 Faith asks no signal from the skies,
 To show that prayers accepted rise:
 Our Priest is in the holy place,
 And answers from the throne of grace.
- 5 No need of prophet to inquire: The Sun is risen: the stars retire: The Comforter is come, and sheds His holy unction on our heads.
- 6 Say to our hearts that we are Thine: Lord, we will ask no clearer sign, No fuller message, to declare Thou art the God that heareth prayer.
- 7 We praise Thee, Lord, with holy hymn, To whom the harping seraphim Their songs of endless joy repeat, The Father, Son, and Paraclete.

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1247 My house shall be called of all nations the house of prayer. Matt. xi.

- 1 Yr who approach God's house of prayer, Remember God Himself is there, Though not beheld by eyes of sense; Do Him all lowly reverence. Remember Christ the crucified Was like a lamb in all beside; But in His Father's house He stood A cleansing Judge, a mighty God.
- 2 There is He still, although unseen. Take heed no deed or thought unclean Enter within that sacred door, Or tread upon that hallowed floor. Let not the thoughts of merchandise In thine unheeding breast arise; Nor pleasure past, nor future care. Breathe taint upon that hallowed air.
- 3 There God by faithful souls is found:
 There angel hosts keep watch around;
 Upon thine heart are countless eyes,
 As if admitted to the skies.
 And, when men know not He is near,
 The Lord shall in His house appear,
 And chase with scourge of endless woe
 Whate'er defiles His Church below.

1248 He that humbleth himself shall be exalted. Luke xviii.

1 SHALL sinful man presume, O Lord, To glory in Thy sight, And, for his virtue's just reward. Demand Thy heaven of right? I boast of none, in none I trust; For mercy, Lord, I sue: Alas, wert Thou severely just, Thy judgment were my due.

Iny judgment were my due.

2 Shall mortal man, so blind and weak,
On his own powers depend?
In Thee I hope, Thy grace I seek;
O guide me, and defend.
Give me a meek and lowly heart,
From vain presumption free;
Thy Spirit, blessed Lord, impart,
And make me learn of Thee.

1249 Lord, teach us to proy. Luke xi.

1 O God, may I look up to Thee? I would address Thee if I may; And this my first request should be:— Teach me to pray.

- 2 A heartless form will not suffice; The self-deemed rich are sent away; The heart must bring the sacrifice;— Teach me to pray.
- 3 To whom shall I, Thy creature, turn? Whom else address? whom else obey? Teach me the lesson I would learn:— Teach me to pray.
- 4 Now, in my hour of trouble, deign
 To bow my spirit to Thy sway;
 Now let me ask Thee not in vain:—
 Teach me to pray.
- 5 To Thee alone mine eyes look up: Turn not, O God, Thy face away: Prayer is my only door of hope:— Teach me to pray

1250 Pray without ccasing. 1 Thess. v.

- 1 SHEPHERD Divine, our wants relieve In this our evil day: To all Thy tempted followers give The power to watch and pray.
- 2 Long as our fiery trials last, Long as the cross we bear, O let our souls on Thee be cast In never-ceasing prayer.
- 3 The Spirit of prevailing grace Give us in faith to claim; To wrestle till we see Thy face, And know Thy hidden name:
- 4 Till Thou Thy perfect love impart, Till Thou Thyself bestow, Be this the cry of every heart, 'I will not let Thee go:
- 5 'I will not let Thee go, unless Thou tell Thy name to me, With all Thy great salvation bless, And make me like to Thee.'

1251 Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at my gates. Prov. viii.

SAVIOUR, to Thy house of prayer, Lo, we come, Thy promise claiming; May we now Thy presence share, All our souls with love inflaming; May our hearts, from earth set free, Upward soar to heaven and Thee!

- 2 Buried lie in dreary night
 All our mind and understanding,
 Till on us Thy Spirit's light
 Dawn, our hearts in love expanding;
 Holy thought and righteous deed
 Must from Thee alone proceed.
- 3 O Thou uncreated Word,
 Brightness of the Father's glory,
 Ope our hearts and lips, O Lord;
 Here prepare us to adore Thee;
 And whilst we Thy Name confess,
 All our prayers and praises bless.
 Amen.

1252 I will make them joyful in My house of prayer. Isalah lvi.

- Lo, God is here; let us adore,
 And own how dreadful is this place;
 Come reverent to the hallowed door,
 And humbly bow before His face.
 Lo, God is here. Him day and night
 United choirs of angels sing;
 To Him, enthroned above all height,
 The hosts of heaven their anthems
 bring.
- 2 Almighty Father, may our praise Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill; Still may we stand before Thy face, Still hear and do Thy soverain will. Here may the faithful, day by day, Receive the blessings of Thy love, And here, in adoration, pray For a more blessed home above.
- 3 High though Thou art in heaven above,
 Thy presence filleth all in all;
 Hallow this house with Thy sure love,
 And sanctify this festival.
 To Thee, great God, the One in Three,
 Let praise for evermore ascend;
 And grant us with Thy saints to see
 The heavenly life that knows no end.
 Amen,

1253 Men ought always to pray, and not to faint. Luke Ivill.

BE not afraid to pray: to pray is right.

Pray, if thou canet, with hope; but ever
pray,

Though hope be weak, or aick with long
delay;

Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.

Far is the time, remote from human sight, When war and discord on the earth shall cease;

Yet every prayer for universal peace Avails the bleased time to expedite. Whater is good to wish, that ask of Heaven, Though it be what thou canst not hope to see:

Pray to be perfect, though material leaven Forbid the spirit so on earth to be. But if for any wish thou durst not pray, Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

1254 A servant of Jesus Christ. Rom. i.

- My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine:
 Now hear me while I pray;
 Take all my guilt away:
 And let me from this day
 Be wholly Thine.
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire: As Thou hast died for me, O may my soul to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From Thee saide.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll;
 Blest Saviour, then in love
 Fear and distrust remove;
 And bear me safe above,
 A ransomed soul.

1255 The Way, the Truth, and the Life. John xiv.

1 Thouart the Way: heaven's gate, O Lord,
Stands open by Thy merit:
The saints, confiding in Thy word,
That glorious rest inherit.
O let us seek no other way
Than Jesus Christ: that Name our
stay,

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We shall not be ashamed.

- 2 Thou art the Truth: in Thee alone
 Have faith and hope their being:
 All other rafuge we disown,
 To Thy redemption flesing.
 O let our hearts entirely be
 Devoted evermore to Thee,
 Our true and only Saviour.
- 3 Thou art the Life: our lives direct,
 With Thy good Spirit guiding;
 Our bodies and our souls protect,
 All needful things providing.
 Our life, O Lord, be hid in Thine,
 The Way, the Truth, the Life divine,
 Our everlasting Treasure.

1256 Rejoicing in hope. Rom. xii:

- 1 How blest the man of humble soul Who lives in holy fear! Though round him clouds of sorrow roll, He feels his Saviour near. Content with all his God bestows, He wants nor wealth nor power; Perpetual blessing round him flows, Increasing every hour.
- 2 Rich with the riches of His grace Who saved him by His blood, He views by faith the Saviour's face, And knows that God is good. Through life's uneven path upheld, Preserved from every ill, He views at length the heavenly field, And reaches Zion hill.

1257 I will heat your backslidings. Jer. iii.

- 1 How heavy is the night
 That hangs upon our eyes,
 Until, through faith, the Gospel light
 Upon our souls arise!
 The guilty conscience fears
 To meet the wrath of Heaven,
 Till Christ, our Advocats, appears,
 And shows our sins forgiven.
- 2 Unboly and impure
 Are all of Adam's race:
 His hands the conscious leper cure,
 And nature yields to grace.
 The powers of hell agree
 To held our souls in vain;
 He sets the struggling captive free,
 And breaks the galling chain.

- 1258 By this shall men know that ye are by disciples, if ye have love one to another. John xill.
- 1 To love Thee, Lord, by Thee is blest All other things above, And next to Thee 'tis Thy behest That we our neighbour love: Look down on Thine own Church below, Which in Thy love would live and grow.
- 2 Though many members, we are one, One body, heart, and soul. And faith and truth together run, And fill the mighty whole; But wrath and envy set us far, And strife that wakes eternal war.
- 3 A Saviour's love, a Father's care, Our bonds must knit and keep, That we our brethren's joys may share, And weep with them that weep; So shall His praises never cease Who builds us in His house of peace

1259 Who then is a wise and faithful ser-

- 1 Thou that in life's crowded city
 Art arrived thou know'st not how,
 By what path, or on what errand,
 List and learn that errand now.
 From the palace to the city,
 On the business of thy King,
 Thou wert sent at early morning,
 To return at evening.
- 2 Dreamer, waken,—loiterer, hasten; What thy task is, understand: Thou art here to purchase substance, And the price is in thy hand. Has the tumult of the market All thy sense and reason drowned? Do its glittering toys attract thee? Do its shouts and cares confound?
- 3 O beware, lest thy Lord's service
 Be neglected, whilst thy gaze
 Roves o'er every show and pageant
 Which the giddy square displays.
 Barter not His gold for pebbles;
 Do not trade in vanities;
 There are pearls of price and jewels
 For the purchase of the wise.
- 4 And know this,—at thy returning, Thou wilt surely find the King, With an open book before Him Beady to make reckoning.

Then large honours wait the faithful Earnest service of one day, But one day's neglect and folly Grisvous penalties will pay.

1260 Lord, are there few that be saved?

- 1 An, when we view the countless throng Upon life's thorny road, How few, with feet to Zion turned, Are walking to their God! How few there are who seek to know Their souls' eternal good, How few have found the healing balm Of their Redeemer's blood!
- 2 Yet some beneath their Shepherd's arm Have gained a safe repose, A shelter from the stormy blast, A solace for their woes: And they can simply rest their all Upon His dying love, Believing He will bring their souls Safe to His fold above.
- 3 Though swift upon the wings of time
 Their earthly comforts fly,
 As swift upon the wings of love
 Their better rest draws nigh.
 And O, how blessed is their end,
 Thus saved by love divine!
 For God, the everlasting Lord,
 Has said, 'They shall be mine.'

1261 By the grace of God I am what I am. I Cor. xv.

- 1 ALL that I was my sin, my guilt, My death, was all my own: All that I am, I owe to Thee, My gracious God, alone. The evil of my former state Was mine and only mine; The good in which I now rejoice Is Thine and only Thine.
- 2 The darkness of my former state, The bondage, all was mine: The light of life in which I walk, The liberty, is Thine. Thy grace first made me feel my sin; It taught me to believe; Then, in believing, peace I found, And now I live, I live.

3 All that I am, even here on earth,
All that I hope to be
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, &c.

1262 We have done wickedly and have rebelled. Dan. ix.

- 1 SAVIOUR, unto Thee
 In my need I flee,
 Unto Thee alone,
 Filling yonder throne:
 'Tis a throne of grace, I know;
 Near it else I dare not go.
- 2 Let me tell Thee all, Errors great or small; All I feel or fear Thine it is to hear. Sin and shame belong to me

Sin and shame belong to me; Love and pity, Lord, to Thee.

- 3 Foolish I have been,
 Loving what is seen.
 No defence have I,
 Nothing to reply,
 Nothing but the sinner's plea;
 Nothing else will do for me.
- 4 At Thy feet I bow;
 Hear, O hear me now;
 All my sins forgive;
 Let the sinner live;
 Let the past forgiven be;
 Henceforth let me live to Thee.

1263 Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? Rom. vil.

- 1 I THOUGHT upon my sins, and I was sad,
 - My soul was troubled sore and filled with pain;
 - But then I thought on Jesus and was glad,
 My heavy grief was turned to joy again.
 - I thought upon the law, the fiery law, Holy, and just, and good in its decree;
 - I looked to Jesus, and in Him I saw
 That law fulfilled, its curse endured
 for me.
- 2 I thought I saw an angry, frowning God, Sitting as Judge upon the great white throne;
 My soul was overwhelmed,—then Jesus
 - showed
 His gracious face, and all my dread
 was gone.

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I saw my sad estate, condemned to die; Then terror seized my heart, and dark despeir;

But when to Calvary I turned my eye, I saw the Cross, and read forgiveness there.

3 I saw that I was lost, far gone astray;

No hope of safe return there seemed to be;
But then I heard that Jesus was the Way,
A new and living Way prepared for me.
And in that Way, so free, so safe, so sure,
Sprinkled all o'er with reconciling blood,
Will I abide, and never wander more,
Walking along in fellowahip with God.

1264 We have an Advocate with the Father.

1 O THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend, Who loving lovest to the end, On this alone my hopes depend, That Thou wilt plead for me. When, weary in the Christian race, Far off I view my resting-place, And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace, Then, Saviour, plead for me.

2 When I have erred and gone astray, Afar from Thine and wisdom's way, And can discern no guiding ray, Still, Saviour, plead for me. When Satan, by my sins made bold, Strives from Thy Cross to loose my hold, Then with Thy pitying arms enfold, And plead, O plead for me.

3 When he would cause my hope to fail, And bid despair my soul assail, O tell me I shall yet prevail Because Thou plead'st for me. And when my dying hour draws near, If dark with anguish, guilt, and fear, Then to my fainting sight appear, To plead in heaven for me.

1265 What is man? Ps. vill.

1 Lond, what is man? extremes how wide
We in our wondrous frame combine,
The fiesh to dust and worms allied,
The soul immortal and divine!
Divine at first, a hely frame,
Inspired by God's creative breath;
Till, stained by sin, it soon became
A seat of darkness, strife, and death.

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- 2 Come to the ark: the waters rise, The seas their billows rear; While darkness gathers o'er the skies, Behold a refuge near.
- 3 Come to the ark, all ye that weep Beneath the sense of sin; Without, deep calling unto deep, But all is peace within.
- 4 Come to the ark, ere yet the flood Your lingering steps oppose; Come, for the door which open stood Is ready now to close.

1268 Israel had light in their dwellings. Exod, x.

- 1 When darkness reigned all Egypt round, A darker hour foretelling, Each happy son of Israel found A light within his dwelling.
- 2 And thus, when o'er a guilty race God's judgments are impending, And terror reigns in every face, And fear each knee is bending;
- 3 Upon the chosen of His love The light of mercy breaketh, And each the peace of Christ doth prove, The joy of Christ partaketh.
- 4 In sorrow's last and awful night, Grant, Lord, through Jesu's merit, The guiding and consoling light Of Thine eternal Spirit.

1269 I can do all through Christ. Phil. iv.

- 1 WHEN, in the dark and cloudy day, I wander from the fold away, And vainly strive to find the track Which only leads the lost one back, Lord Jesu, Thou my Shepherd be.
- 2 When godless foes conspire around, My hopes to crush, my peace to wound, And Satan, with his warring might, Would sink my soul in endless night, Lord Jesu, Thou my Captain be.
- 3 Beneath affliction's frowning sky, When waves are rolling mountains high, No star to cheer, no helm to guide, With rocks and sands on either side, Lord Jesu, Thou my Pilot be.
- 4 When, in my guilt and misery, The law its lightning points at me,

And heaven seems shut, and hell alone Gapes wide to make my soul its own, Lord Jesu, Thou my Saviour be.

1270 Sing ye praises with understanding. Ps. xivii.

- 1 Sing we praise to God above, Sing we praise with understanding; Praise we Him who, moved by love, All-creating, all-commanding, Came from heaven that He might save, And His life for sinners gave.
- 2 Sing we praise, to Jesus sing, Sing we praise with understanding; Let the saints their tribute bring. His is love their praise demanding; Love that is, and ever was, Which nor end nor measure has.
- 3 Sing we praise, for this is right, Sing we praise with understanding; Soon we hope to take our flight, And ascend, our wings expanding. To the place where Jesus is, There to live with Him in bliss.
- 4 Then, indeed, the saints shall sing, Sing they shall with understanding; Then shall they behold their King, All-ordaining, all-commanding; Nothing then shall wanting be To their full felicity.

1271 Say ye to the rightcous, that it shall be well with him. Isalah ili,

- 1 · SAY to the righteous seed, It shall be well with them; Whom Christ hath justified None shall condemn.
- 2 It shall be well with them Here in this vale of tears; It shall be better far When He appears.
- 3 They shall be like to Him, All sin and suffering o'er; His glory they shall see For evermore.
- 4 O ye of fearful heart,
 Look up beyond the grave;
 Faint not, your God shall come,
 And come to save.
- 5 He hath the new world planned, Where His redeemed shall dwell, And with that gathered flock All shall be well.

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1272 Behold the litter of the field. Matt. v.

The second of th

1 Lo, the lilies of the field, How their leaves instruction yield! Hark to Nature's lesson given By the blessed birds of heaven! Every bush and tuffed tree

Warbles sweet philosophy:

' Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow.

2 'Say, with richer beauty glows Kingly purple than the rose? Say, have kings more wholesome fare Than we citizens of air? Barns nor hoarded grain have we,

Yet we carol merrily.

Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow.

3 'One there lives, whose guardian eye

Guides our humble destiny;

One there lives, who, Lord of all, Keeps our feathers lest they fall: Pass we blithely then the time, Fearless of the snare and lime, Free from doubt and faithless sorrow: God provideth for the morrow.'

1273 The will of the Lord be done. Acts xxi.

O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest,
And feel at heart that One above
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best!
 How far from this our daily life,

2 How tar from this our daily life,
Ever disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden, wild alarms!
O could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
In Thy almighty arms;
3 Could we but kneel, and cast our load,

E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer,
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished ravens' cry,
Will hear, in that we fear!

1274 Joy cometh in the morning. Ps. xxx.

1 SOMETHMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings;

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4 Thine is the silent noon of night,
The twilight eve, the dewy morn;
Whate'er is beautiful and bright.
Of Thee, the parent source, is born.
Thy glory walks in every sphere,
And all things whisper, 'God is here.'

1276 Thou hast made summer and winter.

- 1 When spring unlocks the flowers,
 To paint the laughing soil,
 When summer's balmy showers
 Refresh the mower's toil,
 When winter binds in frosty chains
 The fallow and the flood,
 In God the earth rejoiceth still,
 And owns her Maker good.
- 2 The birds that wake the morning, And those that love the shade, The winds that sweep the mountain, Or lull the drowsy glade, The sun that from his amber bower Exulteth on his way, The moon and stars their Master's name In silent pomp display.
- 3 Shall man, the lord of nature, Expectant of the aky, Shall man, alone unthankful, His little praise deny? No, let the year forsake his course, The seasons cease to be, Thee, Master, must we always love, And, Saviour, honour Thee.
- 4 The flowers of spring may wither,
 The hope of summer fade,
 The autumn droop in winter,
 The birds forsake the shade,
 The winds be lulled, the sun and moon
 Forget their old decree,
 But we in nature's latest hour,
 O Lord, will cling to Thee.

1277 The Lord is good. Nah. i.

1 My God, all nature owns Thy sway;
Thou gav'st the night and Thou the day;
When all Thy loved creation wakes,
When morning rich in lustre breaks,
And bathes in dew the opening flower,
To Thee we owe her fragrant hour;
And, when she pours her choral song,
Her melodies to Thee belong.

- 2 Or when, in paler tints arrayed, The evening slowly spreads her shade, That soothing shade, that grateful gloom Can, more than day's enlivening bloom, Still every fond and vain desire, And calmer, purer thoughts inspire, From earth the pensive spirit free, And lead the softened heart to Thee.
- 3 In every scene Thy hands have drest,
 In every form by Thee imprest
 Upon the mountain's awful head,
 Or where the sheltering woods are spread;
 In every note that swells the gale,
 Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,
 In caverned depth or echoing grove,
 A voice is heard of praise and love.
- 4 Praise we the Lord with holy hymn,
 To whom the harping seraphim
 Their songs of endless joy repeat:
 Praise Father, Son, and Paraclete.
 To Him be glad thanksgivings paid
 In early morn and evening shade:
 And be the joys that most we prize
 The joys that from His favour rise.

1278 We will only make mention of Thy Name, Isalah xxvi.

- 1 LORD of earth, Thy forming hand Well this glorious frame hath planned; Woods that wave, and hills that tower, Ocean rolling in its power; All that strikes the gaze unsought, All that charms the lonely thought; Friendship, gem transcending price, Love, a flower from Paradise: Yet, amid this scene so fair, Should I cease Thy love to share, What were all its joys to me? Whom have I on earth but Thee?
- 2 Lord of heaven, beyond our sight Rolls a world of purer light; There, in love's unbounded reign, Parted hands shall meet again: Martyrs there and prophets high Blaze a glorious company; While immortal music rings From ten thousand seraph strings. O, that scene is passing fair: Yet, shouldst Thou be absent there, What were all its joys to me? Whom have I in heaven but Thee?

S Lord of earth and heaven, my breast
Seeks in Thee its only rest.
I was lost; Thy accents mild
Homeward lured Thy wandering child:
I was blind; Thy healing ray
Drove the long eclipse away.
Source of every joy I know,
Solace of my every woe,
O, should once Thy light divine
Cease upon my soul to shine,
What were earth or heaven to me?
What have I in each but Thee?

1279 There is no sound or language where their voice is not heard. Ps. xix.

- 1 The heavenly spheres to Thee, O God Attune their ceaseless hymn; All-wise, all-holy, Thou art praised In song of seraphim; Unnumbered systems, suns, and worlds Unite to worship Thee, While Thy majestic greatness fills Space, time, eternity.
- 2 Nature—a temple worthy Thee, That beams with light and love, Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below, Whose stars rejoice above, Whose altars are the mountain cliffs That rise along the above, Whose anthems the sublime accord
- 3 Her song of gratitude is sung
 By spring's awakening hours;
 Her summer offers at Thy shrine
 Its earliest, sweetest flowers;
 Her autumn brings its ripened fruits,
 In rich luxuriance given,

Of storm and ocean's roar:-

And winter's silver heights reflect
Thy brightness back to heaven.

- 4 On all Thou smilest: what is man Before Thy presence, God? A breath but yesterday inspired, To-morrow but a clod. That clod shall moulder in the vale, Till, kindled, Lord, by Thee, Its spirit to Thy life shall spring, To peace and liberty.
- 1280 Psalm Nev. O come, let us sing unto the Lord, &c.
 - 1 Comm, sound His praise abroad, And hymns of glory sing; Jehovah is the soverain God, The universal King. Praise ye the Lord. Hallelujah!

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all His own;
And His the solid ground.
Praise ye the Lord. Hallelujah!
3 Come, worship at His throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are His work, and not our own;
He formed us by His word.
Praise ye the Lord. Hallelujah!
4 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod;
Come ye, the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

1281 In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, Gen. i.

Praise ye the Lord. Hallelujah!

1 In the beginning was the Word;
The Word was God.
In the beginning was the Word;
And His abode
From everlasting was with God.
His Name
I AM,
Jehovah, God, the Lord,
Ever to be adored;
The eternal Son,
The ever-blessed One;
From all, to all eternity,
The brightness of the eternal Father's
glory He.

2 Creator of the heaven and earth,

Their Lord and King.
Creator of the heaven and earth,
The angels sing,
To Him all praise and glory bring;
His power
Adore,
From which all things had birth,
By which they still stand forth
In beauty glad,
With heavenly radiance clad.
Praise, praise His ever-flowing love,
That brightens all below and gladdens

all above.

3 'Let there be light,'—'twas He that spoke,—

And them are light

And there was light.

'Let there be light,'—'twas He that
spoke,
And the long night
At His divine command took flight.

FOR THE WEEKS AFTER TRINITY.

The ray
Of day
O'er the deep darkness broke;
The sleeping world awoke:
Earth, sea, and sky
Burst forth in praises high
To Him who made the light to be:—
He is the Light of light, and there is
none but He.

1282 Praise our God, all ye His screants. Rev. xix.

Shows the wonders of Thy hand;
Now accept our adoration,
Maker of the sea and land.
Thee the Fount of life we own,
Thee our Maker, Thee alone;
Alleluia, Alleluia!
Hear our prayer: accept the praise
We, Thy flock, Thy children, raise.

1 HEAVENLY Father, all creation

2 Son of God, who didst from heaven Come to save our ruined race, Who to us Thyself hast given, Lord of mercy, peace, and grace: Thy redeeming love we sing; Lord, to Thee our hearts we bring:

Alleluia, Alleluia!
At Thy call we come to Thee,
At Thy name we bow the knee.

3 Holy Ghost, whose inspiration
Is of truth and love the spring,
Bless us with Thy visitation,
Light and peace and gladness bring.
Gnide us on our heavenward way;
Keep us, lest we go astray:
Alleluia, Alleluia!
Father, Son, and Spirit pure,

Ever shall Thy praise endure.

- 1283 And God saw everything that He had made, and behold it was very good. Gen, i.
 - 1 How goodly is the earth!

 Look round about and see
 The green and fruitful field,
 The mighty branched tree,
 The little flowers outspread
 In rich variety.
 Behold the lovely things
 That float on airy wings;
 Behold the radiant isles
 With which old ocean amiles;

The clouds that lie at rest Upon the noon-day's breast: Behold all these, and know How goodly is the earth.

- 2 How goodly is the earth!

 Its mountain-tops behold,
 Its rivers broad and strong,
 Its forests dark and old,
 Its wealth of flocks and herds,
 Its precious stones and gold.
 Behold the seasons run
 Obedient to the sun;
 The gracious showers descend;
 Life springeth without end;
 By day the glorious light,
 The starry pomp by night:
 Behold all these, and know
 How goodly is the earth.
- 3 How goodly is the earth!
 Yet, if this earth be made
 So goodly, wherein all
 That is shall droop and fade,
 Wherein the glorious light
 Hath still its darkening shade,
 Where trouble dims the eye,
 Where sin hath mastery;
 How much more bright and fair
 Will be that region where
 The saints of God shall rest
 With Jesus, and be blest;
 Where pain is not, nor death;
 The Paradise of God!

1284 Lo, these are parts of His ways.

- 1 WE thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth, The glittering sky, the silver sea; For all their beauty, all their worth, Their light and glory, come from Thee. Thanks for the flowers that clothe the ground,
 - The trees that wave their arms above, The hills that gird our dwellings round, As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.
- 2 Yet teach us still how far more fair, More glorious, Father, in Thy sight, Is one pure deed, one holy prayer, One heart that owns Thy Spirit's might. So, while we gaze with thoughtful eye On all the gifts Thy love has given, Help us in Thee to live and die, By Thee to rise from earth to heaven.

1285 If these should held their prace, the stones would cry out. Luke xix.

1 We hear it in the summer wind, We feel it in the lightning's gleam; A tongue in every leaf we find, A voice in every running stream. It speaks in the enamelled flower, With grateful incense borne on high; It echoes in the dripping shower, And breathes in midnight's breathless aky. Through all its scenes of foul and fair, Creation breathes a fervent prayer;

In all its myriad shapes of love,

Creation sends a prayer above.

2 Go thread you tangled coppice now,
Where the sweetbrier and woodbine
strive,
Where music drops from every bough,
Like honey from the forest hive,
Where warbling birds, and humming bees,
And wild flowers round agushing spring,

And blossoms sprinkled o'er the trees,
And gorgeous insects on the wing,
Unite to load the gladdened air
With melody of grateful prayer;
Unite their Maker's name to bless
In that brief span of happiness.

3 And can it be that man alone
Forbids the tide of prayer to flow,
For whom his God forsook a throne,
To weep, to bleed, in deepest woe?
Ah, 'tis alone the immortal soul,
An endless bliss ordained to win,
The heaven of heavens its destined goal,
That thus lies sunk in shameless ain,
That scantly suffers to intrude
The faintest gleam of gratitude,
And but in hours of dire despair
Uplifts to God the voice of prayer.

1286 Psalm xciii. The Lord reigneth, &c.

1 With glory clad, with strength arrayed, The Lord that o'er all nature reigns The world's foundation strongly laid, And the vast fabric still sustains. How sure established is Thy throne, Which shall no change or period see! For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone, Art King from all eternity. 2 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice, And toes their troubled waves on high: But God above can still their noise, And make the angry sea comply. Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure; And they that in Thy house would dwell, That happy station to secure, Must still in holiness excel.

1287 To God our Saviour be glory, now and ever. Jude.

- 1 Mr God, how wonderful Thou art, Thy majesty how bright, How beautiful Thy mercy-seat In depths of burning light!
- 2 How dread are Thine eternal years, O everlasting Lord, By prostrate spirits day and night, World without end, adored!
- 3 When heaven and earth were yet unmade, When time was yet unknown, Thou in Thy bliss and majesty Didst live and love alone.
- 4 Have mercy, then, O God most High, Have mercy upon me; Have mercy on us worms of earth, Most holy Trinity. Amen.

1288 Blessed be God for ever and ever.

- 1 GIVE glory unto God on high, To Him who arched the vaulted sky, Who mighty earth's circumference spanned, And weighed the waters in His hand;
- 2 Who formed the countless orbs that gem Dark night's resplendent diadem; Gave life unto each living thing, Created man their earthly king.
- 3 Give glory unto God on high, Who gave His Son for man to die; Join, all in earth, in heaven above, In honour, blessing, glory, love.
- 4 Sing praises to the great I AM, Sing praises to the spotless Lamb, Sing praises to that Power Divine Who sanctifies the inner shrine;
- 5 That so the Father's glorious Name All creatures 'hallowed' may proclaim; And, through the Spirit and the Word, Confess that Jesus Christ is Lord.

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1289 Thou art my praise. Jer. xvii.

1 Praise ye Jehovah; praise the Lord most holy,

Who cheers the contrite, girds with strength the weak;

Praise Him who will with glory crown the lowly,

And with salvation beautify the meek.

2 Praise ye the Lord for all His loving-

kindness,

And all the tender mercy He hath shown: Praise Him who pardons all our sin and

blindness,

And calls us sons, and marks us for His own.

3 Praise ye Jehovah, source of all our blessing:

Before His gifts earth's richest boons are dim:

Resting in Him, His peace and joy possessing,

All things are ours, for we have all in

4 Praise ye the Father, God the Lord who gave us,
With full and perfect love, His only

Son;
Praise ye the Son, who died Himself to

save us;
Praise ye the Spirit: praise the Three
in One.

1290 Psalm lxv. Praise watteth for Thee,

1 Thou who hearest human prayer,
All shall come to Thee, that live:
Sins too great for us to bear
Thou wilt pity and forgive.
Great, O God, Thy saving grace,
Wonderful Thy truth is found:
Hope of earth's extremest race,
Hope of ocean's utmost bound.

2 God of goodness, from Thy store Earth receives the wealthy rain; Thy full channels gushing o'er Raise for man the foodful grain. Earth, by Thy soft dews prepared, Fills her furrows, smooths her soil; And her crops with rich reward Bless the labourer's happy toil. 3 With Thy gifts the year is crowned;
Thy dark chariot-wheels on high
Scatter o'er the desert ground
Drops of fatness, as they fly.
Gladness girds the mountain height,
Fleecy meads with gladness ring:
Vales with gleaming harvest white
Shout for gladness, shout and sing.

1291 Psalm lavii. God be merciful unto us, &c.

1 O GRANT us, God of love,
The blessings of Thy grace;
Reveal to us from heaven above
The brightness of Thy face:
So shall Thy way on earth be known,
Thy mercy to the nations shown.

2 Thee let the people praise;
All people unto Thee
Sing praise, O God; the kingdoms raise
A shout of holy glee:
For Thou shalt judge mankind aright,
A ruling and a guiding Light.

3 Thee for Thy bounteous hand Let all the people bless,

O God, who givest to the land
Its teeming fruitfulness.
Still may Thy favour on us rest,
And earth in fearing God be blest.

1292 Psalm exivii. Praise ye the Lord, \$c.

1 Praise the Lord; for it is wise
Unto God a psalm to sing:
Praise is pleasant exercise,
Giving thanks a goodly thing.
He doth build Jerusalem,
Judah's outcasts gathering in:
Broken hearts—He healeth them,
Binding up the wounds of sin.

2 He can tell the starry train, Every shining name recite: Great in power the Lord doth reign, And in wisdom infinite. He is nigh the meek to raise, Casting scorners to the ground; Sing ye to our God with praise, Sing with harp's melodious sound.

PART IL

3 From His clouds the Lord distils
O'er the earth reviving showers,
Till the high and barren hills
Teem with grass and bloom with flowers

Food to beast His hands allot, Ravens' crying nests they feed: Strength of horse He prises not, Little recks of human speed: Fearing souls — He values them.

4 Fearing souls—He values them,
Souls that for His mercy wait;
Praise the Lord, Jerusalem;
Zion, praise Him: God is great.
He makes strong thy barrèd gates,
Blessing slowers upon thy seed;
In thy border peace creates,
Fills thee full with wheaten bread.

PART III.

5 Earth the Lord's command receives;
Flies His word from coast to coast,
Snow, like flakes of wool, He gives,
And, like ashes, scatters frost.
Morsel-like His ice is felt;
Who can bear the chilling throe?
At His voice the glaciers melt:

By His wind the waters flow.

6 All His sacred will He showed
To the seed He loves so well:
Laws on Jacob He bestowed,
Judgments gave to Israel.
For none other earthly race
Love like this our God hath stored;
None, like us, have known His grace:
Halleujah, praise the Lord! Amen.

1293 Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness. Ps. lxv.

- 1 Praise, O praise our God and King: Hymns of adoration sing; For His mercies still endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 Praise Him that He made the sun Day by day his course to run; For His mercies, &c.
- 3 And the silver moon, by night Shining with her gentle light; For His mercies, &c.
- 4 Praise Him that He gave the rain To mature the swelling grain; For His mercies, &c.
- 5 And hath bid the fruitful field Crops of precious increase yield; For His mercies, &c.
- 6 Praise Him for our harvest-store: He hath filled the garner-floor; For His mercies, &c.

- 7 And for richer food than this, Pledge of everlasting bliss; For His mercies, &c.
- 8 Glory to our bounteons King, Glory let creation sing; Glory to the Father, Son. And blest Spirit, Three in One.

1294 The multitude of His loving-ki nesses. Isalah lxiti.

1 When all Thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys, Transported with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise. Thy providence my life sustained, And all my wants redressed, When in the silent womb I lay, Or hung upon the breast.

2 To all my weak complaints and cries. Thy mercy lent an ear, Ere yet my feeble thoughts had lear. To form themselves in prayer. Unnumbered comforts on my soul. Thy tender care bestowed, Before my infant heart conceived.

Before my infant heart conceived From whence those comforts flowe 3 When in the slippery paths of youth

With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
And led ine up to man.
In every season of my life
Thy goodness let me praise,
And. after death, my voice unite
To swell seraphic lays.

1295 Give us our daily bread. Matt

1 O King of earth, and air, and sea,
The hungry ravens cry to Thee;
To Thee the scaly tribes that sweep
The boson of the boundless deep;
To Thee the lions roaring call,
The common Father, kind to all:
Then grant Thy servants, Lord, we 1
Our daily bread from day to day.

2 The fishes may for food complain; The ravens spread their wings in vair The roaring lions lack and pine; But, God, Thou carest still for Thine Thy bounteous hand with food can bi The bleak and lonely wilderness; And Thou hast taught us, Lord, to For daily bread from day to day.

FOR THE WEEKS AFTER TRINITY.

O, when through the wilds we roam t part us from our heavenly home; in, lost in danger, want, and woe, faithless tears begin to flow; Thou Thy gracious comfort give, which alone the soul may live; grant Thy servants, Lord, we pray, bread of life from day to day.

6 He reserveth unto us the appointed specks of the harvest. Jet v.

the corn again in ear:
ow the fields and valleys smile!
rest now is drawing near,
o repay the farmer's toil:
ious Lord, secure the crop,
itisfy the poor with food:
hy mercy is our hope;
e have sinned, but Thou art good.

the praise be all the Lord's, the benefit is ours; season still affords indly heat and gentle showers; lis care the produce thrives, aving o'er the furrowed lands; when harvest-time arrives ady for the reaper stands.

in barren hearts He sows ecious seeds of heavenly joy; nd hell in vain oppose; ne His harvest may destroy: stened oft, yet still it blooms, ter many changes past; the reaper, when he comes, ds it fully ripe at last.

Full of all good things. Deut. vi.

is the Lord, our heavenly King, to makes the earth His care, the pastures every spring, d bids the grain appear.

is the Lord; it is His love ich makes the earth to yield; ouds drop fatness from above, whitens every field.

is the Lord; He gives us bread; gives His people more: m their souls with grace are fed, soundless, priceless store.

1298 The earth was full of His p

- 1 Praise to God, immortal praise, For the love that crowns our days Bounteous source of every joy, Let Thy praise our tongues emplo
- 2 For the blessings of the field; For the store the gardens yield; For the joy which harvests bring, Grateful praises now we sing.
- 3 Clouds that drop refreshing dews; Suns that genial heat diffuse; Flocks that whiten all the plain; Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:
- 4 All that spring, with bounteous ha Scatters o'er the smiling land; All that liberal autumn pours From its overflowing stores:
- 5 These, great God, to Thee we owe, Source, whence all our blessings flo And for these our souls shall raise Grateful vows and solemn praise.

1299 The valleys also are covered a with corn. Ps. ixv.

- 1 O sing the song of harvest,
 And join His Name to bless,
 Who crowns our board with plenty,
 Our labours with success,
 Who sends the summer sunshine
 And spring's reviving shower,
 And bids each field its richness yiel
 At the appointed hour.
 God opens wide His hand to bless,
 And fills all things with plenteousn
- 2 O sing the song of harvest,
 The harvest of the poor,
 While peace is on our threshold
 And plenty at our door,
 Let pale mistrust be banished,
 And hope have no alloy;
 For they who sow 'mid tears and we
 Shall reap again with joy.
 God opens
- 3 O sing His countless mercies
 Throughout the circling year,
 The threatening ills averted,
 The hope expelling fear;
 Our Soverain's throne still guarded,
 And, though fierce tempests lower
 Christ's ark at ease 'mid troublous ac
 And sin's opposing power.

God opens.

4 Praise Him for strength to labour,
For rest when toil is o'er,
For smiles which beam upon our hearth
And blessings on our store;
For the sweet face of nature
Spread fair before our eyes,
For love which grows 'mid weal and woes,
In purest, holiest ties. God opens, &c.
5 O praise God for His harvest,
The harvest of the blest,
For those He still doth spare us,
And those who are at rest;
For those who in His garner
Are sure and safely stored,
Who fruit did yield from His own field

The second of th

1300 The Lord that giveth rain. Jer. v.

For the storehouse of their Lord.

O LORD, whose bounteous hand again
Hath poured Thy gifts in plenty down,
Who all creation dost sustain,
And all the earth with goodness crown:
Lord of the harvest, here we own
Our joy Thy gift, and Thine alone.
 O may we ne'er with thankless heart

Forget from whom our blessings flow: Still, Lord, Thy heavenly grace impart; Still teach us what to Thee we owe. Lord, may our lives with fruit divine. Return Thy care, and prove us Thine.

3 Lord, grant that each may sow to Thee;
Grant us in endless life to reap:
Of every heart the Guardian be:
By day and night Thy servants keep,
That all to Thee may joy afford
On Thy great harvest-day, O Lord.

1301 He hath set an harvest for Thee. Hos. vi.

1 LORD of the harvest, Thee we hail;
Thine ancient promise doth not fail;
The varying seasons haste their round;
With goodness all our years are crowned;
Our thanks we pay
This holy day;
O let our hearts in tune be found.

2 If spring awakes the song of mirth, If summer warms the fruitful earth, When winter sweeps the naked plain, Or autumn yields its ripened grain,

Still do we sing

To Thee, our King; Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

God opens, &c.

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5 O men of all conditions,
The high and humbly born,
Away with low seditions,
Away with lofty scorn.
Mix kindly with each other,
For God has given to all
The common name of brother,
And gladdens great and small.

1303 Who giveth food to all flesh.

- 1 Now autumn strews on every plain
 His mellow fruits and fertile grain;
 And laughing plenty, crowned with sheaves,
 With purple grapes, and spreading leaves,
 In rich profusion pours around
 Her flowing treasures on the ground.
 Own we the great, the liberal hand,
 That scatters blessings o'er the land;
 And to the God of nature raise
 The grateful song, the hymn of praise.
- 2 The infant corn, in vernal hours, He nurtured with His gentle showers, And bade the summer clouds diffuse Their balmy store of genial dews. We marked the tender stem arise, Till ripened by the glowing skies; And now, matured, His work behold; The cheering harvest waves in gold. To nature's God with joy we raise The grateful song, the hymn of praise.
- 3 The valleys echo to the strains
 Of blooming maids and village swains;
 To Him they tune the lay sincers,
 Whose bounty crowns the smiling year.
 The sounds from every woodland borne,
 The sighing winds that bend the corn,
 The yellow fields around proclaim
 His mighty, everlasting Name:
 To nature's God united raise
 The grateful song, the hymn of praise.

1304 Lo, this is our God. Isalah xxv.

1 THE God of harvest praise, In loud thanksgiving raise Hand, heart, and voice: The valleys laugh and sing, Forests and mountains ring, The plains their tribute bring, The streams rejoice.

- 2 The wind, the rain, the sun, Their genial work have done; Wouldst thou be fed? Man, to thy labour bow, Thrust in the sickle now, Reap where thou once didst plough: God sends thee bread.
- 3 Thy few seeds scattered wide He hath so multiplied, That thou mayst find Christ's miracles renewed; With self-producing food He feeds a multitude; He feeds mankind.
- 4 The God of harvest praise;
 Hands, hearts, and voices raise
 With sweet accord;
 From field to garner throng,
 Bearing your sheaves along,
 And in your harvest song
 Bless ye the Lord.
- 5 Yea, bless His holy Name,
 And your souls' thanks proclaim
 Through all the earth:
 To glory in your lot
 Is comely; but be not
 God's benefits forgot
 Amidst your mirth.

1305 They joy before Thee, according to the joy of harvest. Isalah ix.

- 1 Come, ye thankful people, come, Raise the song of harvest-home:
 All is safely gathered in,
 Ere the winter storms begin;
 God, our Maker, doth provide
 For our wants to be supplied;
 Come to God's own temple, come;
 Raise the song of harvest-home!
- 2 What is earth but God's own field, Fruit unto His praise to yield? Wheat and tares therein are sown, Unto joy or sorrow grown; Ripening with a wondrous power, Till the final harvest-hour. Grant, O Lord of life, that we Holy grain and pure may be.
- 3 For we know that Thou wilt come, And wilt take Thy people home; From Thy field wilt purge away All that doth offend, that day;

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PSALMS AND

And Thine angels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast, But the fruitful ears to store In Thy garner evermore.

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4 Come then, Lord of mercy, come, Bid us sing Thy harvest-home. Let Thy saints be gathered in, Free from sorrow, free from sin All upon the golden floor Praising Thee for evermore: Come, with thousand angels, come: Bid us sing Thy harvest-home. Amen.

1306 Pruits of verdure. Ps. cvil

- 1 FATHER of mercies, God of love,
 Whose gifts all creatures share,
 The rolling seasons, as they move,
 Proclaim Thy constant care.
 When in the bosom of the earth
 The sower hid the grain,
 Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
 And sent the early rain.
- 2 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was
 Thine,
 The seasons knew Thy call;
 Thou mad'st the summer suns to shine,
 The summer dews to fall.
 The Hand unseen that works above
 Matured the swelling grain;
 And now the harvest crowns Thy love,
 And plenty fills the plain.
- 3 O ne'er may our forgetful hearts O'erlook Thy bountsons care; But what our Father's hand imparts, Still own in praise and prayer. So shall our suns more grateful shine, Our showers more genial fall, When all our hearts and lives are Thine, And Thou adored in all. Amen.

1307 The harvest is the end of the world, and the reapers are the angels. Matt. xiii.

1 LORD of the harvest, once again
We thank Thee for the ripened grain;
For crops agic carried, sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year;
For all sweet holy thoughts supplied
By seed-time and by harvest-tide

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FOR THE WEEKS AFTER TRINITY.

1309 Although the Ag-tree thall not blos-

- 1 GREAT God, to Thee our songs we raise, To Thee devote our grateful praise; O never may our footsteps rove From Thee, the source of truth and love; But may we still Thy praise proclaim, And joy in our Redeemer's Name.
- What though the fig-tree shall decay, Fruitless the vine shall waste away, Although the clive shall not bear, Nor corn produce the ripened ear, Yet still may we Thy praise proclaim, And joy in our Redeemer's Name.
- 3 Though in our folds no flock be found, Nor herd to deck the exhausted ground, Though all the hopes of plenty fail, Though blighting pestilence prevail, Yet may we still Thy praise proclaim, And joy in our Redeemer's Name.

1310 He hath filled the hungry with good things. Luke i.

- 1 GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
 And changes mark the rolling year,
 As time with rapid pinions flies,
 May every season make us wise.
- 2 The harvest months have o'er us rolled, And filled our fields with waving gold; Our tables spread, our garners stored, Where are our hearts to praise the Lord?
- 3 The solemn harvest comes apace The closing day of life and grace: Around our souls, in that dread hour, Let not the gathering tempest lower.
- 4 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine, Like stars in heaven to rise and shine; Then shall our happy souls above Reap the full harvest of Thy love.

1311 The earth is satisfied with the fruit of Thy works. Ps. civ.

1 O FATHER merciful and good, O Giver ever kind, Who feedest us with daily food For body, soul, and mind; We worship Thee, we bless Thee, We praise Thee evermore, And heartily confess Thee The God whom we adore. 2 How thick with corn between the hills
The laughing valleys stand!
How plenteously Thy mercy fills
The garners of our land!
And therefore will we raise Thee
Our humble anthem thus,
And still, though sinful, praise Thee
For all Thy love to us.

3 As year by year in ceaseless love
Thy bounty never fails,
But still the blessing from above
O'erflows our hills and dales;
So, truly we adore Thee,
Thou Giver of all good,
And offer now before Thee
Thy people's gratitude.

1312 I praise Him that liveth for ever.

- 1 THEE we adore, eternal Lord;
 We praise Thy Name with one accord;
 Thy saints, who here Thy goodness see,
 Through all the world do worship Thee.
- 2 To Thee aloud all Angels cry, And ceaseless raise their songs on high, Both Cherubin and Seraphin, The heavens and all the powers therein.
- 3 The Apostles join the glorious throng; The Prophets swell the immortal song; The Martyrs' noble army raise Eternal anthems to Thy praise.
- 4 Thee, holy, holy, holy King, Thee, O Lord God of hosts, they sing: Thus earth below, and heaven above, Resound Thy glory and Thy love.

1313 There was war in heaven. Rev. xii.

- 1 MYSTERIOUS to the Christian heart
 The glimpse in Scripture given
 Of war arrayed with hellish art
 Between the hosts of heaven.
 And yet perchance our mortal life
 Reflects some shadowy trace,
 Still changeless, of that ancient strife
 Twixt angel race and race.
- 2 Fiends wander through our world at will, Cast down, but not destroyed; To tempt, deceive, perplex us still, In ceaseless hate employed. But seraph hosts encamp around The chosen and the few, Whose learts to Christ are faithful found, Whose love is pure and true.

3 And by the Lamb's atoning blood,
And by His word of might,
May buch withstand the whelming flood,
And win the crowning fight.
For though the devil fleroely rage,
His time is now but brief;
And God protects their pilgrimage
Through this world's vale of grief.

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1314 Spiritual blessings in heavenly places. Eph. i.

- 1 INCARNATE God, the soul that knows Thy Name's mysterious power Shall dwell in undisturbed repose, Nor fear the trying hour.
- 2 Angels unseen attend the saints, And bear them in their arms, To cheer the spirit when it faints, And guard their life from harms.
- 3 Himself, the Lord of angels, keeps The souls that love His Name; Their Shepherd slumbers not, nor sleeps; He always is the same.
- 4 Crosses and changes are their lot,
 Long as they sojourn here;
 But, since their Saviour changes not,
 What have His saints to fear?
- 5 To God the Father, God the Son, And God the Holy Ghost, All honour by the Church be done, And by the heavenly host.

1315 All the holy angels. Matt. xxv.

- 1 Around the throne of God a band Of bright and glorious angels stand; Sweet harps within their hands they hold, And on their heads are crowns of gold. Some wait around Him, ready still To sing His praise and do His will; And some, when He commands them, go To guard His servants here below.
- 2 Lord, give Thy angels every day Command to guide us on our way; And bid them every evening keep Their watch around us while we aleep. So shall no wicked thing draw near To do us harm, or cause us fear; And we shall dwell, when life is past, With angels round Thy throne at last.

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1318 O praise the Lord, all ye His hosts.

- 1 PRAISE to God who reigns above, Binding earth and heaven in love; All the armies of the sky Worship His dread soverainty. Angel hosts His word fulfil, Ruling nature by His will; Round His throne archangels pour Songs of praise for evermore.
- 2 Yet on man they joy to wait, All that bright celestial state, For true Man their Lord they see, Christ the Incarnate Deity. On the throne our Lord who died Sits in manhood glorified; Where His people faint below, Angels count it joy to go.
- 3 O the depths of joy divine
 Thrilling through those orders nine,
 When the lost are found again,
 When the banished come to reign!
 Now in faith, in hope, in love,
 We will join the choirs above,
 Praising, with the heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

1319 Sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation. Heb. i.

- 1 They come, God's messengers of love, They come from realms of peace above, From homes of never-fading light, From blissful mansions ever bright: They come to watch around us here, To soothe our sorrow, calm our fear, And whisper to the breaking heart,—'O Christian soul, in peace depart.'
- 2 Blest Jesu, Thou whose groans and tears Have sanctified frail nature's fears, To earth in bitter sorrow weighed Who didst not scorn Thine angel's aid; An angel guard to us supply When on the bed of death we lie, And by Thine own almighty power Defend us in the last dread hour. Amen,

1320 On earth as it is in heaven. Matt. vi.

1 O God, the strength of every heart, Whom heaven and earth obey, Thy promised help and grace impart, That we may keep Thy way.

- By all on earth Thy will be done,
 As by the hosts above,
 Who always see Thee on Thy throne,
 And glory in Thy love.
- 2 In hope, like them, to see Thy face, Lord, we would do Thy will;
 O strengthen us with inward grace Thy precepts to fulfil.
 We would from Thee no more depart, No more unfaithful prove,
 But love Thee with a perfect heart,
 As holy angels love.

1321 Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you. 1 Pet. v.

- 1 THERE is no grief, however light,
 Too light for sympathy;
 There is no care, however slight,
 Too slight to bring to Thee.
 Thou, who hast trod the thorny road,
 Will share each small distress;
 For He who bore the greater load
 Will not refuse the less.
- 2 There is no secret sigh we breathe
 But meets the ear divine,
 And every cross grows light beneath
 The shadow, Lord, of Thine.
 Life's woes without, sin's strife within,
 The heart would overflow,
 But for that love which died for sin,
 That love which wept with woe.

1322 I will dwell in the midst of thee. Zoch. il.

- 1 Sox of God, Thy people shield; Must we still Thine absence mourn? Let Thy promise be fulfilled, Thou hast said, 'I will return.' Gracious Leader, now appear, Shine upon us with Thy light: Like the spring, when Thou art near, Days and suns are doubly bright.
- 2 As a mother counts the days,
 Till her absent son she see,
 Longs and watches, weeps and prays,
 So our spirits long for Thee.
 Come and let us feel Thee nigh;
 Then Thy sheep shall feed in peace,
 Plenty bless us from on high,
 Evil from amongst us cease.

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3 Thus each day for Thee we'll spend While our callings we pursue; And the thoughts of such a friend Shall each night our joy renew. Let Thy light be ne'er withdrawn; Golden days afford us long: Thus we pray at early dawn, This shall be our evening song.

1323 The Lord be with you all. 2 Thess. iii.

- 1 WHERESOEVER two or three Meet in Christian company, Grant us, Lord, to meet with Thee. Gracious Saviour, hear.
- 2 When with friends beloved we stray, Talking down the closing day, Saviour, meet us in the way. Gracious Saviour, hear.
- 3 When, amid the gloom of night, Storms arise and perils fright, Let Thy voice our hearts delight. Gracious Saviour, hear.
- 4 In the time of lonely grief,
 Let Thy presence bring relief;
 Then shall longest nights be brief.
 Gracious Saviour, hear.
- 5 When the world and life recede, Saviour, in our hour of need Then be visible indeed. Gracious Saviour, hear.
- 1324 Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour. Ps. viii.
- 1 JESUS, Thou art the source of all Or great, or good, or dear we call; To Thee my fainting soul aspires, Thou art the whole of my desires.
- 2 The heavenly hosts rejoice above, And sing the depths of dying love; They stoop, admire, and joy to see The wonders Thou hast done for me.
- 3 But all, howe'er they pray, confess Such love mysterious, measureless; An ocean wide of living grace, To wash a guilty chosen race.
- 4 Awake, my soul, and mourn to see Thy Saviour on the cursed tree: For guilty man He suffered pain, For men, not angels, He was alain.
- 5 Let me, a sinner, evermore His soverain grace and love adore, And sing with angels round the throne The glories of His Name alone.

- 1325 We would see Jesus. John xil.
- 1 WE would see Jesus, for the shadows lengthen

Across the little landscape of our life: We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen

For the last weariness, the final strife.

2 We would see Jesus; for life's hand hath rested

With its dark touch upon both heart and brow;

And though our souls have many a billow breasted,

Others are rising in the distance now.

3 We would see Jesus, the great Rockfoundation

Whereon our feet were set by soverain grace:

Nor life, nor death, with all their agitation, O Lord, can move us, if we see Thy face.

PART II.

4 We would see Jesus; other lights are paling
Which for long years we have rejoiced

Which for long years we have rejoiced to see:

The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing;

We would not mourn them, for we come to Thee.

5 We would see Jesus; for the spirit lingers Round the dear object it has loved so long.

And earth from earth can scarce unclose its fingers;

Our love to Thee makes not this love less strong.

6 We would see Jesus; sense is all too blinding.

And heaven appears too dim, too far

We would see Thee, Thyself our souls reminding,

That Thou hast suffered, our great debt to pay.

7 To see Thee, this is all Thy saints are needing;

Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight:

To see Thee,—dying, risen, interceding,—
.Then welcome day, and farewell mortal
night.

FOR THE WEEKS AFTER TRINITY.

looking unto Jesus. Heb. zi. ic unto Jesus the eye of faith, Him our troubles. ing what He saith,e day-spring stealing igh the shades of night, it turneth ness into light. unto Jesus sweet accord 1 the disciple e absent Lord souls' complaining giveth heed. out His fulness all our need. unto Jesus e stormy day, I see His Spirit to cheer our way: unto Jesus the storms retreat. be our shelter the poontide heat. ing through the desert. e no fountains be, a Rock which follows. that rock is He: ne fainting pilgrim for lack of meat, ely giveth ls' food to eat nnto Jesus the bed of pain, ffering brother, will sustain. still to Jesus e hour of death, everlasting are underneath. 1e disembodied s presence stands, name imprinted is wounded hands, er blood-bought title is breast engraven, unto Jesus the gate of heaven.

ay ento thee, Artse. Luke xiv.

O mother, sounds of lamentation,
t, O widow, weep not hopelessly:

Strong is His arm, the Bringer of salvation, Strong is the Word of God to succour thee.

2 Bear forth the cold corpse, slowly, slowly bear him:

Wide his no

Hide his pale features with the suble pall:

Chide not the sad one wildly weeping near him: Widowed and childless, she has lost

Widowed and childless, she has lost her all.

3 Why pause the mourners? Who forbids our weeping? Who the dark pomp of sorrow has

delayed?

Set down the bier,—he is not dead, but

sleeping: Young man, arise'—He spoke and

Young man, arise — He spoke an was obeyed.

4 Change then, O sad one, grief to exulta-

Worship and fall before Messiah's knee:

Strong was His arm, the Bringer of salvation; Strong was the Word of God to succour

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thes.

Weep not. Luke vii.

- 1 Who says the widow's heart must break, The childless mother sink? A kinder, truer voice I hear, Which even beside that mournful bier, Whence parents' eyes would hopeless shrink.
- 2 Bids weep no more.— O heart bereft, How strange to thee that sound! A widow o'er her only son, Feeling more bitterly alone For friends that press officious round.
- 3 Yet is the voice of comfort heard, For Christ hath touched the bier: The bearers wait with wondering eye, The swelling bosom dares not sigh, But all is still, 'twixt hope and fear,
- 4 Even such an awful soothing calm
 We sometimes see alight
 On Christian mourners, while they wait
 In silence, by some church-yard gate,
 Their summons to the holy rite.

PSALMS AND HYMNS

5 And such the tones of love which break The stillness of that hour, Quelling the embittered spirit's strife,-'The Resurrection and the Life Am I: believe, and die no more.

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As many as I love I rebuke and chasten. Rev. iii. 1329

- 1 Full oft the clouds of deepest woe So sweet a message bear, Dark though they seem, 'twere hard to find A frown of anger there. For loving is the hand that strikes, However keen the smart, If sorrow's discipline can chase One evil from the heart.
- 2 He was a Man of sorrows,-He Who loved and saved us thus: And shall the world, that frowned on Him, Wear only smiles for us? No: we must follow in the path Our Saviour deigned to run; We must not find a resting-place Where He we love had none.

Hear the prayer of Thy servant. Dan, ix. 1330

- 1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost, One in Three, and Three in One, As by the celestial host. Let Thy will on earth be done: Praise by all to Thee be given, Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!
- 2 Vilest of the sinful race, Lo, I answer to Thy call: Meanest vessel of Thy grace, Grace divinely free for all, Lo, I come to do Thy will, All Thy counsel to fulfil.
- 3 If so poor a worm as I May to Thy great glory live, All my actions sanctify, All my words and thoughts receive: Take my heart, but make it new; Teach me both to will and do.
- 4 Now, O God, Thine own I am; Now I give thee back Thine own: Freedom, friends, and health, and fame, I devote to Thee alone: Thine I live, thrice happy I, Happier still if Thine I die.

5 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. One in Three, and Three in One. As by the celestial host, Let Thy will on earth be done: Praise by all to Thee be given, Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

Lead me in the way everlasting. Ps. CXXXIX. 1331

- WILT Thou not, my Shepherd true, Spare Thy sheep, in mercy spare me? Wilt Thou not, as shepherds do, In Thy bosom gently bear me? Bear me where all troubles cease,
 - Home to folds of joy and peace?
- See how I have gone astray, How earth's wilds do oft mislead me; Bring me back into the way, In Thine own green pastures feed me: Gather me within the fold, Where Thy lambs Thy light behold.
- With Thy flock I long to be, With the flock to whom 'tis given Safe to feed, from danger free, In the happy plains of heaven: Free from fear of sinful stain, They can never stray again.
- Lord, I here am sore beset, Fears at every step confound me; Lo, my foes have spread their net, And with craft and might surround me; Not one moment safe can be, Lord, Thy lamb away from Thee.
- Jesu, Lord, my Shepherd true, O from wolves Thy sheep deliver: Help as shepherds wont to do, From their jaws preserve me ever: Bear me homeward in Thy breast To Thy fold of endless rest.

1332 Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named. Eph. iii.

- 1 THE saints on earth and those above But one communion make, Joined to their Lord in bonds of love, All of His grace partake.
- 2 One family we dwell in Him. One Church above, beneath, Though now divided by the stream, The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God, To His command we bow: Part of the host have crossed the flood. And part are crossing now.

4 Lord Jesu, be our constant guide; Then, when the word is given, Bid death's cold flood its waves divide, And land us safe in heaven. Amen.

1333 The Israel of God. Gal. vi.

- 1 ONE is the family of love,
 In earth below and heaven above,
 Part waging battle sharp and sore,
 And part at rest for evermore.
 The Church on earth has still to fight
 Against the devil and his might;
 The Church in heaven with war has done,
 Yet these two Churches are but one.
- 2 For they who love their Saviour here, And die in God's true faith and fear, Shall join the glorious Church on high, And dwell with Christ eternally; Where shineth everlasting day, And sin and sorrow flee away, Where no more tears can come, nor pain, And with their God in bliss they reign.
- 3 We praise Thee, Lord, for those Thy grace Has brought unto that blessed place; O teach us so to live, that we May follow them, as they did Thee. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, From men and from the heavenly host Be honour, glory, blessing, praise, Henceforth through never-ending days.

1334 Called in one hope of your calling. Eph. iv.

- 1 FATHER of all, from whom we trace Our universal kind, Teach us to all of human race To show a brother's mind.
- 2 Saviour of men, 'twas Thine the pain Of death for all to bear: In concord all Thy followers train, Meet for the name they share.
- 3 Spirit of grace, God's chosen fold Who lav'st with heavenly dew, O grant that all, the truth that hold, May peace with all ensue.
- 4 O may mankind in love agree, Sons of one parent stock; But chief may Christian verity Connect the Christian flock!

5 May truth, to all that hear its sound, A bond of union prove, And fellowship of faith be crowned With fellowship of love!

1335 The people is one. Gen. xi.

- 1 May we Thy precepts, Lord, fulfil, To do on earth our Father's will, As angels do above, To walk in Christ, the living Way, With all Thy children, and obey The law of Christian love.
- 2 So may we join Thy Name to bless, Thy grace adore, Thy power confess, From sin and strile to flee: One is our calling, one our name, The end of all our hope the same, A crown of life with Thee.
- 3 Spirit of life, of love, and peace.
 Unite our hearts, our joy increase;
 Thy gracious help supply:
 To every soul the blessing give,
 In Christian fellowship to live,
 In joyful hope to die.

1336 Psalm cxxi. My heart is not haughty, &c.

- 1 LORD, for ever at Thy side
 May my place and portion be!
 Strip me of the robe of pride,
 Clothe me with humility.
- 2 Meekly may my soul receive
 All Thy Spirit hath rerealed;
 Thou hast spoken, I believe,
 Though the prophecy were sealed.
- 3 Quiet as a weaned child, Weaned from the mother's breast, By no subtlety beguiled, On Thy faithfulness I rest.
- 4 Saints, rejoicing evermore, In the Lord your Saviour trust; Him in all His ways adore, Wise and merciful and just.

1337 Psalm exxxiii. Behold, how good, &c.

1 O WHAT a happy thing it is And joyful for to see, When brethren all together dwell In love and unity!

PSALMS AND HYMNS

is like the precious continent that Was poured on Aaron's head, 'hich from his beard down to the akirts Of his rich garment spread.

nd as the lower ground doth drink The dew of Hermon hill, nd Zion with his silver drops The fields with fruit doth fill;

'en so the Lord doth pour on them His blessings manifold, 'hose hearts and minds with stedfast truth This knot preserve and hold.

Be Endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

Eph. iv.

ord, in Thy kingdom there shall be No aliens from each other, ut, even as he loves himself, Each saint shall love his brother. Then in Thy courts we meet below, To mourn our sinful living, and with one mingling voice repeat Confession, creed, thanksgiving;

lake us to hear in each sweet word
Thy Holy Spirit calling
o union with Thy Church and Thee,
That heavenly bond forestalling.
ne baptism and one faith have we,
One Spirit sent to win us;
ne Lord, one Father, and one God,
Above, and through, and in us.

ever, by schism or by sin,
Alay we this union sever,
ill all, to perfect stature grown,
Are one with Thee for ever!
God the blessed Trinity,
The Father, Son, and Spirit,
he Church's Type of unity,
All praise to Thy great merit.

39 Peace I leave with you. John xiv.

HOSE who live in love shall know
That indwelling quiet joy
'hich the world can ne'er bestow,
Nor its sorrows e'er destroy:
sace which passeth understanding,
sace of God's divine commanding.

2 Earthly hopes but bloom to fade; Earthly pleasures turn to pain; These, when in the balance weighed, Lighter than its dust remain: And the peace that earth affordeth Worthless is to him that boardeth.

3 But the peace that God can give
Heart and mind preserveth still;
Teaching in His love to live,
Trust His word and do His will:
From above this peace descendeth,
Towards its source it ever tendeth.

4 Ye who would this treasure ahare,
To the Saviour humbly go;
Ask of Him, in reverent prayer,
What He only can bestow:
Christ who praying hearts relieveth
For His own this peace achieveth.

1340 His children shall have a place of refuge. Prov. xiv.

No evil shall befall
 The saints of the Most High;
 Their Saviour is the Lord of all,
 On Him in every need they call,
 Their wants He will supply.

2 He is their hiding-place When times of evil come, And with delight they often trace His dealings with the ransomed race, Whom He is guiding home.

3 Their footsteps shall not slide, Though snares beset their way: And though with fiery sufferings tried, They shine like silver purified, Still brighter every day.

4 His guiding pillar leads
Through wilderness and wave;
In pastures green His flock He feeds,
And by the quiet waters leads
The sheep He came to save.

5 He doeth all things well
In earth and beaven above.
Happy art thou, O Israel;
Let all thy tribes unite to tell
The wonders of His love.

1341 My times are in Thy hand. Ps. xxxl.

1 SOVERAIN Buler of the akies, Ever gracious, ever wise, All my times are in Thy hand, All events at Thy command.

FOR THE WEEKS AFTER TRINITY.

that formed me in the womb, shall guide me to the tomb: my times shall ever be ered by His wise decree.

es of sickness, times of health; es of penury and wealth; es of trial and of grief; es of triumph and relief; es the tempter's power to prove; es to taste a Saviour's love; nust come, and last, and end, hall please my heavenly Friend. nes and deaths around me fly; He bids, I cannot die; a single shaft can hit the God of love sees fit.

Z The Spirit is life. Rom. viii.

darkness all, and dreariness ithin my bosom, woe is me! hings around me, which should bless eart and soothe its bitterness, annot feel, I cannot see. not now that God's strong hand th wrapt the outer world in gloom: not now that His command rkness shrouds a sinful land, e deep cold darkness of the tomb. , O Lord, my spirit lies, d therefore lacks the sense of light: ly Ghost, within me rise, your Thy blessing on mine eyes: en shall the world be fresh and bright; t with the sunny gleams that throw ir splendour on the Christian's way; im are scattered care and woe, in and shadowy fears, to show the blue sky the Lord of day.

I am a stranger with Thee and a sojourner, as all my fathers were. Ps. xxxix.

w swift the torrent rolls, t hastens to the sea; trong the tide, that bears our souls to eternity! fathers, where are they, all they called their own? joys and griefs, and hopes and res, wealth and power, have flown.

- 3 There, where the fathers l.e, Must all the children dwell; Nor other heritage possess, But that sepulchral cell.
- 4 God of our fathers, hear, Thou everlasting Friend, While we, on life's extremest verge, Our souls to Thee commend.
- 5 Of all the pious dead May we the footsteps trace. Till, with them, in the land of light, We dwell before Thy face!

1344 Whatsoever the Lord pleased, that He. Ps. CXXXV.

- 1 WHAT God decrees, take patiently, Child of His love, although it be The storm that wrecks thy treasure he Be comforted, nor weakly fear What pleaseth God.
- 2 The wisest will is God's own will: Rest on that anchor and be still; For peace around thy path shall flow, If thou desirest here below What pleaseth God.
- 3 The truest heart is God's own heart; It bids thy grief and fear depart, I'rotecting, guiding, day and night, The soul that welcomes here aright What pleaseth God.
- 4 His saints on earth He dearly loves, Although their sin He oft reproves; The keenest strokes His love be-peak; He smites till we return to seek What pleaseth God.
- 5 Let the world's children idly seize Delights that for a moment please: But wiser thou their way forsake, And for thy changeless portion take What pleaseth God.
- 6 Thy heritage is safe in heaven:
 There shall thy crown of joy be given,
 There shalt thou hear and see and know
 As thou couldst never here below,
 What pleaseth God.

1345. Vanity of vanities. Eccl. 1.

1 NAY, 'tis not what we fancied it, This magic world of ours: We thought its skies were only blue, Its fields all sun and flowers;

PSALMS AND HYMNS

- Its streams all summer-bright and glad, Its seas all smiles and calms, Its paths, from youth to age, one long Green avenue of palms.
- 3 But clouds came up with gloom and shade, Our sky was overcast,

The hot mist threw its blight around, Sunshine and flowers went past.

Hopes perished, that had hung like wreaths

Around youth's buoyant brow, And joys, like withered autumn leaves, Dropped from the shattered bough.

Yet from these clouds comes forth the light,

Light beaming from on high; And from these faded flowers spring up The flowers that cannot die.

- Far fairer is the land we seek, A land without a tomb, An everlasting resting-place, A sure and quiet home.
- Far sunnier than the hills of time
 Are its eternal hills;
 Far fresher than the rills of earth
 Are its eternal rills,
- No blight can fall upon its flowers, No darkness fill its air: It has a day for ever bright, For Christ its sun is there.
- O Sun of love and peace, arise, Thy light upon us beam; For all this life is but a sleep, And all this world a dream.

1346 His mercy endureth for ever. Ps. evil.

How are Thy servants blest, O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.
In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,

! When in the angry surge they hang High on the broken wave, They find Thee neither slow to hear, Nor impotent to save.

And breathe in tainted air.

From all their dangers and their fears
Thy mercy sets them free,
While in the confidence of prayer
Their souls take hold on Thee.

3 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea, which roars at Thy command,
At Thy command is still.
In midst of danger, fear, and death,
Thy Name we will adore;
And thank Thee for Thy mercies past,
And trust Thy grace for more.

1347 God is love. 1 John iv.

- 1 Come, let us all unite and sing, Let heaven and earth their praises bring; Let every soul from sin awake, Each in his heart sweet music make, And sing with us for Jesu's sake, Our God is love.
- 2 O tell to earth's remotest bound.
 In Christ we have redemption found;
 His blood has washed our sins away,
 His Spirit turned our night to day;
 And now we can rejoice to say,
 Our God is love.
- 3 How happy is our portion here!
 His promises our spirits cheer;
 He is our sun and shield by day,
 Our help, our hope, our strength, and
 stay;
 He will be wish as all the more.

He will be with us all the way: Our God is love.

- 4 What though my heart and flesh should fail? Through Christ I shall o'er death pre
 - vail;
 Though Jordan swell, I need not fear,
 My Saviour will be with me there,
 My head above the waves to bear;
 Our God is love.

5 In Zion we shall sing again; Yea, this shall be our lofty strain; While endless ages roll along, In concert with the heavenly throng, This, this shall be our sweetest song, Our God is love.

1348 Psalm xxxiv. I will bless the Lord at all times, &c.

 FOR ever I will bless the Lord, Nor cease His praise to speak; My song His goodness shall record, That the opprest and weak May trust in Him, who will reward The humble and the meek.

2 He is a God who heareth prayer: He raised me from the dust; And angel bands keep station where In peril walk the just.

O try His love and trust His care; For blest are all who trust.

- 3 O fear the Lord, ye saints of His, Make Him your only dread; Then cast off every care but this; For He will give you bread: The famished beast its prey may miss; His children shall be fed.
- 4 The broken heart His grace shall heal,
 His hand the contrite raise:
 Full many wees the righteons feel,
 Yet still, in all their ways,
 Kept by His power, they bear His seal,
 And sing His endless praise.

1349 That thou mayest go home. Judg. xix.

l Thou vain deceitful world, farewell, Thine idle joys no more we love; By faith in brighter worlds we dwell, In spirit find our home above. O Lord, we go with Thee to taste Of joy supreme that never dies: Our feet still press the weary waste, Our heart, our home, are in the skies. 2 And O, while on to heaven's high hill The toilsome path of life we tread, Around us, loving Father, still Thy circling wings of mercy spread. From day to day, from hour to hour, O may our rising spirits prove The strength of Thine almighty power, The sweetness of Thy saving love.

1350 Turn, O backsliding children, saith the Lord. Jer. iii.

1 JESUS, let Thy pitying eye Call back a wandering sheep; False to Thee, like Peter, I Would fain like Peter weep: Let me be by grace restored; On me be all its freeness shown; Turn and look upon me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

- 2 Saviour, whose delight it is
 Repentance to impart,
 By Thy Spirit give me this,
 A humble contrite heart;
 Give, what I have long implored,
 A portion of Thy love unknown;
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 3 Look upon me from above,

 Nor suffer me to die;

 Life and happiness and love

 Are in Thy gracious eye:

 Speak the reconciling word

 Of pardon sealed and favour won;

 Turn and look upon me, Lord,

 And break my heart of stone.

1351 I will heal your backsliding. Hos. xiv.

- 1 How oft, alas, this wretched heart Has wandered from the Lord! How oft my roving thoughts depart, Forgetful of His Word!
- 2 Yet soverain mercy cries 'Return; Dear Lord, and may I come? My base ingratitude I mourn; O take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst Thou, wilt Thou yet forgive, And all my sins remove? And shall a pardoned rebel live To speak Thy wondrous love?
- 4 Almighty Grace, Thy healing power How glorious, how divine, That can to life and bliss restore So vile a heart as mine!
- 5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
 Dear Saviour, I adore;
 0 keep me at Thy sacred feet,
 And let me rove no more.

1352 I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me. Phil. iv.

1 How shall I follow Him I serve, How shall I copy Him I love, Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve, Which lead me to His seat above? Thou, who for Peter's faith didst pray. Against whose blessed self were hurled The tempter's darts, be Thou my stay; Help me to overcome the world.

PSALMS AND HYMNS

hy grace can make the boastful meek,
The wavering firm, the sinful pure,
'ut heavenly might upon the weak,
And make those happy who endure.'
let me think how Thou didst leave
Untasted every sweet delight,
'o fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
The toilsome day, the houseless night.

o faint, to grieve, to die for me,
Thou camest, not Thyself to please;
and, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these?
ea, I would count them all but loss,
To gain the notice of Thine eye;
ature may tremble at the cross,
But Thou canst give the victory.

53 If we deny Him, He also will deny

ENT Thee! what, deny the way hat leads to heaven's eternal day? eny the Shepherd who will keep 'ithin His fold the wandering sheep? eny Thee, who alone canst give he hope that bids the sinner live, an bid him burst sin's galling chain, nd bless him with Thy peace again?

eny Thee, Lord, whose love will bear y grief, my burden, and my care? nou, Thou alone canst calm my breast, ad bid its weary throbbings rest. my Thee, when Thy blood was shed turn destruction from my head? my Thee, when Thy pitying eye ed tears for man's infirmity?

ny the love that came to save, id bid us triumph o'er the grave? ny the hand that gave the bread which each fainting roul is fed? ny those blessed lips, whence flow rdon for sin and peace for woe? ny the Cross to which I cling? m my lost soul its succour fling?

ny Thee, helper of my need, pport of every broken reed? heaven above, on earth below, here, save to Thee, Lord, could I go? here could I take my heart's despair, here could I whisper all my fears, I show my anguish and my tears? 5 Where fly for strength in mortal strife? Thou hast the words of endless life. Thou bidd'st me, careworn and opprest, Bring Thee my load, and sweetly rest; Bidd'st me believe; and that belief Shall gently steal away my grief; Bidd'st me but ask; it shall be given; Knock, and be heard in highest heaven.

6 'Fear not,' Thou say'st, 'I am with thee still; Fear not, it is My holy will, It is My pleasure thou shouldst live, And taste the bliss My love can give.' Praise we the Lord with holy hymn, &c.

1354 Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. Luke xv.

- 1 Were not the sinful Mary's tears An offering worthy heaven, When o'er the faults of former years She wept, and was forgiven?
- 2 When, bringing every balmy sweet Her day of luxury stored, She o'er her Saviour's hallowed feet The precious ointment poured,
- 3 And wiped them with her golden hair Where once the diamond shone, Though now those gems of grief were there.

Which shine for God alone.

- 4 Were not those sweets so humbly shed, That hair, those weeping eyes, And the sunk heart that inly bled, Heaven's noblest sacrifice?
- 5 Thou that hast slept in error's sleep. O, wouldst thou wake in heaven, Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep, Love much, and be forgiven.

1355 The Lord is faithful, who shall stability you, and keep you from coil. 2 Thess. iii.

- 1 WHERE is my faith, if I survey
 The billows with unmixed dismay
 Nor trust Thy power to save,
 While bursts the loud, impassioned cry,
 Lord, save me, save me, or I die,
 I perish in the wave?
- 2 Yet, Saviour, should I ever flee, In danger's hour, alone to Thee, If I no faith possessed, Or long Thy gracious voice to hear? O check my doubt, or calm my fear, And soothe my soul to rest.



FOR THE WEEKS A

rd, my little faith increase, the raging waters, peace, calm my troubled heart; ; or short my onward course, id no future tempest's force, you Thy grace impart.

The sins be forgiven Thee. Matt. ix.

get the ways I trod, re remembered more of God; remembered are by me, re forgotten, Lord, by Thee. as I to Thee repair, en is Thy house of prayer, itten o'er my Father's hall e of that poor prodigal. uld I turn from day to day, ng o'er all that's past away; my Father's house return, pre and more abasement learn: my I ever strive to know it, my weakness, and my woe, t length I come to see ty soul and self in Thee. s shall then become a flood may be mingled with Thy blood, w into my heart again, rash away each hidden stain; made clean, a welcome guest, y table may find rest, with that robe of countless price iding on that sacrifice.

Called in the Lord. 1 Cor. vii.

ER ground can no man lay;

takes eur ains away;

the foundation is;

shall stand, and only this.

framed in Him we are;

be building rises fair;

to a temple rise,

by Him who fills the akies.

as in one body up,

i in one immortal hope:

he Spirit, whom we claim;

he pure baptismal flame:

he faith, one common Lord,

he Father lives adored,

us and in us still,

noomprehensible.

2	The night is wellnigh spent, my soul, The night is wellnigh spent,
	And som above our heads shall beam
	A glorious firmament:
	Unutterably pure and bright.
	The Lamb, once slain, its perfect light,
	A light unchanging and divine,
	A star that shall unclouded shine,
	And setting never.

Whom He loveth He chasteneth. Heb. xii. 1360

1 THERE is a rest from sin and sorrow, There is a land of perfect peace: In patience wait; a brighter morrow Shall bid thy toils and conflicts cease. O not in vain the clouds are pouring Their fulness o'er the thirsty earth; They come, its faded green restoring, They come to give new verdure birth.

2 O not in vain the share is driven Down in the soft and yielding sod; In furrows deep, designed of Heaven, Is cast the precious seed of God. And not in vain the rod that chastens;

And not in vain the tears that flow; With winged speed the moment hastens, When thou the need of all shalt know.

1361 Now it is high time to awake out of sleep. Rom. xiii. 1 BRIDE of the Lamb, awake, awake: Why sleep for sorrow now?

The hope of glory, Christ, is thine, A child of glory thou. Thy spirit through the lonely night, From earthly joy apart,

Hath aighed for One that's far away, The Bridegroom of thy heart. 2 But see, the night is waning fast, The breaking morn is near;

And Jesus comes with voice of love, Thy drooping heart to cheer. He comes, for O, His yearning heart No more can bear delay: To scenes of full unmingled joy He calls His Bride away.

3 This earth, the scene of all His woe, A homeless wild to thee, Full soon upon His heavenly throne Its rightful King shall see.

Thou too shalt reign: He will not wear His crown of joy alone; And earth His royal Bride shall see Beside Him on the throne.

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- 2 Let our hearts within us burn, Listening to Thy voice of love; Let us now Thy flesh discern, Let Thy blood our sorrow move; In the bread and in the wine Let us taste Thy life divine.
- 3 If Thy flesh is meat indeed, If Thy blood is drink divine, Cease we on our husks to feed, Cease for stolen streams to pine: Let the world on such be fed; Evermore give us this bread.
- 4 Father, Holy Ghost, assist
 Us who through the Son draw nigh;
 Christ, receive our eucharist,
 Till Thou meet us in the sky.
 Then the vine's true fruit we see,
 Then we drink it new with Thee.

1365 Let us keep the feast. 1 Cor. v.

- 1 Sweer feast of love divine!
 'Tis grace that makes us free
 To feed upon this bread and wine,
 In memory, Lord, of Thee.
 Here every welcome guest
 Waits, Lord, from Thee to learn
 The secrets of Thy Father's breast
 And all Thy grace discern.
- 2 Here conscience ends its strife, And faith delights to prove The sweetness of the bread of life, The fulness of Thy love. That blood that flowed for sin In symbol here we see,

In symbol here we see,
And feel the blessed pledge within,
That we are loved of Thee.

In the we are loved to these.

3 O, if this glimpse of love
Is so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord, above,
Thy gladdening smile to meet,
To see Thee face to face,
Thy perfect likeness wear,
And all Thy ways of wondrous grace
Through endless years declare?

1366 The armour of righteousness. 2 Cor. vi.

1 Help, Lord: Thou know'st that they,
Who seek our souls to slay,
Are mightier far than we:
O strong to save from harm,
Thy trembling servants arm
With Thine own panoply

- 2 O'er rugged ways we toil; Let then our feet the while With Gospel peace be shod; And in our hands, for ward, Bear we the Spirit's sword, The living Word of God.
- 3 Give us the shield of faith, So darts of hell and death Shall round us harmless fly; And when we faint, let prayer Rise spirit-winged, and bear New succours from on high.
- 4 O Thou, the eternal Son,
 Who hast the victory won,
 With us in battle be;
 Then nought our march shall stay,
 Till at our feet we lay
 The soul's last enemy.

1367 Unto Him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus. Eph. iii.

- 1 Lo. the Almighty Father's Son Quits for earth His heavenly rest, As a stone descending down Severed from the mountain's breast. Of both dwellings He alone Is the uniting corner-stone.
- 2 Ever sounds with holy hymn That abode of saints on high, Echoing to the Seraphim God in Trinal Unity: Joined with these, in hymns of praise We our rival voices raise.
- 3 O'er our temples, Lord of all,
 Thy benignant light extend,
 There be present to our call,
 There Thy people's rows attend:
 And our fainting souls imbue
 Ever with Thy heavenly dew.
- 4 There may still the meek request
 Of the faithful heart obtain
 Foretaste of those mansions blest,
 And enjoy the precious gain,
 Till, from carnal hindrance free,
 We those blessed mansions see.
- 5 Now be to the Father done
 Homage, as at all times meet,
 To the Father's only Son,
 To the Holy Paraclete;
 Homage such as all things owe,
 Saints above, and men below.

1368 Thou knowest the heart. 1 Kings viii.

l FATHER of all, who from Thy throne
Beholdest all that each man does,
Let us in conscious gladness own
Thine eye is always over us.
Let us delight to choose Thy way,
To keep our Saviour in our sight,
To walk as children of the day,
To take the armour of the light.

2 A tender father's earnest eye,
A mother's fond and tearful heart,
Image Thy care, and best supply
The thought of what to us Thou art;
O grant us childlike faith in Thee,
And teach us all our Father's love,
That on our journey glad and free
Our feet may seek Thy rest above.

1369 Not such peace as the world giveth, give I you. John xiv.

Peace that passeth understanding,
Peace to calm the bosom's strife,
Peace the winds and waves commanding
On this stormy sea of life,
Peace, the wounded spirit healing,
Peace, the love of Christ revealing,
Peace, O God, Thy peace impart;
Thou of peace the author art.

2 Peace to keep our minds for ever
In Thy faith, Thy fear, Thy way;
Peace, to keep our hearts that never
Thought, desire, or feeling stray;
Peace, to soothe in every trial,
Peace, to soften self-denial,
Peace, our daily cross to take,
Grant us, for our Saviour's sake.

War with all the powers of evil We must every moment wage,
Of the world, the flesh, the devil,
Scorn the friendship, falsehood, rage;
Though by foes and perils haunted,
We shall pass unharmed, undaunted,
God's whole armour if we wear,
Watching ever unto prayer.

1370 Behold, I stand at the door and knock. Rev. iii.

 How long the time since Christ began To call in vain on me!

Deaf to His warning voice, I ran Through paths of vanity. 5

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- 2 The light my path surrounding,
 The loves to which I cling,
 The hopes within me bounding,
 The joys that round me wing,
 All, all, like stars at even,
 Just gleam and shoot away,
 Pass on before to heaven
 And chide at my delay.
- 3 The friends gone there before me Are calling me from high, And happy angels o'er me Tempt sweetly to the aky. Why wait, they say, and wither 'Mid scenes of death and sin? Arise to glory hither, And find true life begin.
- 4 I hear the invitation, And fain would rise and come, A sinner to salvation, An exile to his home. But, while I here must linger, Thus, thus let all I see Point on with faithful finger To heaven, O Lord, and Thee.

1373 The Lord shall be unto thee an ever-

- 1 As the dove with weary wing
 Hastened to the sheltering ark,
 So, O Lord, to Thee I cling;
 All around is drear and dark;
 Only in Thy words of cheering
 Is a single gleam appearing.
- 2 'Him that cometh unto Me I in no wise will cast out:' To this shelter I would flee; Lord, remove each lingering doubt; Grant to me Thy full salvation, Set me free from condemnation.
- 3 In Thine ark is refuge found
 From the floods of woe and sin:
 Fiercely rage the waters round;
 Stretch Thine arm and take me in;
 For the souls whom Thou receivest
 In their need Thou never leavest.

1374 Lord, that I may receive my sight. Luke Xviii.

1 Sow of David, throned in light, Thou wert eyes unto the blind. Lord, that I may have my sight, Heal the darkness of my mind; That I may behold Thy face In the glory of Thy grace. '2 Give me in Thy light to see
Things invisible to sense,
Future things as they shall be,
Truth in all its evidence;
That my feet may keep the road
Leading to Thy high abode.

3 On the open volume shine,
That I there may read aright
All the mystery divine
Beaming on my inmost sight;
Till Thy glory's mirrored rays
Shall transform me as I gaze.

1375 Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Rom. vili.

- 1 Mr soul, go boldly forth, Forsake this sinful earth; What hath it been to thee But pain and sorrow? And thinkest thou 'twill be More kind to-morrow?
- 2 Thy God, thy Head's above; There is the world of love; Mansions are purchased there By Christ's own merit; For these He doth prepare Thee by His Spirit.
- 3 God is essential love;
 And all His saints above
 Are like unto Him made,
 Each in his measure:
 Love is their life and trade,
 Love is their pleasure.
- 4 Lord Jesus, take my spirit; I trust Thy saving merit; Take home Thy wandering sheep, For Thou hast sought it; My soul in safety keep, For Thou hast bought it.

1376 Because I live, ye shall live also. John xiv.

- 1 O Gop, in whom the happy dead Still live, united to their Head, Their Lord and ours the same. For all Thy saints, to memory dear, Departed in Thy faith and fear, We bless Thy holy name.
- 2 By the same grace upheld, may we So follow those who followed Thee, As with them to partake The free reward of heavenly bliss; Merciful Father, grant us this For our Redeemer's sake.

PSALMS AND HYMNS

77 When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory. Col. iii.

s the Church to-day rejoices All her saints in one to join, from earth let all our voices Rise in melody divine. ary leads the sacred story, Mary, with her heavenly Child: sarer with Him now in glory, Maid and mother undefiled ngels next, in due gradation Of their ninefold ministry, ymn the Father of creation Maker of the stars on high. ext to Christ the Apostles scated Trampling on the powers of hell, y the promise now completed, Judge the tribes of Israel. hey who nobly died believing, Martyrs purpled in their gore, rowns of life by death receiving, Rest in joy for evermore. il are blest together praising God's eternal majesty, brice-repeated anthems raising To the holy Trinity. Amen.

78 Called unto the marriage-supper of the Lamb. Rev. xix.

RIDE of Christ, to whom 'tis given For thy Lord to strive and die. hant aloud the song of heaven, Sing the triumph of the sky. t this festive day, combining Saints below with saints above, ear them all their voices joining, Fraught with melody and love. sader of the ransomed nation, See the Father's holy Son, ho was slain for our salvation, Who for us the victory won. e the ministering spirits, All the blest angelic throng, raising their Creator's merits In a never-failing song. rinces of the hosts of heaven. See the twelve the chorus swell, ho, with power by Jesus given, Judge the tribes of Israel e each life-despising martyr, Robed in blood-stained vest on high, he rejoiced his life to barter For a crown above the sky.

- 4 See the faithful, all collected,
 Happy in their blest abode,
 Who the world's vain joys rejected
 For their Saviour and their God.
 All, with joy their voices raising,
 Glory to their God proclaim,
 His thrice-mighty power are praising,
 Lauding His thrice-glorious name.
- 5 Happy saints with every blessing,
 Every joy your God can give:
 O may we, such joy possessing,
 Now in holy union live!
 May we ever walk before Him
 Here on earth in faithful love;
 Joined with you, may we adore Him
 Glorious in the realms above! Amen.

1379 So great a cloud of witnesses.

- 1 BE mine the wings of faith, to rise Within the veil, and see The saints above, how great their joys, How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourners here below, And poured out cries and tears: They wrestled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came; And they, with blended breath, Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb, Their triumph to His death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that He trod; His zeal inspired their breast; And, following their incarnate God, They gained the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader we will bless For His great pattern given, And for the cloud of witnesses Who trod His path to heaven.

1380 What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? Rov. vii.

1 How bright those glorious spirits shine! Whence all their white array? How came they to the blissful seats Of everlasting day? Lo, these are they from sufferings great Who came to realms of light, And in the blood of Christ have washed Those robes, which shine so bright.

- 2 Now with triumphant palms they stand Before the throne on high, And serve the God they love amidst The glories of the sky. Hunger and thirst are felt no more, Nor sun with scorehing ray; God is their Sun, whose cheering beams Diffuse eternal day.
- 3 The Lamb, who reigns upon the throne, Shall o'er them still preside, Feed them with nourishment divine, And all their footsteps guide. 'Mid pastures green He'll lead His flock, Where living streams appear; And God the Lord from every eye Shall wipe off every tear.

1381 Glorified in His saints. 2 Thess, i.

- 1 Who are those before God's throne? What the shining host I see? As the sky with stars thick-strown Is their glorious company. Hallelujah, hark, they sing; Solemn praise to God they bring.
- 2 Who are those that in their hands Bear aloft the conquerors' palm, As one o'er a forman stands, Fallen 'neath His mighty arm? What the war and what the strife Whence came such victorious life?
- 3 Who are those arrayed in white, Clothed in righteousness divine, Wearing robes most pure and bright, That unstained shall ever ahine, That can never more decay? Whence came all this bright array?
- 4 These are they who, strong in faith,
 Battled for the mighty God;
 Conquerors o'er ain and death,
 Following not the crowded road:
 Through the Lamb who once was slain
 Did they such high victory gain.

PART II

5 These are they who much have borne, Toil and sorrow, pain and care, Who have wrestled night and morn With the mighty God in prayer. Now their strife hath found its close, God hath turned away their woes.

- 6 They are branches of that Stem
 Who hath our salvation been;
 In the blood He shed for them
 Have they made their raiment clean:
 Hence they wear such radiant dress,
 Clad in spotless holiness.
- 7 As the deer at noonday pant
 For the river fresh and clear,
 Did they ofttimes long and faint
 For the living fountain here.
 Now their thirst is quenched, they dwell
 With the Lord they loved so well.
- 8 Ah. that bliss can ne'er be told:
 When, with all that army bright,
 Thee, my Lord, shall I behold,
 Shining, star-like, in Thy might?
 Saviour, thanks be brought to Thee,
 Praise through all eternity. Amen.

1382 They are before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple. Rav. vii.

- 1 Who are these like stars appearing, These, before God's throne who stand? Each a golden crown is wearing: Who are all this glorious band? Alleluia, bark, they sing, Praising loud their heavenly King.
- 2 Who are these in dazzling brightness, Clothed in God's own righteousness; These, whose robes of purest whiteness Shall their lustre still possess, Still untouched by time's rude hand; Whence came all this glorious band?
- 3 These are they who have contended
 For their Saviour's honour long,
 Wrestling on till life was ended,
 Following not the sinful throng;
 These, who well the fight sustained,
 Triumph by the Lamb have gained.
- 4 These are they whose hearts were riven, Sore with woe and anguish tried, Who in prayer full oft have striven With the God they glorified; Now their painful conflict o'er, God has bid them weep no more.
- 5 These, the Almighty contemplating,
 Did as priests before Him stand,
 Soul and body always waiting
 Day and night at His command:
 Now in God's most holy place
 Blest they stand before His face. Amen.

1383 Thou King of satuts. Rev. XV:

- 1 Lo, round the throne, at God's right hand,
 The saints, in countless myriads, stand,
 Of every tongue, redeemed to God,
 Arrayed in garments washed with blood.
 Through tribulation great they came;
 They bore the cross, despised the shame;
 From all their labours now they rest,
 In God's eternal glory blest.
- 2 Hunger and thirst they feel no more;
 Nor sin, nor pain nor death deplore:
 The tears are wiped from every eye,
 And sorrows yield to endless joy.
 They see their Saviour face to face,
 And sing the triumphs of His grace;
 Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
 And loud their hallelujahs raise.
- 3 'Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain, Through endless years to live and reign, Who has redeemed us with His blood, And made us kings and priests to God.' Praise God from whom all blessings flow, &c.

1384. Then face to face. 1 Cor. xiii.

- 1 Is there be that akills to reckon All the number of the blest, He perchance can weigh the gladness Of the everlasting rest, Which—their earthly warfare finished— They through suffering have possest.
- 2 Through the vale of lamentation Happily and safely passed, Now the years of their affliction In their memory they recast: And the end of all perfection They can contemplate at last.
- 3 For they see their cruel tempter Overthrown for evermore; To the Saviour, that redeemed them, Those redeemed praises pour, And the Monarch that rewards them Those rewarded saints adore.
- 4 Through a glass, through types and shadows,
 Darkly here we see alone;
 There serenely, purely, clearly,
 We shall know as we are known,
 Fixing our calightened vision
 On the glory of the throne.

1385 Clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands. Ray, vil.

- 1 PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
 Crowns that never fade away,
 Gird and deck the saints in light,—
 Priests, and kings, and cooquerors they.
 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
 To the Lamb amidst the throne,
 And proclaim, in joyful pealms,
 Victory through His cross alone.
- 2 Kings their crowns for harps resign, Crying, as they strike the chords, 'Take the kingdom—it is Thine, King of kings and Lord of lords.' Round the altar, priests confess— If these robes are white as anow,' 'Twas the Saviour's righteousness, And His blood, that made them so.
- 3 Who were these? on earth they dwelt,
 Sinners once of Adam's race;
 Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
 But were saved from all by grace.
 They were mortal, too, like us;
 Ah, when we like them shall die,
 May our souls, translated thus,
 Triumph, reign, and shine on high!

1386 The whole family. Eph. iii.

- 1 Ours is the grief, who still are left In this far wilderness, Which will at times, now they are gone, Seem blank and comfortless: For moments spent with loving hearts Are breezes from the hills; The balm of Christian brotherhood Like Eden's dew distils:
- 2 And we, whose footsteps and whose hearts
 So often fail and faint,
 Seem ill to spare the cheering voice
 Of one departed saint.
 But O, we sorrow not like those
 Whom no bright hopes sustain,
 For them who sleep in Jesus, God
 Will with Him bring again.
- 3 Love craves the presence and the sight Of all its well-beloved,
 And therefore weep we in the homes Whence they are far removed;
 Love craves the presence and the sight Of each beloved one,
 And therefore Jesus spake the word Which caught them to His throne.

FOR THE WEEKS AFTER TRINITY.

4 Thus heaven is gathering, one by one,
In its capacious breast
All that is pure and permanent,
And beautiful, and blest.
The family is scattered yet,
Though of one home and heart;
Part militant in earthly gloom,

In heavenly glory part.

- 5 But who can speak the rapture when
 The circle is complete,
 And all the children, sundered now,
 Around one Father meet,
 One fold, one Shepherd, one employ,
 One everlasting home?
 Lo, I come quickly. Even so:
 Amen, Lord Jesus, come.
- 1387 They were stoned, they were sawn assumer, were tempted, were slain with the sword: of whom the world was not worthy. Heb. xl.
- 1 Blessèd feasts of blessèd martyrs,
 Saintly days of saintly men,
 With affection's recollections
 Greet we your return again.
 Mighty deeds they wrought, and wonders,
 While a frame of flesh they bore;
 We with meetest praise, and sweetest,
 Honour them for evermore.
- 2 Faith unblenching, hope unquenching, Love to God, and single heart, Thus they glorious and victorious Bore the martyr's happy part. While they passed through countless tortures, Till they sank by death opprest,

Till they sank by death opprest, Earth's rejected were elected To have portion with the blest.

3 They are made co-heirs of glory,
And they rest with Christ on high:
He their crying heard and sighing:
May He also hear our cry,
Till, this weary life completed,
And its many labours past,
He shall call us and install us
In our Father's home at last! Amen.

1388 Stain for the word of God. Rev. vii.

1 THE Son of God goes forth to war, A kingly crown to gain, His blood-red banner streams afar; Who follows in His train? Who best can drink His cup of woe, Triumphant over pain, Who patient bears His cross below, He follows in His train.

- 2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave,
 Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And called on Him to save;
 Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He prayed for them that did the wrong;
 Who follows in his train?
- 3 A glorious band, the chosen few
 On whom the Spirit came,
 Twelve valiant saints; their hope they
 knew
 And mocked the cross and flame.
 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
 The lion's gory mane;
 They bowed their necks the death to feel;
 Who follows in their train?
- 4 A noble army, men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around their Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light arrayed:
 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
 Through peril, toil, and pain:
 O God, to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train! Amen.

1389 Thy dead men shall live. Isalah XXVI.

1 The triumphs of the martyred saints
The joyous lay demand:
The heart delights in song to dwell
On that victorious band:
Those whom the senseless world abhorred
Who cast the world aside,
Deemed fruitless, worthless, for the sake
Of Christ, their Lord and Guide.

2 For Thee they braved the tyrant's rage,
The scourge's cruel smart;
The wild beast's claw their bodies tore,
But vanquished not the heart.
Like lambs before the sword they fell,
Nor cry nor plaint exprest;
For patience kept the conscious mind,
And armed the fearless breast.

PSALMS AND HYMNS

3 What tongue can tell Thy crown prepared
To wreath the martyr's head?
What voice Thy robe of white to clothe
His limbs with torture red?
Vouchsafe us, Lord, if such Thy will,
Clear skies and seasons calm:
If not, the martyr's cross to bear
And win the martyr's palm.

1390

I die daily. 1 Cor. xv.

- 1 Nor by the martyr's death alone
 The martyr's crown in heaven is won;
 There is a triumph set on high
 For bloodless fields of victory.
- 2 What though not taught the flame to feel, The lion's den, the torturing wheel? Himself his constant enemy, He learns a living death to die.
- 3 What though nor scourge nor chain be there, Nor stake nor executioner? To those prepared with Christ to die All these will charity supply.
- 4 The rebel flesh when self-control Hath tained, and faith the wayward soul, Love with her torchlight from the skies Shall fire the holy sacrifice.
- 5 So, Christ, our hearts unto Thee turn, That we to die through life may learn, And thus, beyond brief life, in Thee May find a glad eternity. Amen.

1391 I see the heavens opened. Acts vil.

- 1 Our mortal eyes are all too dim
 To see heaven's countless seraphim
 Encamped Christ's church around;
 Our mortal ears too dull to hear
 Angelic voices, close and clear,
 But in earth's uproar drowned.
- 2 Yet moments, few and brief, have been When faith's enfranchised eye hath seen Beyond this mortal night; When some strong effort of the heart Hath rent earth's shadowy veil apart, And brought all heaven in sight.
- 3 First of the martyrs, thus to thee
 'Twas given thy Saviour's self to see,
 At God's right hand revealed;
 Whom once beheld, what marvel thou
 With patient cheer and stedfast brow
 Thy saintly soul shouldst yield?

4 Lord, on our darkling spirits shine
With those refulgent beams of Thine,
Which kindle faith and love;
That we Thy presence may discern,
And so, through earth's afflictions, learn
To win our crown above.

1392 Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. Rev. ii.

- 1 First of martyrs, thou whose name Doth thy golden crown proclaim; Not of flowers that fade away Weave we this thy crown to-day.
- 2 Bright the stones, which bruise thee, gleam, Sprinkled with thy life-blood's stream; Stars around thy sainted head Never could such radiance shed.
- 3 Every wound upon thy brow Sparkles with unearthly glow; Like an angel's is thy face Beaming with celestial grace.
- 4 O how blessed first to be Slain for Him who bled for thee; First like Him in dying hour Witness to Almighty power;
- 5 First to follow where He trod Through the deep Red Sea of blood; First; but in thy footsteps press Saints and martyrs numberless.
- 6 Glory to the Father be; Glory, Virgin-born, to Thee; Glory to the Holy Ghost, Praised by men and heavenly host. Amen.

1393 Lord Jessu, receive my spirit. Acta li.

1 Head of the Church triumphant,
We joyfully adore Thee;
Till Thou appear,
Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear,
While Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation;

The world, with sin and Satan, In vain our march opposes: By Thee we shall Break through them all, Ere death our conflict closes.

3 By faith we see the glory
To which Thon shalt restore us;
The world despise
For that high prize
Which Thon hast set before us;
And if Thon count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand
At God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

1394 Come, Lord Jesus. Rev. xxil.

- 1 Nor unto us, to Thee, O Lord,
 Be praise and glory given
 For every gracious thought and word
 Which brings us nearer heaven.
 Thy saints are in Thy faithful hand,
 Secure beneath Thine eye;
 And safe at last they all shall stand
 Before Thy throne on high.
- 2 Redeemed from sin, and saved by grace, Thy glory they shall see, And eye to eye, and face to face, For ever dwell with Thee. O hasten, Lord, the glorious day: Call all Thy children home; Teach us, with humble hope, to say, Lord Jesu, quickly come. Amen.

1395 The former things are passed away.

- 1 Praise to the Lord, for they are past,
 They are gone safe before;
 They have borne the wildest tempest-blast
 And heard the last storm roar:
 Shout to the Captain of our great salvation:
 - He brings His own redeemed from every nation.
- 2 Mourners they were, they weep not now; Sick, now they know not pain; And glory shines on every brow Of that once feeble train. Shout, &c.
- 3 There are Judea's martyr band, There Cappadocia's sons;

- And, bright and beautiful, there stand Our own beloved ones. Shout, &c.
- 4 O blest and beautiful and bright, How fair their white robes gleam! O to behold the glorious sight With not a veil between! Shout. &c.
- 5 Yet once, like ours, each aching brow Throbbed to the sultry noon; Their spirits sank, as ours do now, From midnight's chilling moon. Shout, &c.
- 6 And once, like us, with trembling fears, Their unknown path they viewed; Now God has wiped away the tears From all that multitud Shout. &c.
- 7 Shout, they have gained their rest at last.
 The port where they would be;
 Through adverse gales and tempest's blast
 Their followers still are we.
 Hasten, Thou Captain of Thy saints' salvation,
 Bring home Thine own redeemed from

1396 Your fathers, where are they? Zech. i.

every nation.

- 1 The ancient days were days of might, In forms of greatness moulded, And flowers of heaven grew on the earth, Within the Church unfolded: For grace fell fast as summer dew, And saints to gisht stature grew.
- 2 But one by one the gifts are gone
 That in the Church resided,
 And gone the Spirit's living light
 That on her walls abided,
 When by our shrines He came to dwell,
 In power and presence visible.
- 3 A blight hath past upon the Church,
 Her summer hath departed;
 The chill of age is on her sons,
 So cold and fearful-hearted:
 And sad, amid neglect and scorn,
 Our mother aits and weeps forlorn.
- 4 Smaller and smaller still each year
 The holy circle groweth,
 And what the end of all shall be
 Nor man nor angel knoweth:
 And so we wait and watch in fear:—
 It may be that the Lord is near.

1397 Ask for the old paths. Jet. vi.

1 WHY should we wander from the ways Our wise forefathers trod, Or, in these cold degenerate days, Forsake the Church of God? They loved the venerable dome. Where still their ashes lie, The saints' abode, the martyrs' home, The portal of the sky.

- 2 For there upon their infant brow The sacred sign was made, The token of the Christian vow, Till death to be obeyed. Their youthful lips full oft had joined The psalms that echoed there, And there they bent with lowly mind To mingle praise with prayer.
- 3 There did their faltering accents plight The vows of mutual faith. There did the white-robed priest unite Their hands and lives till death. There, constant in the well-loved place, Each Sabbath saw them throng, With reverent step and serious face, The sounding aisles along.
- 4 They loved the floor their fathers trod For many an age long past; It was the ancient house of God, Through many an age to last The table of the Lord they sought, Each festival of love; Their gifts, but most their hearts, they brought, To yield to God above.
- 5 They heard with humble thankfulness What Christ for them achieved: And what they heard in ancient days Our simple sires believed. They lived in unity and peace, Nor party discord knew. Like angel bands in holiness, And ready service too.
- 6 Yet, in the hour of trial brave, When persecution came, They fought, their injured Church to save, And bore the martyr's flame. And since the same great truth is ours, For which they fought and bled, Since the same Holy Spirit pours His unction on our head;

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Send it where the pilgrim stranger
Faints beneath the burning ray;
Bid the wandering forest-ranger
Hail it, ere he fades away.

- 2 Where the arctic ocean thunders, Where the tropics fiercely glow, Broadly spread its page of wonders, Brightly let its radiance flow. India sees its lustre stealing; Distant Greenland owns its rays; Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling. Pours at length her strains of praise.
- 3 Rude in speech, or grim in feature, Dark in spirit though they be, Show that light to every creature, Prince or vassal, bond or free. Lo, they haste to every station; Hosts on hosts the ranks supply: Onward! Christ is your salvation, And your death is victory.

1401 Preach the Word. 2 Tim. iv.

- 1 SOLDIERS of the Cross, arise,
 Gird you with your armour bright;
 Mighty are your enemies,
 Hard the battle ye must fight.
 O'er a faithless fallen world
 Raise your banner in the sky;
 Let it float there wide unfurled;
 Bear it onward, lift it high.
- 2 'Mid the homes of want and woe, Strangers to the living Word, Let the Saviour's herald go, Let the voice of hope be heard. Where the shadows deepest lie, Carry truth's unsullied ray; Where are crimes of blackest dye, There the saving sign display.
- 3 To the weary and the worn
 Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
 To the outcast and forlorn
 Speak of mercy and of peace,
 Guard the helpless, seek the strayed,
 Comfort trouble, banish grief;
 With the Spirit's sword arrayed,
 Scatter sin and unbelief.
- 4 Be the banner still unfurled,
 Bear it bravely still abroad,
 Till the kingdoms of the world
 Are the kingdoms of the Lord.

Praise with songs of holy glee,
Saints of earth and heavenly host,
Godhead One in Persons Three,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Amen.

1402 The fields are white already to harvest. John iv.

- 1 LORD of the harvest, sent by Thee, Forth at Thy word Thy labourers go; Already white the fields we see, Our glorious fruit with joy we know. Who sow beneath in toils and tears Shall reap in everlasting years.
- 2 Fishers of men, the world's wide main Before us lies; our task is Thine; Though foiled, we cast our nets again, Nor weary in the work divine; The mingled multitude we snare, Till Thou the bad from good declare.
- 3 O breathe upon Thy servants now, And say, 'The Holy Ghost receive;' Lowly and pure in life as Thou Grant us before the world to live, Ordained Thine heritage to lead, Thy house to build, Thy flock to feed.

1403 Send out Thy light and Thy truch.

- 1 Go, ye messengers of God; Like the beams of morning fly; Take the wonder-working rod; Wave the bannered Cross on high.
- 2 Where the aspiring minaret Gleams along the morning akies, Wave it till the crescent set, And the star of Jacob rise.
- 3 Go to many a tropic isle
 In the bosom of the deep,
 Where the skies for ever smile,
 And the opprest for ever weep.
- 4 Where the splendid gates of day Open on the palmy East, Wide the bleeding Cross display, Spread the gospel's richest feast.
- 5 Sound aloud Jehovah's call, Visit every soil and sea; Preach the Cross of Christ to all, Fount of life and liberty.

PSALMS AND HYMNS

)4 Christ loved the Church. Bph. v.

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HUBCH of the everlasting God, The Father's gracious choice, amidst the voices of this earth How feeble is thy voice!

Thy words, amidst the words of earth, How noiseless and how low; amidst the hurrying crowds of time, Thy step how calm and alow!

lut 'mid the wrinkled brows of earth,
Thy brow how free from care;
lid the fushed cheeks of riot here,
Thy cheek how pale and fair!
midst the restless eyes of earth,
How stedfast is thine eye,

PART IL

ixed on the silent loneliness

Of the far eastern sky!

- Little flock! So calls He thee, Who bought thee with His blood; Little flock, disowned of men, But owned and loved of God.
- Little flock! So calls He thee; Church of the first-born, hear; he not ashamed to own the name; It is no name of fear.
- little flock! Not many rich, Not many great or wise; They whom God makes His kings and priests Are poor in human eyes.
- l little flock! Yes, even so;
 A handful among men:
 such is the purpose of thy God;
 So willeth He. Amen.

PART III.

h little flock! 'Tis well, 'tis well; Such be her lot and name; Through ages past it has been so, And now 'tis still the same.

Int the chief Shepherd comes at length;
 Her feeble days are o'er;
 To more a handful on the earth,
 A little flock no more;

Weary, and faint, and few, but countless as the stars of heaven, Or as the early dew.

- 12 Then entering the eternal halls In robes of victory, That mighty multitude shall keep The joyous jubiles.
- 13 Unfading palms they bear aloft, Unfaltering songs they aing, Unending festivals they keep, In presence of the King.

1405 Elernal in the heavens. 2 Cor. v.

- 1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
 To mourning wanderers given;
 There is a joy for souls distrest,
 A balm for every wounded breast:
 Tis found above, in heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls
 By sin and sorrow driven,
 When tost on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
 And all is dark but heaven.
- 3 There faith looks up with courage high, That long and well hath striven: And lo, the evening shadows fly, The muttering storm rolls swiftly by, And all is calm in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom, And joys supreme are given; There rays divine disperse the gloom Beyond the confines of the tomb Appears the dawn of heaven.

1406 Ye are fellow-clithens with the saints. Eph. ii.

- 1 YE that put on the heavenly crown, And sing with seraphim, Brethren in glory, bend ye down, And aid our faltering hymn. Come let us sing the one great Head, The selfsame power to eave, Ye who in bliss are perfected, And we beside the grave.
- 2 Glory to Him who tasted death
 That all might life receive;
 Who trusts in Him with stedfast faith,
 Though he were dead, shall live.
 Glory to Him who won the strife
 And is gone up on high,
 The Resurrection and the Life,
 In whom we never die.

3 Glory from us, who think Him long
And for His coming wait;
And glory from yon palm-crowned throng
Within the pearly gate.
When wilt Thou be at once adored
By one Church, in one home?
O speed the time; delay not, Lord:—
Lord Jesus, quickly come.

1407 Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. 1 Thess. iv.

1 FRIEND after friend departs;

Who hath not lost a friend?

There is no union here of hearts That finds not here an end. Were this frail world our final rest, Living or dying none were blest. 2 Beyond the flight of time. Beyond the reign of death, There surely is some blessed clime Where life is not a breath, Nor life's affections transient fire, Whose sparks fly upward and expire. 3 There is a world above Where parting is unknown, A long eternity of love Formed for the good alone; And faith beholds the dying here Translated to that glorious sphere. 4 Thus star by star declines, Till all are past away, As morning high and higher shines To pure and perfect day; Nor sink those stars in empty night, But hide themselves in heaven's own

1408 Damsel, I say to thee, Arise. Mark v.

light.

1 FRIENDS and parents lingered weeping
Round her body where it lay;
Was she dead or only sleeping?
Had the spirit left the clay?

2 By her side the Saviour standeth; Minstrels, mourners, all have fled (So the Lord of life commandeth) From the chamber of the dead.

3 Gently now her hand He taketh, Saith unto her, 'Maid, arise;' Lo, she stirreth, she awaketh, Fixeth on the Lord her eyes.

4 He the word divine hath spoken Which both death and hell obey; He the captive's chain hath broken, Spoiled the spoiler of his prey. 5 He shall by His Cross demolish Sin's dominion, Satan's might, Death and ail his reign abolish, Bring eternal life to light.

1409 By every word of the Lord doth man live. Dout, viii,

1 In Thee we live, and move, and are; Thou dealest out our days: As thou renew'st our being, Lord, May we renew Thy praise.

2 Thy bounty gives us bread with peace, A table free from strife; Thy blessing is the staff of bread, Which is the staff of life.

3 The daily favours of our God
We cannot sing at large;
Yet let us make this holy boast,
We are the Almighty's charge.

4 Lord, in the day Thou art about The paths wherein we tread; And in the night, when we lie down, Thou art about our bed.

5 O let each house a temple be, That we and ours may sing Hosannas to Thy majesty, And praise our heavenly King.

1410 Your Pather knoweth that ye have need of these things. Luke xil.

1 AUTHOR of good, to Thee we turn,
To Thee for help we cry:
Thine eye can all our wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.
O let Thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide:
That love shall vain desires expel,
That fear, all fear beside.

2 Alas, by passion's force subdued, Too oft, with stubborn will, We blindly shun the offered good, And grasp the specious ill. Not to our wish, but to our want, Do Thou Thy gifts supply: The good, unasked, in mercy grant, The ill, though asked, deny.

3 Food, raiment, dwelling, health, and friends, Thou, Lord, hast made our lot;

With Thee our blies begins and ends,
As we are Thine, or not.

PSALMS AND HYMNS

r these we bend the humble knee, Our thankful spirits bow; it from Thy gifts we turn to Thee: Be Thou our portion, Thou.

I Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost. John vi.

s are the cattle on the steep, The beasts that roam the wood e fowls that skim the airy deep, The tenants of the flood; t He who owns this countless host Of earth and sea and sky, mmands that nothing should be lost, No fragment useless lie. nce may we learn unceasing care Of all our gifts to take, id grace to seek, in earnest prayer, Right use of all to make. is earthly store, or less or more, But for a day is lent; selfish use, or waste profuse, No portion must be spent. whatsoever gift possest, What grace soe'er is given, let us use it as may best Prepare our souls for heaven. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, The God whom we adore, m men and from the heavenly host Be glory evermore. Amen.

2 Manifest in the fiesh. 1 Tim. iii. rioux of men, our hope and rest, he round the yearly seasons run, ined by Thy Church, each solemn feast We hail Thee God's incarnate Son. ek after week Thine Advent told, ht length we hail Thee Virgin-born, ile angels to the shepherds' fold hnounce with song redemption's morn.

en, guided by Thy new-formed star, Their gifts the eastern sages bring, Thea, the Gentiles' light from far, ve hail Judea's promised King. hail Thea, to the temple brought, The temple's glory and its Lord; r conflict in the desert fought, ve hail Thee King o'er fiends ab-horred.

- 5 Dark scenes of sorrow come; and lo, In Salem's courts, in Kedron's vale, On that sad hill of shame and woe, Thee Sufferer for our sins we hail.
- 6 Loosed from the tomb that held Thee dead, Ascended to Thy seat on high, And thence Thy holy Spirit shed, We hail Thee crowned with unajesty.
- 7 Hail, blest Redeemer; as we store From feast to feast Thy works in mind, The more we praise and love, the more In Thee the Father's Image find.

1413 The messenger of the covenant.

- 1 O THOU who holdest in Thine hand The stars of light and worlds above, And sendest forth in every land The messengers of truth and love;
- 2 As he did once prepare Thy way, Who came with roughest raiment clad, The herald of that glorious day Which made the gloomy regions glad,
- 3 So bless again, Thou Saviour dear, Thy servants, who Thy word proclaim; So let Thine arm again appear, Make known on earth Thy glorious name.
- 4 Let sinners turn from evil ways, And all Thy saving truth adore; Fill mourning hearts with joyful praise, And spread Thy light from ahore to ahore.

1414 The Word was made flesh. John i.

- 1 Or the Father's love begotten
 Ere the worlds began to be,
 He is Alpha and Omega,
 He the source, the ending He,
 Of the things that are, that have been,
 And that future years shall see,
 Evermore and evermore.
- 2 O that birth for ever blessed, When the Virgin, full of grace, By the Holy Ghost conceiving, Bare the Saviour of our race; And the Babe, the world's Redeemer, First revealed His sacred face, Evermore and evermore.

FOR THE WEEKS AFTER TRINITY.

- 3 This is He whom Seers in old time Chanted of with one accord, Whom the voices of the prophets Promised in their faithful word: Now He shines, the long-expected; Let creation praise its Lord Evermore and evermore.
- 4 O ye heights of heaven, adore Him,
 Angel hosts, His praises sing;
 All dominions, bow before Him,
 And extol our God and King:
 Let no tongue on earth be silent,
 Every voice in concert ring
 Evermore and evermore.
- 5 Thee let old men, Thee let young men,
 Thee let boys in chorus sing,
 Matrons, virgins, little maidens
 With glad voices answering;
 Let their guileless songs re-echo,
 And the heart its praises bring
 Evermore and evermore.
- 6 Christ, to Thee, with God the Father,
 And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
 Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,
 And unwearied praises be,
 Honour, glory, and dominion,
 And eternal victory,
 Evermore and evermore. Amen.

1415 Glory to God in the highest. Luke !i.

- 1 High let us swell our tuneful notes,
 And join the angelic throng;
 For angels no such love have known
 To wake a cheerful song.
 Good-will to sinful man is shown,
 And peace on earth is given;
 For lo, the incarnate Saviour comes
 With light and life from heaven.
- 2 Mercy and truth with sweet accord His rising beams adorn; Let heaven and earth in concert join: To us a Child is born. Glory to God, in highest strains, In all the world be paid, Nor only by our lips proclaimed, But in our lives displayed.

1416 A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord.

Hint we sing, whose wondrous story
 Heaven and earth and seas proclaim,

- Ruler of the realms of glory,
 How from heaven to earth He came:
 Holy Jesus, who was born
 Early on the Christmas morn.
- 2 What though sun and moon adore Him While the rolling ages move, Yet a mortal maiden bore Him, Graced by Heaven's peculiar love: Lo, within a manger lies He who built the starry skies.
- 3 Mother of the world's Creator,
 Happy mother, maiden mild!
 He, who holds the frame of nature
 In His hands, became her Child:
 Sacred Infant all-divine,
 What a tender love was Thine!
- 4 Hark, the angelic host rejoices,
 Sweetly singing in the akies;
 May our thankful hearts and voices
 With their hymns of praise arise!
 Hail the ever-blessed morn,
 Hail redemption's happy dawn! Amen.

1417 That at the name of Jesus every knee might boso. Phil. il.

- 1 This day we hail the holy Name, The Name to which we bend; Jesus the Saviour we proclaim; Their voices angels blend.
 For things above and things below Their homage shall unite, To bow the knee with all who know The Lord of life and light.
- 2 From heaven He came to dwell on earth;
 Our flesh and blood He wore;
 The rite which shadowed forth new birth,
 When eight days old, He bore.
 The sterner law Thou didst fulfil,
 And suffer in our stead;
 To do Thy heavenly Father's will.
- 3 Thy first and last of earthly life
 Was marked by pain and blood;
 The nails and spear, the legal knife,
 Were suffered for our good.
 A bloodless, painless rite is ours;
 Baptised, from guilt set free,
 O may we consecrate our hours,
 Our days, our years, to Thee!

Thy infant blood was shed.

418 In Bethlehem of Juden. Matt. ii.

BETHLEHEM, of noblest cities

None can e'er with thee compare;

Thou alone the Lord from heaven

Didst for us, incarnate, bear.

Fairer than the sun at morning
Shone the star that told His birth,
To the lands their God announcing,
Veiled beneath a form of earth.

By its lambent beauty guided, See the eastern kings appear, See them bend their gifts to offer, Gifts of incense, gold, and myrrh.

Offerings all of mystic meaning: —
Incense doth the God disclose;
Gold a royal Child proclaimeth;
Myrrh the future tomb foreshows.

Holy Jesus, in Thy brightness
To the Gentile world displayed,
With the Father and the Spirit,
Endless praise to Thee be paid. Amen.

419 Evermore give us this bread. John vi.

AWHILE in spirit, Lord, with Thee Into the desert would we flee; Awhile upon the desert steep Our fast with Thee in spirit keep, Awhile from Thy temptation learn The dangerous snares of sin to spurn, And in our hearts to feel and own, 'Man liveth not by bread alone.' Incarnate Lord, we come to Thee: Thou knowest our infirmity; Be Thou our helper in the strife, Be Thou our true, our inward life. And while at Thy command we pray 'Give us our bread from day to day,' May we with Thee, O Christ, be fed, Thou Word of God, Thou living Bread!

420 They two shall be one flesh. Eph. v.

LORD, who at Cana's wedding feast
Didst as a guest appear,
Thou dearer far than earthly guest,
Vouchsafe Thy presence here;
For holy Thou indeed dost prove
The marriage wew to be,
Proclaiming it a type of love
Between the Church and Thee.

2 On those who at Thy altar kneel, O Lord, Thy blessing pour, That each may wake the other's zeal To love Thee more and more. O give them here in peace to live, In purity and love, And, this world leaving, to receive A crown of life above. Amen.

1421 We took sweet counsel together. Palv.

1 How blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds;
How swift the heavenly course they run
Whose hearts, and faith, and hopes are
one;
To each the soul of each how dear,
What jealous care, what holy fear;
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

2 Their streaming tears together flow For human guilt and human wee; Their ardent prayers united rise Like mingling flames in sacrifice; Though death the earthly bond shall rend,

Their severed spirits then ascend, And, in the blissful realms above, Again are blent in endless love.

1422 For my love they are my adversaries; they rewarded me hatred for my love. Ps. cix.

1 WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone Around Thy steps below; What patient love was seen in all Thy life and death of woe!

2 For ever on Thy burdened heart A weight of sorrow hung, Yet no ungentle murmuring word Escaped Thy ailent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile, Thy friends unfaithful prove; Unwearied in forgiveness still, Thy heart could only love.

4 O give us hearts to love like Thee, Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve Far more for others' sins than all The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with Thyself, may every eye
In us, Thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with Thes.

1423 Fear thou not, for I am with thes. Isa. xii.

- 1 O sax not thou art left of God,
 Because His tokens in the sky
 Thou canst not read; this earth He trod
 To teach thee He is ever nigh.
 He sees, beneath the fig-tree green,
 Nathanael con his sacred lore;
 If thou the closet seek, unseen
 He enters through the unopened door.
- 2 And when thou liest in slumber bound, Outwearied in the Christian fight, In glory, girt with saints around, He stands above thee through the night. When mourning friends to Emmans go, He joins, although He hold their eyes; Or, should some fever lay thee low, He takes thy hand, He bids thee rise.
- 3 Or, on a voyage, when calms prevail,
 And hold thee prisoned on the sea,
 He walks the wave, He wings the sail;
 The shore is gained, and thou art
 free.
 To Christ, the Saviour of the lost,
 And, in co-equal Godhead One,
 The Father and the Holy Ghost,
 Be praise, while endless ages run.

1424 Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst. John iv.

- 1 Sweet was the hour, O Lord, to Thee,
 At Sychar's lonely well,
 When a poor outcast heard Thee there
 Thy great salvation tell.
 Thither she came; but O, her heart,
 All filled with earthly care,
 Dreamed not of Thee, nor thought to
 find
 The hope of Israel there.
- 2 Lord, 'twas Thy power unseen that drew
 The stray one to that place,
 In solitude to learn from Thee
 The secrets of Thy grace.
 There Jacob's erring daughter found
 Those streams unknown before,
 The water-brooks of life that make
 The weary thirst no more.
- 3 And, Lord, to us, as vile as she, Thy gracious lips have told That mystery of love, revealed At Jacob's well of old.

- In spirit, Lord, we've sat with Thee Beside the springing well Of life and peace, and heard Thee there Its healing virtues tell.
- 4 Dead to the world, we dream no more
 Of earthly pleasures now;
 Our deep, divine, unfailing spring
 Of grace and glory, Thou.
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, &c.

1425 God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth. John lv.

- 1 O Thou to whom in ancient time
 The Psalmist's sacred harp was strung,
 Whom kings adored in song sublime,
 And prophets praised with glowing
 tongue,
 - Not now on Zion's height alone
 The favoured worshipper may dwell,
 Nor where at sultry noon Thy Son
 Sat weary by the Patriarch's well.
- 2 From every place below the skies, The grateful song, the ferrent prayer, The incense of the heart, may rise To heaven, and find acceptance there.
 - O Thou to whom in ancient time
 The holy Prophet's harp was strung,
 To Thee, at last, in every clime,
 Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

1426 The blind receive their sight.

- 1 LORD, we sit and cry to Thee, Like the blind beside the way: Make our darkened souls to see The glory of Thy perfect day. Lord, rebuke our sullen night, And give Thyself unto our sight.
- 2 Lord, we do not ask to gaze
 On our dim and earthly sun,
 Ours the light that still shall blaze
 When every star its course hath run,
 The light that gilds Thy blest abode,
 The glory of the Lamb of God.

1427 The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God. Gal. ii.

1 O God, my heart within me faints, And pours in sighs her deep complaints; Yet many a thought shall linger still By Carmel's height and Tabor's rill, The Olive Mount my Saviour trod, The rocks that saw and owned their God.

- 2 The morning beam, that wakes the akies, Shall see my matin incense rise; The evening seraphs, as they rove, Shall catch the notes of joy and love, And sullen night with drowsy ear The still repeated anthem hear.
- 3 My soul shall cry to Thee, O Lord, To Thee, supreme incarnate Word, My rock and fortress, shield and friend, Creator, Saviour, source, and end; And Thou wilt hear Thy servant's prayer, Though death and darkness prompt despair.
- 4 Ah, why, by passing clouds opprest,
 Should vexing thoughts distract the
 breast?
 Turn we to Him, in every pain,
 Whom never suppliant sought in vain;
 Our strength in joy's enticing day,
 Our hope when joy has passed away.

1428 Hosanna to the Son of David. Matt. xxi.

- HOBANNA! raise the pealing hymn To David's Son and Lord;
 With cherubim and seraphim, Exalt the incarnate Word.
 Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
 - How vast Thy gifts, how free!
 Thy blood our life, Thy word our feast,
 Thy name our only plea.
- 2 Hosanna! Master, lo, we bring Our offerings to Thy throne; Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing, But hearts to be Thine own.
 O Saviour, if, redeemed by Thee, Thy temple we behold,
 Hosannas through eternity
 We'll sing to harps of gold.

1429 He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness. John vill.

- 1 Thou, who didst stoop below
 To drain the cup of woe,
 And wear the form of frail mortality,
 Thy blessed labours done,
 Thy crown of victory won,
 Hast passed from earth, passed to Thy home
 on high.
- 2 It was no path of flowers Through this dark world of ours,

- Beloved of the Father, Thou didst tread;
 And shall we, in dismay,
 Shrink from the narrow way,
 When clouds and darkness are around it
 spread?
 3 O Thou who art our life, *
- Be with us through the strife;
 Thine own meek head by rudest storms was bowed:
 Raise Thou our eyes above,

To see a Father's love

Beam, like the bow of promise, through the cloud.

- 4 E'en through the awful gloom Which hovers o'er the tomb,
- That light of love our guiding star shall be; Our spirits shall not dread The shadowy way to tread, Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which conducts to

Thee. 1430 Pealm exxi. I will lift mine eyes unto the hells, &c.

- 1 I LIFT mine eyes to Zion hill,
 For there enthroned I see
 Him that was slain for me:
 Both heaven and earth His glories fill,
 Yet still He guardeth well
 His ransomed Israel.
- 2 His flock the gracious Lord will keep, Nor let their footsteps stray Far from the narrow way: The God of Israel will not aleep, But ever watchful stand A shade at their right hand.
- 3 No burning sun shall smite by day, No moon with paler light Their rest disturb by night: Jehovah will His grace display To guard them by His power In every trying hour.
- 4 At home, abroad, His watchful eye
 Still guides them from above
 With everlasting love;
 The Lord of hosts who dwells on high,
 And calls Hinself their Friend,
 Will keep them to the end.

1431 The darkness is past, and the true

1 'TIS past, the dark and dreary night, And, Lord, we hail Thee now, Our Morning Star, without a cloud Of sadness on Thy brow. Thy path on earth, the cross, the grave,
Thy sorrows all are o'er;
And, Osweet thought, Thine eye shall weep,
Thy heart shall break no more.

- 2 Deep were those sorrows, deeper still The love that brought Thee low, That bade the streams of life from Thee, A willing victim, flow. The soldier, as he pierced Thee, proved Man's hatred, Lord, to Thee; While, in the blood that stained the spear, Love, only love, we see.
- 3 Drawn from Thy pierced and bleeding side,
 That pure and cleansing flood
 Speaks peace to every heart that knows
 The virtues of Thy blood.
 Yet 'tis not that we feel the joy
 Of cancelled sin alone,
 But, happier far, Thy saints are called
- 4 So closely are we linked in love,
 So wholly one with Thee,
 That all Thy bliss and glory then
 Our bright reward shall be.
 Yes, when the storm of life is calmed,
 The weary desert passed,
 Our wayworn hearts shall find in Thee
 Their full repose at last.

To share Thy glorious throne.

1432 The Lord hath prepared His throne in the heavens. Ps. clil.

- 1 To our Lord a throne is given; His the highest place in heaven; On His vesture shine the words, 'King of kings and Lord of lords;' Heir of all things, rightful heir, In the honour none can share, Fruit of toil, and strife, and pain; Hard the warfare, rich the gain.
- 2 Saviour, all is now Thine own; Sway the sceptre, fill the throne; Thine the suffering and the toil, Thine the glory and the spoil. We, Thy ransomed people, sing, 'Glory, glory to our King;' Strangers here, and far from home, Thee we look for, soon to come.
- 3 Then, and only then, shall we Gain our rest and happy be; Therefore let us ever pray, 'Hasten, Lord, the glorious day.' Father, guard us from above, &c.

1433 Peace in heaven, and glory in the highest. Luke xix.

1 The head, that once was crowned with thorns,
 Is crowned with glory now;
 A royal diadem adorns
 The mighty Victor's brow.
 The highest place that heaven affords
 Is His by soverain right;
 The King of kings and Lord of lords,
 He reigns in glory bright.

2 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love
And grants His truth to know.
To them the Cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting Name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

1434 With Thee is the fountain of life. Ps. xxxvi.

1 O SAVIOUR, on the heavenly throne, Our prayers and praises own: Our eyes to Thee we raise; For all Thy love we bring Thee praise. Thou who for us hast died, Thy Name be glorified.

2 Thou, our good Shepherd, us Thy sheep Still in Thy mercy keep: No good Thou wilt deny When to Thy throne for aid we cry. For us He lives again Who once for us was slain.

- 3 Thy grace alone hath made us Thine; Thy grace and love divine Us to Thy pastures lead. Lord, on Thyself our faith would feed; Thou art the bread of heaven, To all believers given.
- 4 The streams of grace to us below From Thee, their fountain, flow; By Thee alone we live. O then to us Thy Spirit give.
 - O then to us Thy Spirit give, Till we in heaven adore Thee, Saviour, evermore.

1435 For we are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones. Eph. v.

1 LORD JESUS, are we one with Thee? O height, O depth of love! Thou one with us upon the tree, We one with Thee above? Such was Thy grace, that, for our sake,
Thou didst from heaven come down,
Our mortal flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery one.

2 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine, Were cancelled all by Thee; The woe, the curse, the wrath were Thine, To set Thy members free. Ascended now, in glory bright, Still one with us Thou art;

Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,

Thy saints and Thee can part.

3 O teach us, Lord, to know and own
This woodrous mystery,
That Thou with us art truly one,
And we are one with Thee.
And speed, O speed that glorious day
When, seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display

1436 With His stripes we are healed.

That Thou with us art one.

- 1 O Lord, of love unbounded, So full, so sweet, so free, Our thoughts are all confounded Whene'er we think on Thee: For us Thou cam'st from heaven, To suffer, bleed, and die, That purchased and forgiven We might ascend on high.
- 2 O let this love constrain us To give our hearts to Thee; Let nothing henceforth pain us But that which paineth Thee: Be this our one endeavour, Through suffering, conflict, shame, To serve Thee, gracious Saviour, And magnify Thy Name.

1437 I am the way, and the truth, and the life. John ziv.

1 Thou art the Way, and he who sighs Amid the starless waste of woe To find a pathway to the akies, A light from heaven's eternal glow, By Thee must come, Thou gate of love, Through which the saints undoubting trod; Till faith discovers, like the dove,

An ark, a resting-place in God.

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FOR THE WEEKS AFTER TRINITY.

- 2 Hail, by all Thy works adored, Hail, Thou everlasting Lord! Thee, with thankful hearts, we prove Lord of power and God of love. Thou didst send Thine only Son To redeem us when undone; Endless life Thou giv'st to all Who through Him for mercy call.
- 3 When Thy Spirit leads us home,
 When we to Thy glory come,
 We shall all the fulness prove
 Of the Saviour's boundless love.
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Live, by heaven and earth adored;
 Give us sinners grace to sing
 Praise to Thee, Almighty King. Amen.

1440 Psalm extv. I will magnify Thee, &c.

- 1 God my King, Thy might confessing, Ever will I bless Thy Name; Day by day Thy throne addressing, Still will I Thy praise proclaim. Honour great our God befitteth; Who His majesty can reach? Age to age His works transmitteth, Age to age His power shall teach.
- 2 They shall talk of all Thy glory, On Thy might and greatness dwell, Speak of Thy dread acts the story, And Thy deeds of wonder tell; Nor shall fail from memory's treasure Works by love and mercy wrought, Works of love surpassing measure, Works of mercy passing thought.
- 3 Full of kindness and compassion,
 Slow to anger, vast in love,
 God is good to all creation:
 All His works His goodness prove.
 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee;
 Thee shall all Thy saints adore:
 King supreme shall they confess Thee,
 Sing Thy praise for evermore.

PART II.

1 Them that fall the Lord protecteth, He sustains the bowed and bent; Every eye from Thee expecteth, Lord, its daily nourishment. Thou to all, great God of nature, Giv'st in season due their food; Spread'st Thy hand, and every creature Is by Thee fulfilled with good.

- 5 God is just in all He doeth,
 Kind is He in all His ways;
 He His ready presence showeth
 When a faithful servant prays.
 Who sincerely seek and fear Him,
 He to them their wish will give;
 When they call the Lord will hear them,
 He will hear them and relieve.
- 6 From our God the souls that prize Him Shall His saving health enjoy;
 All the wicked who despise Him He will in their sin destroy.
 Still, O Father, Thee confessing, Shall my tongue Thy praise proclaim;
 And may all mankind with blessing Ever hail Thy holy Name!

1441 Night and day praying. 2 Thess iii.

- 1 Go when the morning shineth, Go when the noon is bright, Go when the eve declineth, Go in the hush of night; Go with pure mind and feeling, Cast every fear away, And in thy chamber kneeling, Do thou in secret pray.
- 2 Remember all who love thee,
 All who are loved by thee,
 Pray too for those who hate thee,
 If any such there be;
 Then for thyself in meekness
 A blessing humbly claim,
 And link with each petition
 Thy great Redeemer's name.
- 3 But if 'tis e'er denied thee
 In solitude to pray,
 Should boly thoughts come o'er thee
 When friends are round thy way,
 E'en then the silent breathing,
 The spirit raised above,
 Will reach the throne of glory,
 Of mercy, truth, and love.
- 4 Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
 Before His footstool fall;
 Remember in thy gladness
 His love who gave thee all.
 O not a joy or blessing
 With this we can compare,
 The power that has been given us
 To pour our souls in prayer.
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142 Lifting up holy hands. 1 Tim. ii.

How sweet from crowded throngs, Zion, ascend thy songs, th choral swell through echoing aisles! Where brethren brethren meet, The songs rise doubly sweet m lowly roofs or lofty piles.

But here, not made with hands, A nobler temple stands: re, 'mid Thy works, O God, we bow, Where all around, above, Proclaims Thy power, Thy love: une our hearts to praise Thee now.

We bless Thy gracious care
For many a house of prayer,
ere saints may meet with conscience
free,
To keep the simple rites

To keep the simple rites
In which Thy Church delights,
unforbidden wait on Thee.

But now beneath the sky
We raise our songs on high
Him who gave all nature birth;
While the free air wafts round
To distant vales the sound,—
ise to the Lord of heaven and earth.

So, to the mountain air.
The Saviour breathed His prayer;
'mid green hills or deserts rude,
The poor He meekly taught,
And gracious wonders wrought,
fed the famished multitude.

So did Apostles teach, So did Reformers preach; se hills have echoed to their prayer: So let the saving Word Throughout our land be heard, a as the light and vital air.

43 Morning and evening and at noon will I pray. Ps. lv.

WEET is the morning light to me, and sweet the dusk of solemn eve, When, borne, O God, in prayer to Thee, The world I leave.

Then is my strength by Thee renewed; Then are my sins by Thee forgiven; and Thou dost cheer my solitude With hope of heaven.

- 3 No words can tell what blest relief In prayer for all my wants I find; What strength for warfare, balm for grief, And peace of mind;
- 4 When, freed from every doubt and fear, On Christ I lean, my stay and guide, And even the penitential tear By Him is dried.
- 5 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore, No privilege so dear shall be As thus my inmost soul to pour In prayer to Thee.

1444 Let us walk honestly, as in the day.

1 BRIGHTLY shines the morning star:
Pray we God His grace to give,
That from sin and danger far
We the coming day may live;
That the tongue, by Him withheld,
May from sounds of strife refrain;
That the eye, from roving quelled,
Seek not sights corrupt or vain;
2 That the heast with purposes franciscomes

2 That the heart, with pureness fraught, May from folly turn aside, And the flesh, by temperance taught, Caim its lusts and veil its pride; That, when He the day shall close, And the night successive bring, We, triumphant o'er our foes, May our hymn of glory sing.

1445 Let us walk in the light of the Lord.

1 Now, when the dusky shades of night retreating

Before the sun's red banner swiftly flee,

Now, when the terrors of the dark are fleeting,

O Lord, we lift our thankful hearts to Thee:—

To Thee, whose word, the fount of life unsealing,

When hill and dale in thickest darkness lay,

Awoke bright rays across the dim earth stealing,

And bade the eve and morn complete the day.

2 Look from the tower of heaven, and send to cheer us

Thy light and truth, and guide us onward still;

Mary Williams

Still let Thy mercy, as of old, be near us, And lead us safely to Thy holy hill. So, when that morn of endless light is waking,

And shades of evil from its splendours fiee,

Safe may we rise, this earth's dark vale forsaking,

Through all the long bright day to dwell with Thee.

1446 I will sing in the morning. Ps. lix.

- 1 Lo, the golden light is peering: Let the dimness fleet away Which so long hath kept us veering From the narrow path astray.
- 2 May the morn, sweet calmness breathing, Keep us, morn-like, chaste and pure, In our lips no falsehood sheathing, In our hearts no sin obscure.
- 3 So the day, all smoothly gliding, May preserve our tongue from guile. Eyes from wandering, feet from sliding, Hands from aught that can defile.
- 4 All day long an Eye is o'er us,
 Which our every secret knows,
 Sees our every step before us
 From first morn till evening's close.
- 5 Lord, in holy admiration

 Fix our hearts and eyes on Thee,
 Till we taste Thy best salvation,

 And unveiled Thy brightness see.

 Amen.

1447 Light of light. Nic. Creed.

- 1 Consort of paternal light,
 Light of light, essential day,
 Bidding farewell to the night,
 Lo, to Thee we sing and pray.
- 2 Chase the darkness from the mind, Chase the powers of night afar; Let not sleep our senses bind, Nor the sluggish spirit mar.
- 3 Christ, behold with kind regard What to Thee in faith we bear; Let the morning hymn be heard, Herald to the morning prayer.
- 4 Prayer and hymn receive, addrest
 To Thy Father, and to Thee,
 And the Holy Spirit blest,
 Reigning to eternity.

1448 Looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus. Jude.

- 1 The gloomy night will soon be past, The morning will appear, The rays of blessed light at last Each eye will cheer;
- 2 Thou bright and morning Star, Thy light Will to our joy be seen; Thou, Lord, wilt meet our longing sight, No cloud between.
- 3 Thy love sustains us on our way While pilgrims here below; Thou dost, O Saviour, day by day Thy grace bestow.
- 4 But O, the more we learn of Thee, And Thy rich mercy prove, The more we long Thy face to see And know Thy love.
- 5 Then shine, Thou bright and morning Star, Dispel the dreary gloom, And take from pain and grief afar Thy people home.

1449 All flesh shall come to worship before Ne. Isa. Ixvi.

- 1 O LORD, another day is flown, And we, a lonely band, Are met once more before Thy throne, To bless Thy fostering hand. And wilt Thou bend a listening ear To praises low as ours? Thou wilt, for Thou dost love to hear The song which meekness pours.
- 2 O gracious Jesu, Thou wilt deign To hear us when we pray, For Thou didst bless the infant train, And we are weak as they. O let Thy grace perform its part, Let all contention cease, And shed abroad in every heart Thine everlasting peace.
- 3 Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely Thine,
 A flock by Jesus led,
 The sun of holiness shall shine
 In glory on our head.
 And Thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
 And Thou wilt bless our way,
 Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
 The dawn of lasting day.

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1450 To the godly there ariseth light in the darkness. Ps. exil.

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- As now the sun's declining rays
 To dusky eve descend,
 Our days and years are sinking down
 To their appointed end.
 O may our souls no sunset see,
 - No eventide of light,

 And death be but the gate which leads
- To endless morning bright.

 2 Lord, on the Cross Thine arms were stretched
 To draw us to the sky:
 O grant us, then, that Cross to love,
 And in those arms to die.
 For we would die with Thee, O Lord,
 With Thee to rise again,
 That we with Thee eternally

In heavenly bliss may reign. Amen.

1451 An evening sacrifice. Ps. exil.

- 1 BEFORE the waning light decay,
 Maker of all, to Thee we pray,
 That Thou wouldst guardian-angels send,
 Us to watch over and defend.
- 2 Guard us from dreams that may affright; Guard us from terrors of the night; Guard us from foes without, within— From outward danger, inward sin.
- 3 Give us Thine easy yoke to bear, To make Thy will our only care, To think of Thee, to watch and pray, Still hastening to Thy glorious day.
- 4 At evening let Thy sunshine bright Shed over death a holy light; And grant, when this short life is past, The glorious morn that aye shall last.
- 5 Glory to God the Father be, Like praise, eternal Son, to Thee And to the Holy Ghost be given For evermore by earth and heaven. Amen.

1452 Man goeth forth to his work until the evening. Ps. civ.

1 Work is over: God must speed it;
Work and workmen on Him rest:
His good blessing—much we need it—
That alone can make us blest.
Rest is come: with joy receive it;
We have done the best we can:
Work is over: here we leave it,
End of God and means of man.

2 Work is done; to father, mother, Homewards now we wend our way; All true hearts are with each other, Those who go and those who stay. When the world and we are parted, And the end of life is come, What is death to God's true-hearted But, like this, a going home?

1453 Let us labour to enter into that rest.

- 1 Soul thy week of toil is ended,
 And a voice, whilst world-cares fly,
 With the closing hours is blended,
 'Rest is coming, rest is nigh.'
 Nearing Sabbath, how I bless thee!
 Let thy calmness fill my breast;
 Let me even now possess thee,
 Let me now foretaste thy rest.
- 2 Is my journey full of sadness,
 Through a desert wild and drear?
 Be to me a well of gladness;
 Bid me quite forget my fear.
 Clouds on clouds my way may darken
 But thy rainbow gleams above,
 And the storms and wild winds hearken
 To thy still small voice of love.
- 3 So, when life's long week is over, Blessèd it will be to die, Angels whispering as they hover 'Rest is coming, rest is nigh.' Then the heavenly rest to enter, In Thy mercy, Lord, be mine: Rest of God, the sun and centre Of the bliss that is divine.

1454 The Sabbath drew on. Luke xxill.

- 1 The hours of evening close:
 Its lengthened shadows, drawn
 O'er scenes of earth, invite repose,
 And wait the Sabbath dawn.
 So let its calm prevail
 O'er forms of outward care,
 Nor thought for many things assail
 The still retreat of prayer.
- 2 Our guardian Shepherd near
 His watchful eye will keep,
 And, safe from violence or fear,
 Will fold His flock to sleep.
 So may a holier light
 Than earth's our spirits rouse,
 And call us, strengthened by His might,
 To pay the Lord our vowa.

1455 The children of men put their trust under the shadow of Thy wings. Ps. xxxvi.

- 1 FATHER, who in heaven art dwelling, May our evening song be telling Of Thy mercy large and free: Through the day Thy love hath fed us, Through the day Thy care hath led us, With divinest charity.
- 2 This day's sins O pardon, Saviour, Evil thoughts, perverse behaviour Envy, pride, and vanity; From the world, the flesh, deliver; Save us now and save us ever, O Thou Lamb of Calvary.
- 3 From enticements of the devil, From the might of spirits evil, Be our shield and panoply; Let Thy power this night defend us, And a heavenly peace attend us, And angelic company.
- 4 Whilst the night-dews are distilling, Holy Ghost, each heart be filling With Thine own serenity; Softly let the eyes be closing, And on Thee the soul reposing, Ever-blessed Trinity.

1456 Keep holy the Sabbath day. Exo. xx.

- 1 Hall to the Sabbath day,
 The day divinely given,
 When men to God their homage pay,
 And earth draws near to heaven.
- 2 Lord, in this sacred hour, Within Thy courts we bend, And bless Thy love, and own Thy power, Our Father and our Friend.
- 3 But Thou art not alone
 In courts by mortals trod,
 Nor only is the day Thine own
 When man draws nigh to God:
- 4 Thy temple is the arch
 Of you unmeasured sky,
 Thy Sabbath the stupendous march
 Of grand eternity.
- 5 Lord, may that holier day
 Dawn on Thy servants' sight;
 And grant us in those courts to pray
 Of pure unclouded light. Amen.

1457 The first day of the week. Acts xx.

1 FATHER, who the light this day
Out of darkness didst create,
Shiue upon us now, we pray,
While within Thy courts we wait.
Cast we off the works of night,
Walk as children of the light.

2 Saviour, who this day didst break The dark prison of the tomb, Bid our slumbering souls awake, Shine through all their sin and gloom; Let us, from our bonds set free, Rise from sin and live to Thee.

3 Blessèd Spirit, Comforter, Sent this day with power from high, Lord, on us Thy gifts confer, Cleanse, illumine, sanctify; Be Thine influence shed abroad, Lead us to the trath of God. Amen.

1458 Let there be light. Gen. i.

- 1 This day the light, of heavenly birth, First streamed upon the new-horn earth:
 - O Lord, this day upon us shine, And fill our souls with light divine.
- 2 This day the Saviour left the grave, And rose, omnipotent to save: O Jesu, may we raised be From death of sin to life in Thee.
- 3 This day the Holy Spirit came With fiery tongues of cloven flame: O Spirit, fill our hearts this day With grace to hear and grace to pray.
- 4 O day of light, and life, and grace, From earthly toils sweet resting-place, Thy hallowed hours, best gift of love, Give we again to God above. Amen.

1459 That day was an high day. John xix.

1 LIGHT of light, enlighten me, Now anew the day is dawning; Sun of grace, the shadows flee; Brighten Thou my Sabbath morning: With Thy joyous sunshine blest, Happy is my day of rest.

2 Fount of all our joy and peace, To Thy living waters lead me; Thou from earth my soul release, And with grace and mercy feed me; Bless Thy word, that it may prove Rich in fruits which Thou dost love.

BB4

PSALMS AND HYMNS

- 3 Kindle Thou the sacrifice
 That upon my lipe is lying;
 Clear the shadows from my eyes,
 That, from every error flying,
 No strange fire within me glow,
 Which Thine altar will not know.
- PART II.

 Let me, with my heart to-day
 Holy, Holy, Holy, singing,
 Rapt awhile from earth away,
 All my soul to Thee upspringing,
 Have a foretaste inly given
 How they worship Thee in heaven.
- 5 Rest in me, and I in Thee;
 Build a paradise within me;
 O reveal Thyself to me,
 Blessèd Love, who diedst to win me:
 Fed from Thine exhaustless urn,
 Pure and bright my lamp shall burn.
- 6 Hence, all care and vanity,
 For the day to God is holy;
 Come, Thou glorious Majesty,
 Deign to fill this temple lowly.
 Nought to-day my soul shall move,
 Simply resting in Thy love.

1460 Unto every one of us is given grace, according to the measure of the gift of Christ. Epb. iv.

- 1 O GUARDIAN of the Church Divine,
 The sevenfold gifts of grace are Thine,
 And, kindled by Thy hidden fires,
 The soul to highest aims aspires.
 Spirit of truth, on us bestow
 The faith in all its power to know,
 That with the saints of ages gone
 And those to come we may be one.
- 2 Protect Thy Church from every foe, And peace, the fruit of love, bestow; Convert the world, till all confess The glories of Thy righteousness, All praise to God the Father be, All praise, eternal Son, to Thee, Whom, with the Spirit, we adore For ever and for evermore. Amen.

1461 Our Father. Matt. vi.

- 1 FATHER of all, who art above, Thy Name be hallowed here. As in those realms of peace and love Where saints that Name revere.
- 2 Thy kingdom come, Thy will alone Be done by man below, As spirits round Thy glorious throne Their pure obedience show.

- 3 Give us this day our daily bread, Not merely outward food, But that whereon the soul is fed, The source of heavenly good.
- 4 Forgive our trespasses as we In pardoning love abide, Since none forgiveness win from Thee Who pardon have denied.
- 5 O lead us from temptation far; From evil, Lord, restore; For Thine the power, the kingdom, are, The glory, evermore. Amen.

1462 Abba, Father. Gal. iv.

- 1 ABBA. Father, while we sing, Hear the thankful praise we bring: Taught to cast our care on Thee, Daily mercies, Lord, we see; Still enrich us with Thy grace, Give us with Thy sons a place.
- 2 By the Holy Spirit led, Nourished with celestial bread, Strengthened through this mortal strife, Kept to everlasting life, Peace and hope to us be given, Time and glory, earth and heaven.
- 3 What though trials wait us here, Christ endured, and we must bear; If His grace our strength sustain, Welcome sorrow, shame, and pain; Peace shall flow from every loss, Endless glory from the Cross.

1463 Give ear unto my cry. Pt. XXXIX.

- LowLY and solemn be Thy children's cry to Thee, Father divine:
 A hymn of suppliant breath, Owning that life and death Alike are Thine.
- 2 O Father, in that hour When earth all succouring power Shall disavow; When spear, and shield, and crown, In taintness are cast down, Sustain us Thon.
- 3 By Him who bowed to take The death-cup for our sake, The thorn, the rod; From whom the last dismay Was not to pass away, Aid us O God.

4 Tremblers beside the grave, We call on Thee to save, Father divine: O hear our suppliant breath, Keep us, in life and death, Thine, only Thine.

1464 His mercy is on them that fear Him.

- 1 When thy faith is sorely triel, Wondering how will God provide, On His gracious promise lean;—
 'In the mount it shall be seen.' God is in the loneliest spot Present though thou know it not; Morning vows and evening prayer Blake a Bethel everywhere.
- 2 Go where duty guides thy feet;
 There good angels thou shalt meet;
 Husts of God thou canst not see
 Watch thy steps and wait on thee.
 Dear and hallowed is the place
 Where the Lord reveals His face:
 Still He grants the blessing where
 Israel prevails with prayer.
- 3 What if foes the Church assail?
 Faith is mighty to prevail:
 Pray, and Amalek shall yield,
 God our Banner in the field.
 When His saints are sore opprest.
 Gideon's sword shall give them rest:
 God, who maketh wars to cease,
 God will give His people peace.
- 4 Glory to His Name be given,
 God, who reigns in earth and heaven,
 God, the Father and the Son
 And the Spirit, Three in One.
 Father, guard us from above,
 Saviour, bless us with Thy love.
 Spirit, on our spirits shine:
 Make and keep us ever Thine.

1465 Thou art with me. Ps. xxiii.

1 LORD of my life, my guide, my friend, Who gav'st me being, giv'st me weal, Here in Thy house my knees I bend, My early vows to seal. Teach me to pray with soul sincere, Teach me with though fear, Teach me with thankful heart to know The source whence all my blessings flow.

- 2 The sport of passion's varying gale,
 O who the unsteady bark shall guide,
 Launched on the giddy wave to sail
 Of life's uncertain tide?
 Vainly she bounds in quest of heaven,
 Unless Thy Spirit freely given
 Breathe in her sails, and Thou be near,
 O'er hidden rocks her course to steer.
- 3 From mother's smile and father's care
 And home's all-hallowing bonds set
 free,
 Hoping and trembling, scarce I dare
 To tempt that pathless sea.
 Yet will I forth, O gracious Lord,
 Strong in the nurture of Thy word,
 Shielded by faith and love divine,
 And sealed with Jesu's guardian sign.

PART II.

- 4 Why should I fear? In glorious band
 Time-honoured names their radiance
 shed
 Upon this hallowed spot: I stand
 Amidst the mighty dead.
 Here, where they knelt, they bid me
 kneel;
 Here, where they felt they bid me feel
 How truth and knowledge mingling flow
 With pure religion's sunny glow.
- 5 Ay: for the childish things of life
 This day the appointed hours are gone.
 And here for manhood's ordered strife
 I do my armour on;
 With sword of knowledge, shield of truth,
 And holiness, bright helm of youth,
 And faith's pure banner, to begin
 The war with ignorance and sin.
- 6 O Father, in that last dark hour,—
 Not dark if Thou in love be near,
 But doubly dark if sin's rude power
 Have weaned me from Thy fear,—
 Then let no keen rememberment
 Of treasures wasted, time misspent,
 A vainly late repentance bring,
 Or add to death a sharper sting.
- 7 So then, as erst that Hebrew boy E'en from the womb to Thee was given, My soul and body thus with joy I consecrate to heaven.

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Thou wilt the fainting step sustain, The tempter's wiles wilt render vain, And crown at last, from terror free, Thy patient child with victory.

1466 Psalm exiviii. Praise ye the Lord, &c.

- PRAISE the Lord from heaven on high; Praise Him in the farthest aky; Praise Him, all His angels bright; Praise Him, all His hosts of light.
- 2 Praise Him, sun, and moon, and star, Shining in the heavens afar: Praise Him, height of height: His Name, Water-floods aloft, proclaim.
- 3 Let them praise Him: for He spoke, And to life His creatures woke, Stablished evermore to be Faithful to the Lord's decree.
- 4 Praise the Lord from earth below, Fire, and hail, and rain, and snow, Storms that on His mandate sweep, Whales, and every seething deep:
- 5 Mountains, and all hilly glades, Fruit-trees, and vast cedarn shades, Wild beast, and the gentler herds, Creeping things, and feathered birds:
- 6 Kings of earth, and judges all, Prince and people, great and small, Stalwart youth, and maiden fair, Babes, and men of hoary hair.
- 7 Let them praise Him: He, the Lord, Only Name to be adored, Crowns with life, and light, and love, Earth beneath, and hearen above.
- 8 He to all His saints is nigh, Lifts His people's horn on high, Guards His chosen Israel's fame:— Praise, O praise His hallowed Name.

1467 Pealm exlix. Praise ye the Lord, &c.

1 O PRAISE ye the Lord,
A new song prepare,
His praise with the saint.
Assembled to sing:
Let Israel rejoicing
His Maker declare,
And children of Zion
Be glad in their King.
2 His Name let them praise
With pipe and with dance,
With timbrel and harp
His glory confess:

2

1

3

Lord, to sing Thy glory, shearsing heavenly lays, ast our crowns before Thee, wonder, love, and praise.

illing to be absent from the body, nd to be present with the Lord. Cor. v.

by pain opprest, by sin distrest: I am weary, weary. igh this world be fair,

E I find no rest,

s ever there, its guilt I share: I am weary, weary.

death's night will come; e is now the gloom is alient tomb?

I am weary, weary.
thath died to prove amazing love.

life above!
I am weary, weary.
should I complain?
suffered pain,

for me was slain:

I am weary, weary.

from heaven on high
ath heard my sigh,

ath heard my sigh, ed my mournful cry: I am weary, weary. ath given me peace;

though pains increase, shall sorrow cease: I am weary, weary, thou heavenly light, y fainting sight,

less pure and bright: I am weary, weary.

viong, Lord? wilt Thou hide Thyself for ever? Ps. lxxxix.

, O Lord, in weariness and sor-1y poor people tread the pilgrim

no place of rest, no sure abode; 'er faded flowers and cisterus n, on setting suns, that rise no

to-day and fearing for to-mor-

Listening to sad farewells, and last words apoken
By loved ones leaving us on Jordan's ahore?

.

2 How long, through snares of error and temptation, Shall noblest spirits stumble on their

way?

How long, through darkening storms of

tribulation,
Must we press forward to eternal day?

How long shall passing faults and trifles sever Hearts that have known affection's holy tie?

When shall the slanderer's tale be hushed for ever,

And brethren see in all things eye to eye?

3 How long, O Lord? our hearts are sad and weary, Our voices join the whole creation's

groan; With eager gaze we watch for Thine appearing:

When wilt Thou come again, and claim
Thine own?

Return, return, come in Thy power and glory, With all Thy risen saints and angel throng;

Bring to a close time's strange, mysterious story.

How long dost Thou delay? O Lord, how long?

1472 For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if One died for all, then were all dead. 2 Cor. v.

1 Blest be Thy love, good Lord, That taught us this sweet way, Only to love Thee for Thyself, And for that love obey. O Thou, our souls' chief hope, We to Thy mercy fly: Where'er we are, Thou canst protect, Whate'er we need, supply.

2 Whether we sleep or wake, To Thee we both resign; By night we see as well as day, If Thy light on us shine.

PSALMS AND HYMNS

Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to Thee;
In death we live as well as life,
If Thine in death we be.

1473 The love of Christ which passeth knowledge. Eph. iii.

- 1 O LOVE, how deep, how broad, how high!
 It fills the heart with ecstasy,
 That God, the Son of God, should take
 Our mortal form for mortals' sake.
 He sent no angel to our race,
 Of higher or of lower place,
 But wore the robe of human frame
 Hinself, and to this lost world came.
- 2 For us He was baptised, and bore His holy fast, and hungered sore; For us temptation sharp he knew; For us the tempter overthrew. For us He prayed, for us He taught, For us His daily works He wrought, By words, and signs, and actions, thus Still seeking not Himself, but us.
- 3 For us to wicked men betrayed,
 Scourged, mocked, in purple robe arrayed,
 He bore the shameful Cross and death;
 For us at length gave up His breath.
 For us He rose from death again,
 For us He went on high to reign,
 For us He sent His Spirit here
 To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

1474 By night on my bed I sought Him whom my soul loveth. Cant. iii.

- 1 JESU, Thou sweetness pure and blest,
 Truth's fountain, light of souls distrest,
 Surpassing all that heart requires,
 Exceeding even its deep desires!
 No tongue nor pen can e'er express
 Of Jesu's love the blessedness:
 He only, who that gift hath stored,
 Knows what it is to love the Lord.
- 2 I seek for Jesus in repose,
 When round my bed night's shadows close:
 By day, in closet or in throng,
 I evermore for Jesus long.
 With Mary, in the morning gloom
 I seek for Jesus at the tomb;
 For Him, with love's most earnest cry,
 I seek with heart, and not with eye.
- 3 Jesus, to God the Father gone, Is seated on the heavenly throne; My heart hath also passed from me, That where He is, there it may be.

We follow Jesus now, and raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise;
That He at last may make us fit
With Him in heavenly place to sit. Amen.

1475 Changed into the same image. 2 Cor. iii.

- 1 O Jesu, source of calm repose, Thy like nor man nor angel knows; Fairest among ten thousand fair. Even those whom death's sad fetters bound, Whom thickest darkness compassed round, Find light and life, if Thou appear.
- 2 Effulgence of the light divine, Ere rolling planets knew to shine, Ere time its ceaseless course began, Thou, when the appointed hour was come, Didst not abhor the Virgin's womb, But God with God, wast man with man.
- 3 Renew Thine image, Lord, in me; Lowly and gentle may I be; No charms but these to Thee are dear: No anger mayst Thou ever find, No pride. in my unruffled mind, But faith and heaven-born peace be there!
- 4 A patient, a victorious mind,
 That life and all things casts behind,
 Spring forth obedient to Thy call:
 A heart that no desire can move,
 But still to adore, believe, and love,
 Give me, my Lord, my Life, my All

1476 Peace from the Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour. Tit. iil.

- 1 One there is above all others,
 His is love beyond a brother's;
 His name is Love.
 Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
 One day soothe, the next day grieve us;
 But this Friend will ne'er deceive us:
 His name is Love.
- 2 Tis eternal life to know Him: Think, O think how much we owe Him: His name is Love. With His precious blood He bought us; In the wilderness He sought us, To His fold He safely brought us; His name is Love.
- 3 We have found a friend in Jesus, 'Tis His great delight to bless us; His name is Love.

How our hearts rejoice to bear Him Bid us dwell in safety near Him; Why should we distrust or fear Him? His name is Love.

4 Through His name we are forgiven,
Backward shall our sins be driven;
His name is Love.
Best of blessings He'll provide us,
Nought but good shall e'er betide us,
Safe to glory He will guide us;
His name is Love.

1477 The knowledge of our Saviour Christ. 2 Pet. iii.

- 1 JESU, my Lord, my God, my all; Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call; Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place Pour down the riches of Thy grace. Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore; O make me love Thee more and more.
- 2 Jesu, too late I Thee have sought; How can I love Thee as I ought, And how extol Thy matchless fame, The glorious beauty of Thy Name? Jesu, my Lord, &c.
- 3 Jeau, what didst Thou find in me, That Thou hast dealt so lovingly? How great the joy that Thou hast brought, O far exceeding hope or thought! Jesu, my Lord, &c.
- 4 Jesu, of Thee shall be my song; To Thee my heart and soul belong; All that I am or have is Thine; And Thou, my Saviour, Thou art mine. Jesu, my Lord, &c.

1478 The valley of the shadow of death.

- I DEATH steals upon us unawares,
 And digs a grave unseen,
 While we are full of idle cares,
 And idle joys between.
 And shall I feed on vanity,
 And still in leanness trust,
 Till death shall lay his hands on me,
 And blend me with the duat?
- 2 What if my sun should set at noon, If death should call to-day? Canst thou, my soul, depart so soon? Hast thou no debts to pay? Behold the hours, how fast they fade, Behold how near the goal: Lord, be my body not unclad Till Thou hast clad my soul.

- 3 O give me patience when I lie Upon my dying bed, And let my Saviour, drawing nigh, Support my weary head; Yea, in that dark and dismal hour, When doubts and fears annoy, Lord Jeau, be my rock and tower, Lord Jesu, be my joy.
- 4 When all my earthly comforts fail, My heavenly Friend, appear, And bid my trembling faith prevail, My hope be strong and clear. My body, sinking in the dust, Thy love will safely keep; To Thee alone my soul I trust, And sweetly fall asleep.

1479 Some are fallen asleep. 1 Cor. xv.

- 1 ASLKEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep,
 A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes!
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
 To be for such a slumber meet,
 With holy confidence to sing
 That death has lost his venomed sting!
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is supremely blest! No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me May such a blissful refuge be! Securely shall my ashes lie, Waiting the summons from on high,

1480 Heirs of salvation. Heb. 1.

- 1 CHRIST watches o'er the embers
 Of all His faithful dead:
 There's life for all the members
 In Him, the living Head;
 Their dust He weighs and measures,
 Their every atom treasures.
- 2 He once, a Victor bleeding, Slew death, destroyed the grave: Now throned, yet interceding, He lives, thy soul to save. He comes — O day of wonder! The graves are rent asunder.
- 3 But 0 that vast transition! How shall a creature dare Gaze on the awful vision, To find a Saviour there?

Those whom He deigns to cherish Shall never, never perish. His mercy shall prevent them, His righteousness invest, He shall Himself present them Before the Father, drest In robes of spotless whiteness, All beauty, joy, and brightness.

481 He led them through the wilderness.

1 WE are journeying to a place
Of which our fathers told us;
Send, Lord, Thy heavenly grace,
To succour and uphold us.
This is a weary land,
Bleak, comfortless, and sterile,
A waste on either hand,
A wilderness of peril.

2 To Zion's glorious height Our pilgrim feet are wending, Whose akies are ever bright, Whose day is never-ending: Where sainted men of yore Their honours are possessing,

Their honours are possessing, And Christ is gone before To welcome with His blessing.

Therefore be ye also ready. Matt. xxiv.

VAIN are all terrestrial pleasures, Mixed with dross the purest gold; Seek we, then, for heavenly treasures, Treasures never waxing old. Let our best affections centre On the things around the throne; There no thief can ever enter; Moth and rust are there unknown. Earthly joys no longer please us; Here would we renounce them all, Seek our only rest in Jesus, Him our Lord and Master call Faith, our languid spirits cheering, Points to brighter worlds above, Bids us look for His appearing, Bids us triumph in His love. May our lamps be always burning, And our loins be girded round, Waiting for our Lord's returning, Longing for the welcome sound. Thus the Christian life adorning, Never need we be afraid, should He come at night or morning, Early dawn or evening shade.

1483 The end everlasting life. Rom. vi.

1 THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
O for the pearly gates of heaven,
O for the golden floor;
O for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth nevermore!

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint,
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
O for a heart that never sins,
O for a soul washed white,
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
O by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
O by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor east away our crown.

1484 The city of the great King. Ps. xiviii.

1 Jerusalem, thy joys divine— No joys can be compared to them; No people blessed are as thine, No city like Jerusalem. My thirsty soul desires her drought At heavenly fountains to refresh; My prisoned mind would fain be out Of chains and fetters of the flesh.

2 From banishment she more and more Desires to see her country dear; She sits and sends her sighs before; Her joys and treasures all are there. From Babylon she would return Unto her home and town of peace, Jerusalem, where joys abound, Continue still, and never cease.

1485 The city of the living God. Hob. xil.

1 Yow city, with the jewelled crest, Like some new-lighted sun, A blaze of burning amethyst, Ten thousand orbs in one;—

FOR THE WEEKS AFTER TRINITY.

2 That is the city of the saints, Where we so soon shall stand, Where we shall strike these desert tents, And quit this desert sand.

3 Fair vision, how thou liftest up The drooping brow and eye, With the calm joy of thy sure hope Fixing our souls on high!

4 With thee in view, how poor appear The world's most winning smiles! Vain is the tempter's subtlest snare, And vain hell's countless wiles.

5 Time's glory fades; its beauty now Has ceased to lure or blind; Each gay enchantment here below Has lost its power to bind.

6 Then welcome toil, and care and pain, And welcome sorrow too: All toil is rest, all grief is gain, With such a prize in view.

When shall the clouds that veil thy rays For ever be withdrawn? Why dost thou tarry, day of days? When shall thy gladness dawn?

186 That great city, the holy Jerusalem.

JERUSALEM the golden, With milk and honey blest, Beneath thy contemplation Sink heart and voice opprest. I know not, O, I know not, What depth of bliss is there, Vhat radiancy of glory, What light beyond compare: nd when I fain would aing them, My spirit fails and faints, d vainly would it image The assembly of the saints. y stand, those halls of Zion, Il jubilant with song, bright with many an angel, nd many a martyr-throng. Prince is ever in them, e light is aye serene; astures of the blessed decked in glorious sheen: iey, beneath their Leader, conquered in the fight, r and for ever lad in robes of white.

PART IL 7 For thee, O dear, dear coun Mine eyes their vigils kee For very love, beholding Thy happy home, they we 8 The mention of thy glory Is unction to the breast, And medicine in sickness And love, and life, and rest. 9 O one. O only mansion, O Paradise of joy, Where tears are ever banished,

And smiles have no alloy; 10 With jasper glow thy bulwarks, Thy streets with emeralds bla. The sardius and the topas Unite in thee their rays;

11 Thy ageless walls are bonded With amethyst unpriced; The saints build up its fabric, And the corner-stone is Christ.

12 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean, Thou hast no time, bright day, Dear fountain of refreshment To pilgrims far away.

PART III.

13 Jerusalem the glorious, The pride of the elect, O dear and future vision, That eager hearts expect: 14 E'en now by faith I see thee, E'en here thy walls discern, For thee my thoughts are kindled, And strive, and pant, and yearn. 15 Jerusalem the heavenly, That look'st on earth below, In thee is all my glory, In me is all my woe: 16 Thou art the golden mansion, Where saints for ever sing, The seat of God's own chosen, The palace of the King.

17 There God for ever sitteth, Himself of all the crown The Lamb, the light that shineth, And never goeth down.

1487 I am debtor. Rom. 1.

1 WHEN I stand before the throne Drest in beauty not my own,

PSALMS AND HYMNS

- When I see Thee as Thou art, Love Thee with unsinning heart, Then, Lord, shall I fully know, Not till then, how much I owe.
- 2 Even on earth, as through a glass Darkly, let Thy glory pass: Make forgiveness feel so sweet, Make Thy Spirit's help so meet, That on earth. Lord, I may know Something of how much I owe.
- 3 Chosen not for good in me, Wakened up from wrath to flee, Hidden in the Saviour's side, By the Spirit sanctifier, Teach me, Lord, on earth to show, By my love, how much I owe.
- 4 Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
 Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud;
 But, when fear is at the height,
 Jesus comes, and all is light.
 Blessèd Jesus, bid me show
 Doubting saints how much I owe.

1488 Where I am, there shall also My ser-

- 1 Let me be with Thee where Thou art, My Saviour and my perfect rest: Then only will this yearning heart Be fully and for ever blest.
- 2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art, Thine unveiled Godhead to adore: Then only will this wayward heart Be faithless, hopeless, cold no more.
- 3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art, Where holiness and truth endure: Then only will this sinful heart Be purified, as Thou art pure.
- 4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art, In that undying light above: Then only will this cleansed heart Reflect the fulness of Thy love.

1489 God shall wipe away all tears. Rev. vii.

- 1 Fear no more the clanking chain; Thou 'rt free as the light of heaven; For stripes and weariness and pain, The eternal rest is given.
- Fear no more the torturer's hand, Nor the dungeon dark that bound thee;
 - The loving angels round thee stand, And lightning wings surround thee.

- 3 Fear no more the winter's cold; That home it entereth never. Thy glory-robe around thee fold, And walk in white for ever.
- 4 Fear no more lest failing faith
 In mortal strife betray thee:
 Thou hast been faithful unto death;
 Now in thy crown array thee.

1490 We shall see Him as He is. 1 John iii.

- 1 For ever to behold Him shine, For evermore to call Him mine, And see Him still before me, For ever on His face to gaze, And meet His full assembled rays, While all the Father He displays To all the saints in glory!
- 2 Not all things else are half so dear As His delightful presence here: What must it be in heaven? 'Tis heaven on earth to hear Him say, As now we journey day by day, 'Poor sinner, cast thy fears away, Thy sins are all forgiven.'
- 3 But how will His celestial voice
 Make our enraptured hearts rejoice,
 When we in glory hear Him,
 When we no longer at the gate,
 But in His blessed presence wait,
 And Jesus, on His throne of state,
 Invites us to come near Him!

1491 Praise the Name of God in a song. Ps. xxx.

- 1 O BROTHERS, tune your voices, Triumphant songs to raise; Till heaven on high rejoices, And earth is filled with praise. Ten thousand hearts are bounding With holy hopes, and free; The gospel trump is sounding, The trump of Jubilee.
- 2 O Christian brothers, glorious Shall be the conflict's close; The Cross hath been victorious, And shall be, o'er its foss. Faith is our battle-token: Our Leader all controls; Our trophies, fetters broken, Our captives, ransomed souls.

- 3 Not unto us, Lord Jesus,
 To Thee all praise be due;
 Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,
 Has freed our brethren too;
 'Not unto us,' in glory
 The angels catch the strain,
 And cast their crowns before Thee
 Exultingly again.
- 4 Captain of our salvation,
 Our guide unto the end,
 Praise, glory, adoration
 To Thee for aye ascend.
 Still to the conflict pressing,
 On Thee Thy people call,
 Thee King of kings confessing,
 Thee crowning Lord of all.

1492 The Lamb is the light thereof.

That clime is not like this dull clime of ours;

All, all is brightness there;

A sweeter influence breathes around its flowers,

And a benigner air.

No calm below is like that calm above,
No region here is like that realm of love;
Earth's softest spring ne'er shed so soft a
light,

Earth's brightest summer never shone so bright.

2 That sky is not like this sad sky of ours, Tinged with earth's change and care: No shadow dims it, and no rain-cloud lowers:

No broken sunshine there:

One everlasting stretch of azure pours
Its stainless splendour o'er those sinless
shores:

For there Jehovah shines with heavenly ray,

And Jesus reigns dispensing endless day.

3 The dwellers there are not like those of earth;

No mortal stain they bear; And yet they seem of kindred blood and

Whence and how came they there? Earth was their native soil; from sin and shame,

Through tribulation, they to glory came;

Bond-slaves delivered from ain's crushing load,

Brands plucked from burning by the hand of God.

4 You robes of theirs are not like those below;

No angel's half so bright:

Whence came that beauty, whence that living glow,

And whence that radiant white?
Washed in the blood of the atoning
Lamb.

Fair as the light these robes of theirs be-

And now, all tears wiped off from every eye,

They wander where the freshest pastures lie,

Through all the nightless day of that unfading sky.

1493 Whose affereth praise, glorifieth Me.

- 1 Songs of praise the angels sang, Heaven with hallelujahs rang, When Jehovah's work begun, When He spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn When the Prince of peace was born; Songs of praise arose when He Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away; Songs of praise shall crown that day: God will make new heavens and earth; Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 Saints below with heart and voice Now in songs of praise rejoice, Learning here by faith and love Songs of praise to sing above.
- 5 Borne upon their latest breath, Songs of praise shall conquer death; Then, amidst eternal joy, Songs of praise their powers employ.

1494 Come quickly. Rev. xxii.

1 Rise up, all ye believers, And let your lights appear; The shades of eve are thickening, And darker night is near. The Bridegroom is advancing:
Each hour He draws more nigh;
Up, watch and pray, nor slumber,
At midnight comes the cry.

- 2 See that your lamps are burning, Your vessels filled with oil; Wait calmly your deliverance From earthly pain and toil. The watchers on the mountains E'en now His chariot spy: O go ye forth to meet Him, And raise hosannas high.
- 3 The saints who here in patience
 Their cross of suffering bore,
 With Him shall reign for ever,
 When sorrow is no more.
 Upon His throne of glory
 The Lamb they shall behold,
 And humbly cast before Him
 Their diadems of gold.
- 4 Thou great Desire of nations,
 Our hope, our joy, appear;
 Arise, Thou promised Day-spring,
 On this benighted sphere.
 With hearts and hands uplitted,
 We plead, O Lord, to see
 The day of earth's redemption,
 That calls us unto Thee.
- 1495 The nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it. Nev. xxi.
- 1 When the Lord recalls the banished,
 Frees the captives all at last,
 Every sorrow will have vanished,
 Like a dream when night is past.
 Then shall all our hearts rejoice,
 And with glad resounding voice
 We shall praise the Lord who bought us
 For the freedom He hath wrought us.
- 2 Lift Thy hand to aid us, Father, Look on us who widely roam, And Thy scattered children gather Safely to their promised home. Steep and weary is the way: Shorten Thou the sultry day: Faithful warriors hast Thou found us? Let Thy peace for aye surround us.
- 3 In that peace we reap in gladness What was sown in tearful showers; There the fruit of all our sadness Ripens, there the palm is ours:

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FOR THE WEEKS AFTER TRINITY.

Is given a part in that angel-song,
That music of the skies.
Hallelujah,

For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

4 But those who, in humble and lowly fear, With childlike faith and love Have served the Lord as their Master here,

Shall praise their Lord above. Hallelujah,

For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

5 And chiefly those who in youth to Him Their morn of life have given, With cherubim and seraphim, And all the host of heaven, Hallelujah,

For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

6 Shall stand in robes of purest white, And to the Lamb shall raise The song that rests not day or night, The eternity of praise. Hallelniah.

For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

1498 The end of all things. 1 Pet. iv.

- 1 EARTH is past away, and gone All her glories every one: All her pomp is overthrown; God is reigning—God alone.
- 2 All her high ones lowly lie, All her mirth hath passed by, All her merry-hearted sigh; God is reigning—God on high.
- 3 No more sorrow, no more night, l'erfect joy, and purest light; With the saints in glory bright God is reigning in the height.
- 4 Blessing, praise, and glory bring; Offer every holy thing, Everlasting praises sing; God is reigning—God is King.

1499 Blessed that are called to the marriage supper. Rev. xix.

1 OPEN is the starry hall; Hear ye? 'tis the Bridegroom's call. Holy virgins, one and all, Ready stand, For the heavenly festival Is at hand.

- 2 Comes at last the nuptial day, Tears for ever passed away, Fled the prison-house, the clay, And the thrall; God for ever is your stay, God your all.
- 3 In His presence is the store
 Of pure joy for evermore,
 And the fountain flowing o'er:
 No more night:
 Safe ye reach the happy shore
 Of the light.
- 4 What was royalty's short flower?
 What the triumph of an hour?
 What fleet pleasure's fading bower,
 Wealth, control?
 God's sole presence is the dower
 Of the soul.
- 5 Wondrous, glorious mystery,
 When the soul from flesh is free!
 Bond of gladness which shall be,
 When the heart
 Joined is to Deity,
 Ne'er to part!

1500 The Lord reigneth: let the earth rejoice. Ps. xcvii.

1 Lord God of might, in reverence lowly
The hosts of heaven call Thee Holy;
From cherubim and seraphim
And angel phalanx far extending,
In fuller tones is still ascending
The Holy, Holy, of their hymn.
The fount of joy Thou art,
That filieth every heart
Ever, ever!
We too are Thine, and with them sing.

Thou, Lord, and only Thou, art King.

Lord, there are bending now before Thee

The elders, with their crowned glory,
The first-born of the blessed band;
There too earth's ransomed and forgiven,
Brought by the Saviour safe to heaven,
In glad unnumbered myriads stand.

Loud are the songs of praise
Their mingled voices raise
Ever, ever!

We too are Thine, and with them sing, 'Thou, Lord, and only Thou, art King.'

PSALMS AND HYMNS FOR THE WEEKS AFTER TRINITY.

3 They sing in sweet and sinless numbers.
The wondrous love that never slumbers.
And all the wisdom, power, and might,
The truth and faithfulness abiding,
And over all Thy works presiding;
But they can scarcely praise aright:
For all is never sung
Even by seraph's tongue,
Never, never!
We too are Thine, and with them sing,
'Thou, Lord, and only Thou, art King.'

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4 O come, reveal Thyself more fully,
That we may learn to praise Thee truly;
Make every heart a temple true,
Filled with Thy glory overflowing,
More of Thy love each morning showing,
And waking praises loud and new:
Here let Thy peace divine
Upon Thy children shine
Ever, ever!
That, glad or sad, we still may sing,
'Thou, Lord, and only Thou, art King.'

DOXOLOGIES.

l. с. м., AS 4. (1) GIVE glory to the Three in One, Ye saints and heavenly host, To God the Father, God the Son, And God the Holy Ghost.

(2) Exalt the Father, Spirit, Son, Ye choirs of heaven and earth, And praise the glorious Three in One With songs of holy mirth.

2. C. M., AS 7.

) To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, The God whom we adore, Be glory as it was, and is, And shall be evermore.

OR THIS.

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, The God who was of yore, Who is to-day, and shall be still, One God for evermore.

OR THIS. ng praise, with all the saints on earth And all the heavenly host, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

3. a. M., AS 12.

e God the Father, Son, d Holy Ghost adored, verlasting Three in One, e universal Lord.

OR THIS.

with the angel host, ie, honour, and adore ther, Son, and Holy Ghost, iod for evermore.

OR THIS.

(3) One God, the Father, Son, And Holy Spirit blest, Be still, while endless ages run, With songs of praise confest.

4. 8. M., AS 21.

(1) To God the Father, Son, And Holy Ghost be given Eternal praise by saints on earth And angel choirs in heaven.

OR THIS.

(2)Sing praise for evermore, With all the heavenly host, To God the Father, God the Son, And God the Holy Ghost.

5. L. M., AS 1.

(1) Praise God from whom all blessings Praise Him, all creatures here below, Praise Him above, angelic host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

OR THIS.

(2) The Father, Son, and Spirit bless, And Him the very God confess, Who was, and is, and is to be, The Godhead One, the Persons Three.

OR TRIS.

(3) Praise we the Lord with holy hymn, To whom the harping scraphim Their songs of endless joy repeat, The Father, Son, and Paraclete.

POXOLOGIES.

6. L. M., AS 45.

 To God the Father lift your voice, To God the Son be glory given,
 In God the Holy Ghost rejoice, Ye saints of earth, ye choirs of heaven.

OR THIS

(2) One God unseen, the Father, Son, And Holy Spirit, we revere, The everlasting Three in One, Creator, Saviour, Comforter.

7. AS 11.

Ye creatures of celestial birth, Ye mortal denizens of earth, Your Maker praise with holy mirth; Before His everlasting throne Praise God the Father, God the Son, And God the Spirit, Three in Onc.

8. AS 25.

To God the Father let us sing,
The Author of creation;
To God the Son, our Lord and King,
Who died for our salvation:
May God the Holy Spirit more
All hearts to bless, and praise, and love
The one true God eternal.

9. As 138.

(1) God the Father, God the Son,
God the Holy Ghost we bless,
Persons Three in Godhead One
We with faithful heart confess.

OR THIS.

(2) God the Father let us bless, God the Son with praise adore, God the Holy Ghost confess One with both for everinore.

10. As 5 OR 89.

 Glory be to God the Father, Glory be to God the Son, Glory be to God the Spirit, Co-eternal Three in One.

OR THIS.

 Father, our divine Creator, Son, the Saviour of our race, Spirit, our Regenerator, Guard and help us with Thy grace.

OR THIS.

 God, the Father of creation, Son, the Saviour of mankind, Spirit of illumination, Make us Thine in heart and mind.

11. AS 133.

Ye choristers of earth,
Ye quires of heaven, seraphic host,
Praise God with sacred mirth,
The Father, Sou, and Holy Ghost,
Who was, and is, and is to be,
One God through all eternity.

12. As 26.

(1) Glory be to God above,
Fountain of eternal love;
To the Father and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One.

OR THIS.

(2) God the Father, God the Son, God the Spirit, Three in One, Bless and praise with holy mirth, Hosts of heaven, and saints on earth.

OR THIS.

(3) Father, guard us from above, Saviour, bless us with Thy love, Spirit, on our spirits shine; Make and keep us ever Thine.

13. AS 327.

All ye creatures, come, and clap your hands.

Of your God with shouts of triumph boast;

Let His Name be known in utmost lands As the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Who in Godhend One, in Persons Three, Was, and is, and evermore shall be.

14. AS 1203.

Ye saints of earth, and heavenly host, With holy worship bend the knee Before the blessed Trinity: Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

15. AS 933.

All ye creatures, come, and clap your hands, Of our God with shouts of gladness bosst; Let His Name be known in utmost lands, God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

16. AS 243.

O Father, a creating Love,
O Son, the Saviour ever blest,
O Spirit, pure and holy Dove,
Who bringest strength and joy and rest;
O Triune God, upon us shine,
And make and keep us wholly Thine.

DOXOLOGIES.

17. As 565.

in whom alone we live and move,
O Father blest,
O Spirit, fill us with Thy love,
And give us rest.

18. AS 387.

se with songs of exultation, with endless adoration, ye saints and angel host, who made and still provideth, who saved us, God who guideth, ther, Son, and Holy Ghost.

19. As 93.

who made us and controls, lim who wrought salvation, who strengthens, guides, consoler, praise and adoration: and chant of morning stars worlds were first created, g which God's redeemed will sing worlds annihilated.

20. AS 397.

God, the Lord of all creation, ith songs of adoration, aints of earth and heavenly host, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

21. AS 43.

aints of earth and heavenly host, Father. Son, and Holy Ghost ith endless praise adore; tor, Saviour, Guide of man, God, who reigned ere time began, ad reigns for evermore.

22. AS 1196.

ith the great angelic host
Our faithful hearts adore
ther, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evernore.
ther, guard us with Thy love;
Son, let us Thy salvation claim;
oly Ghost, our spirits move
To glorify Thy Name.

23. As 328.

raise to the Father let us sing, And blessing to the Son, nd worship to the Spirit bring, Co-equal Three in One, ho was, and is, and is to be, he only God eternally.

24. AS 687.

All adoration be to Him Whom choirs of veiled seraphim Around the throne of glory sing, The eternal Lord, the mighty King, Who was, and is, and is to be, One God in equal Persons Three.

25. AS 263.

Sing to the Lord, and loud your voice raise To His sublime abode: The Father, Son, and Holy Spirit praise, Three Persons, and One God.

26. AS 294.

Let all the dedicated band,
Beioved of God on high,
With endless adoration bless
And voice of melody
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God eternally.

27. AS 1469.

(1) Ye angels that shine around His bright throne, Ye creatures on earth, your Maker adore:
O praise ye the Father, and bless ye the Son, And worship the Spirit, One God evermore.

OR THIS.

(2) By angels in heaven,
of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
all praise be addrest,
As it hath been, is now,
and always shall be,
To God in Three Persons,
One God ever blest.

28. AS 210.

O praise ye the Lord: the Father and Son And Spirit exalt, Divine Three in One: Whose wonderful essence existed of yore, And is and continues the same evermore.



29. AS 8.

Glory to the Father's merit,
Glory to the saving Son,
Glory to the Holy Spirit,
As it was ere time begun,
Is, and shall be
While the endless ages run.

30. AS 31.

ne God, the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost, unite
praise, ye saints of earth
And all ye hosts of light,
As was of yore,
Is, and shall be
While ages fice,
For evermore.

OR THIS.

o God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever blest,
ernal Three in One,
All worship be addrest,
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore.

31. As 873.

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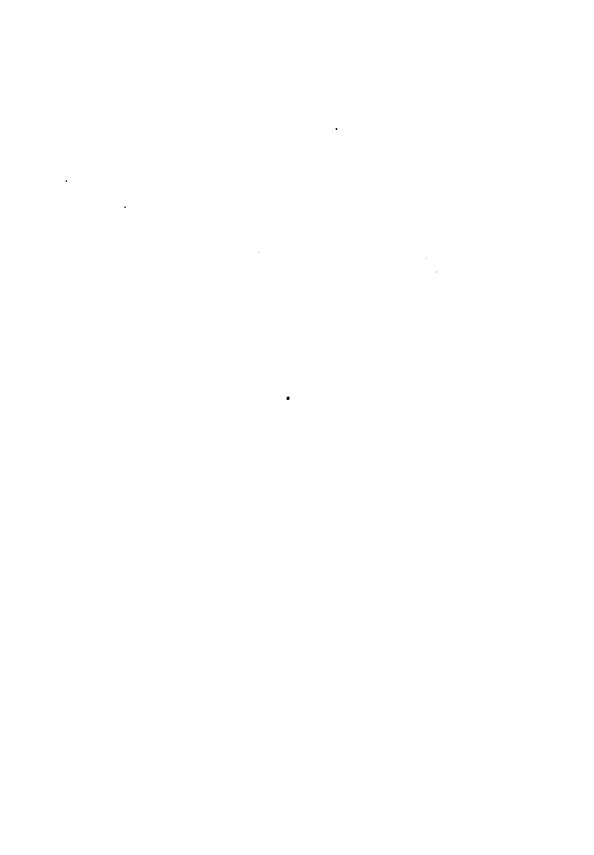
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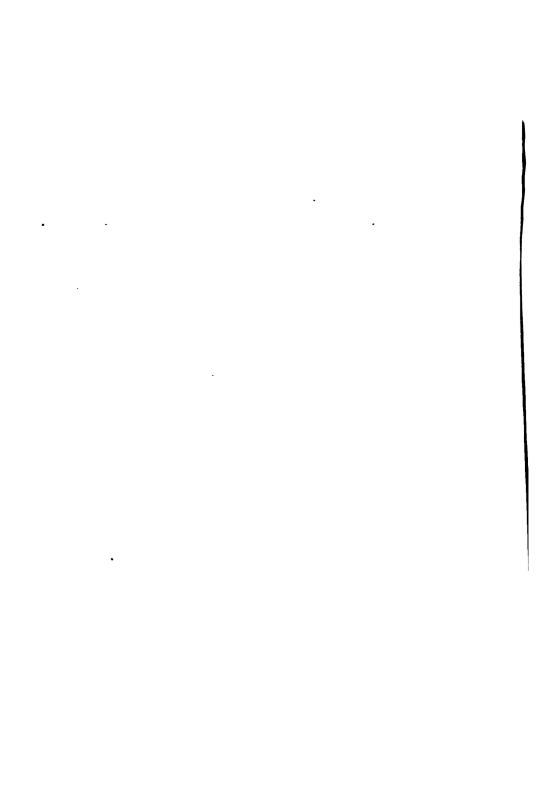
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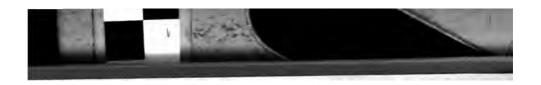
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